MARVEL

DEAD-POOL®

CLASSIC

MERC WITH A MOUTH

DEAD-
POOL
CLASSIC
MERC
OUTH

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DEAD-POOL CLASSIC

MERC WITH A MOUTH

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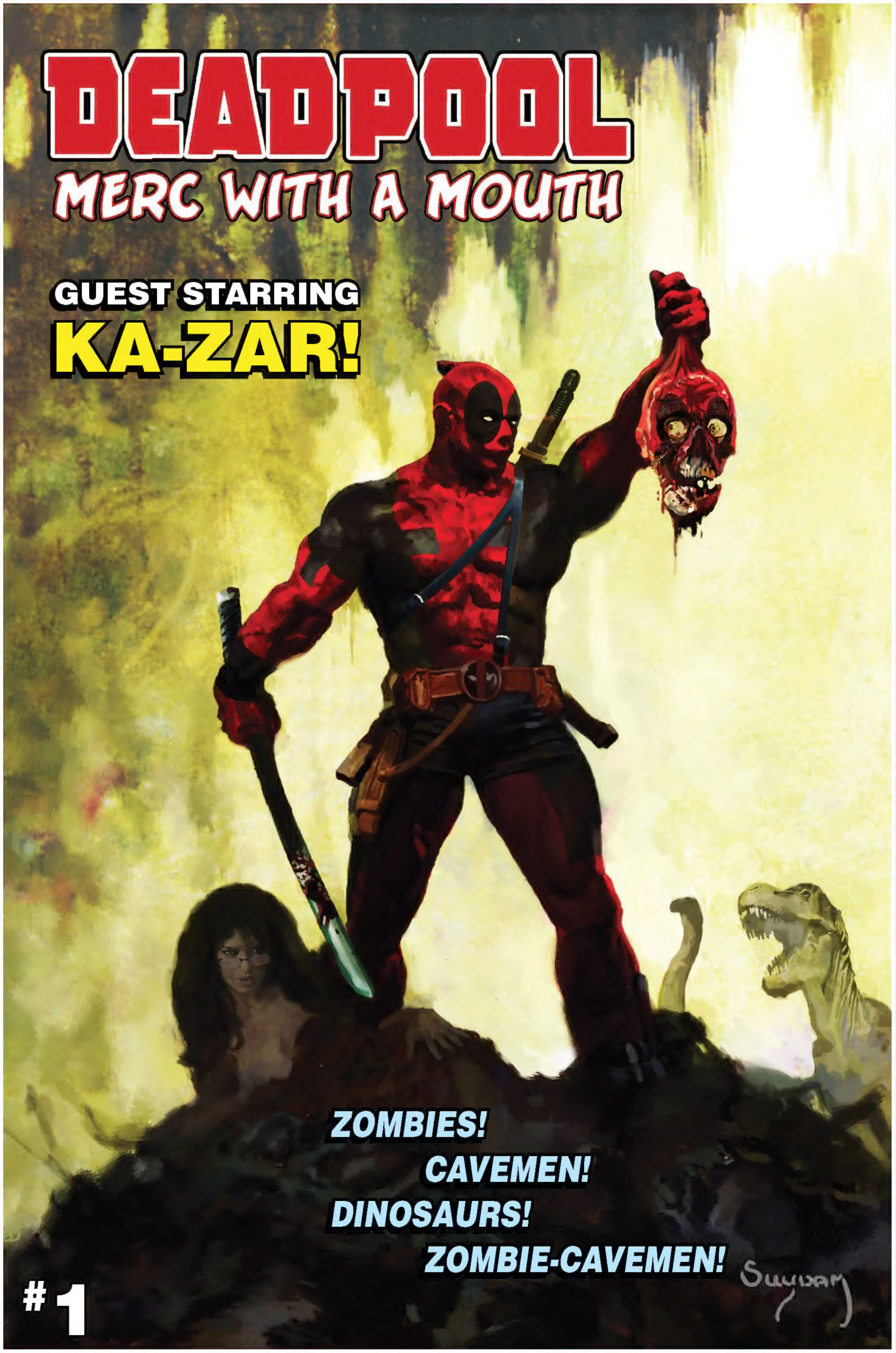
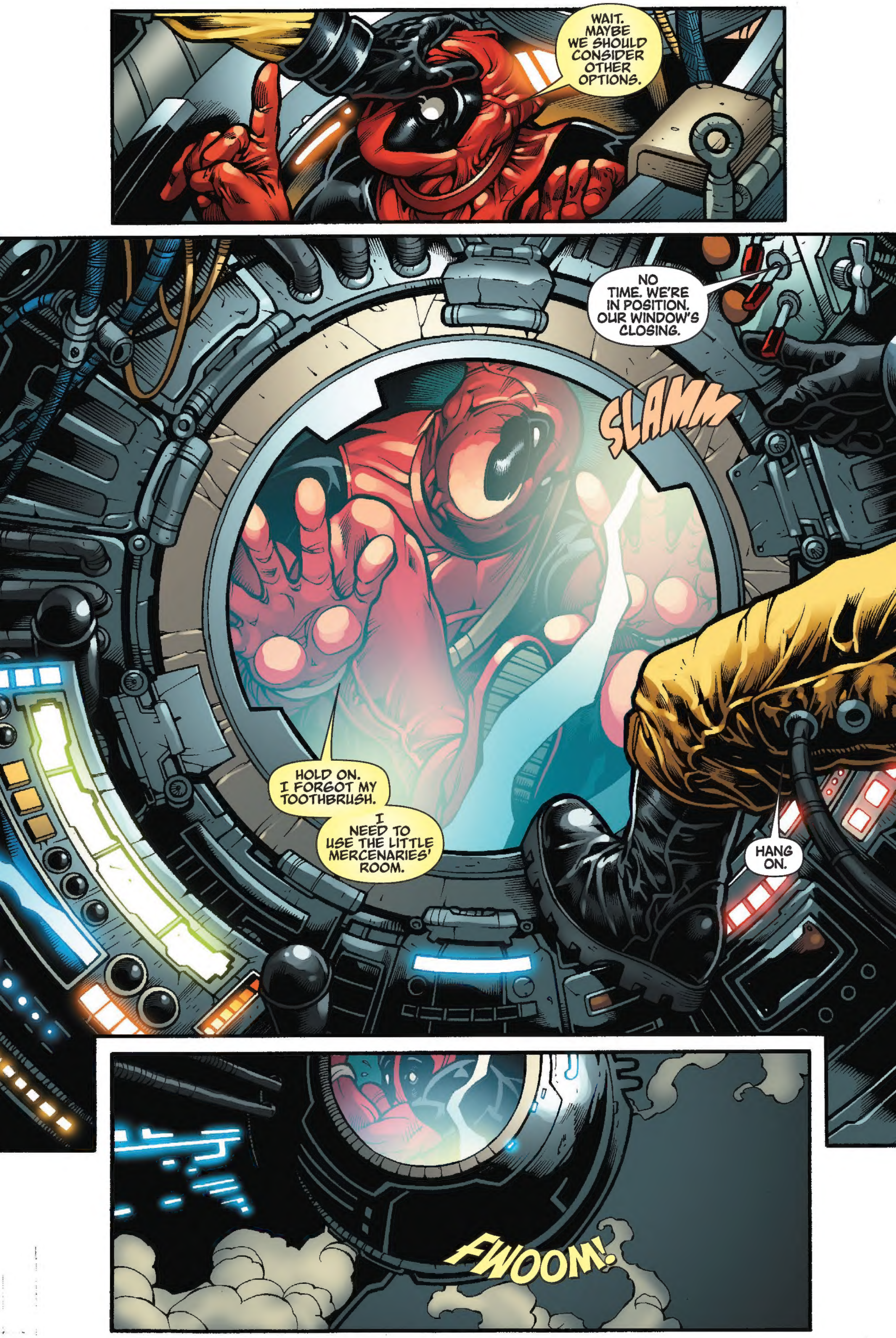
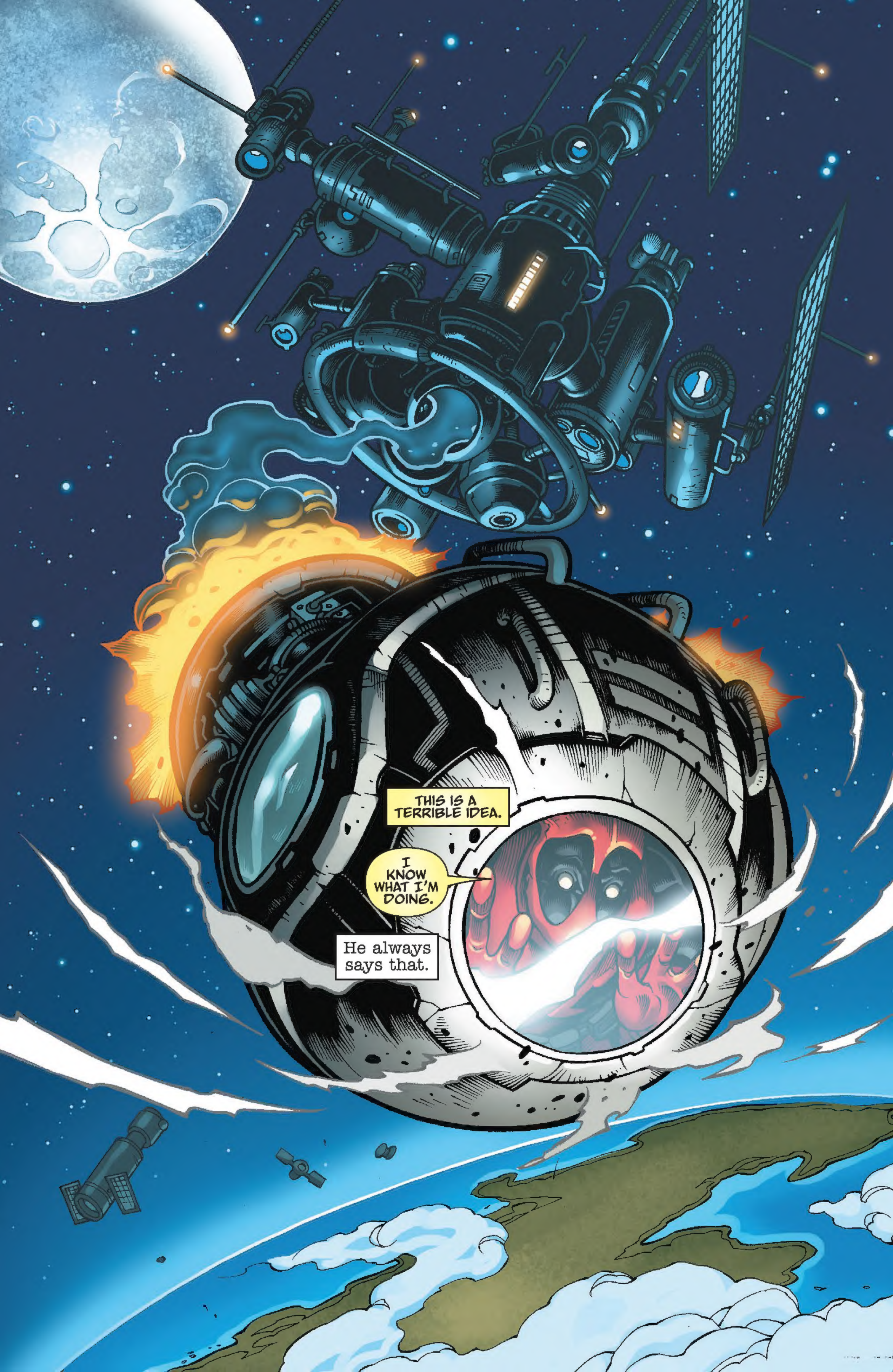
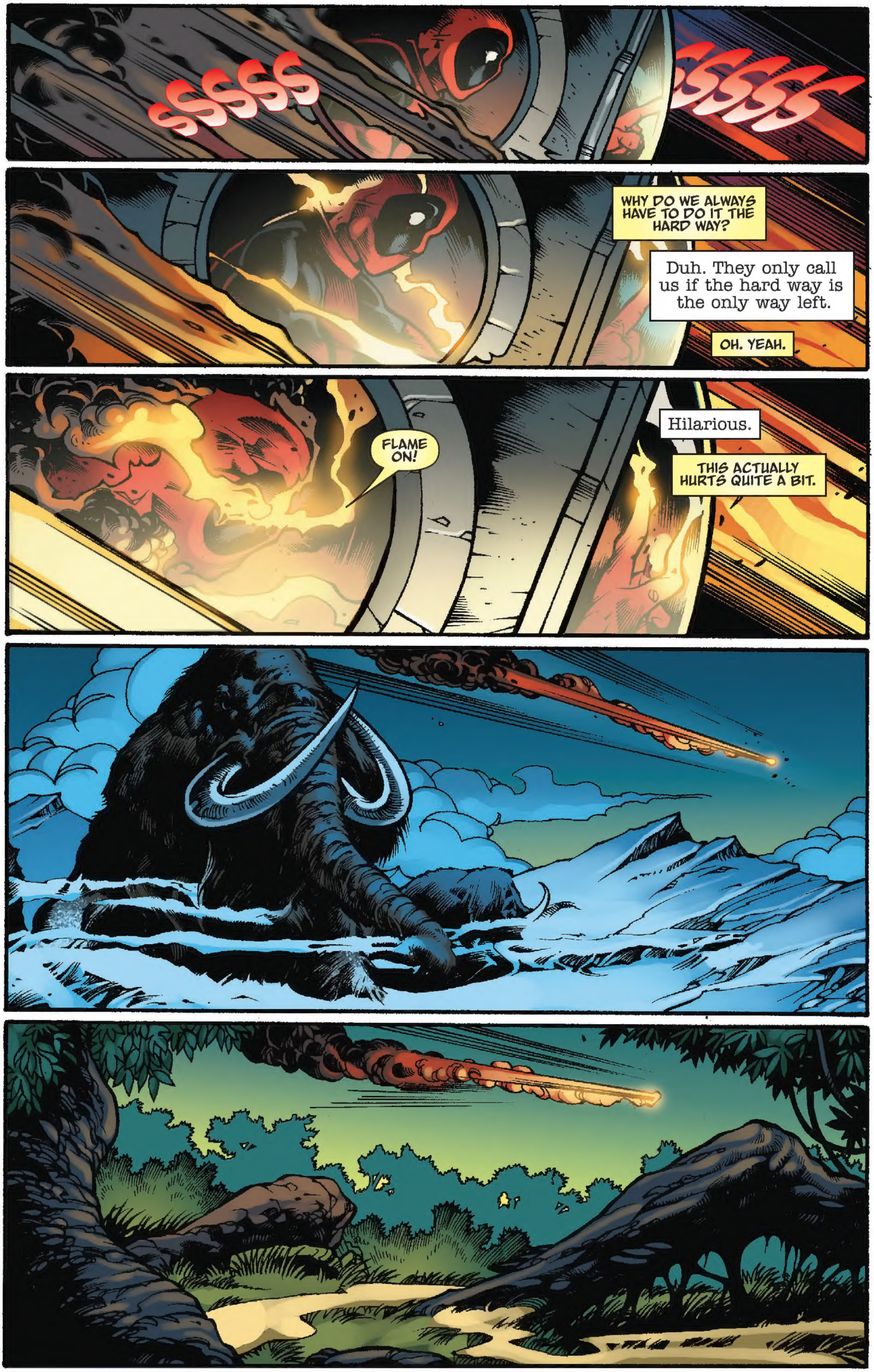
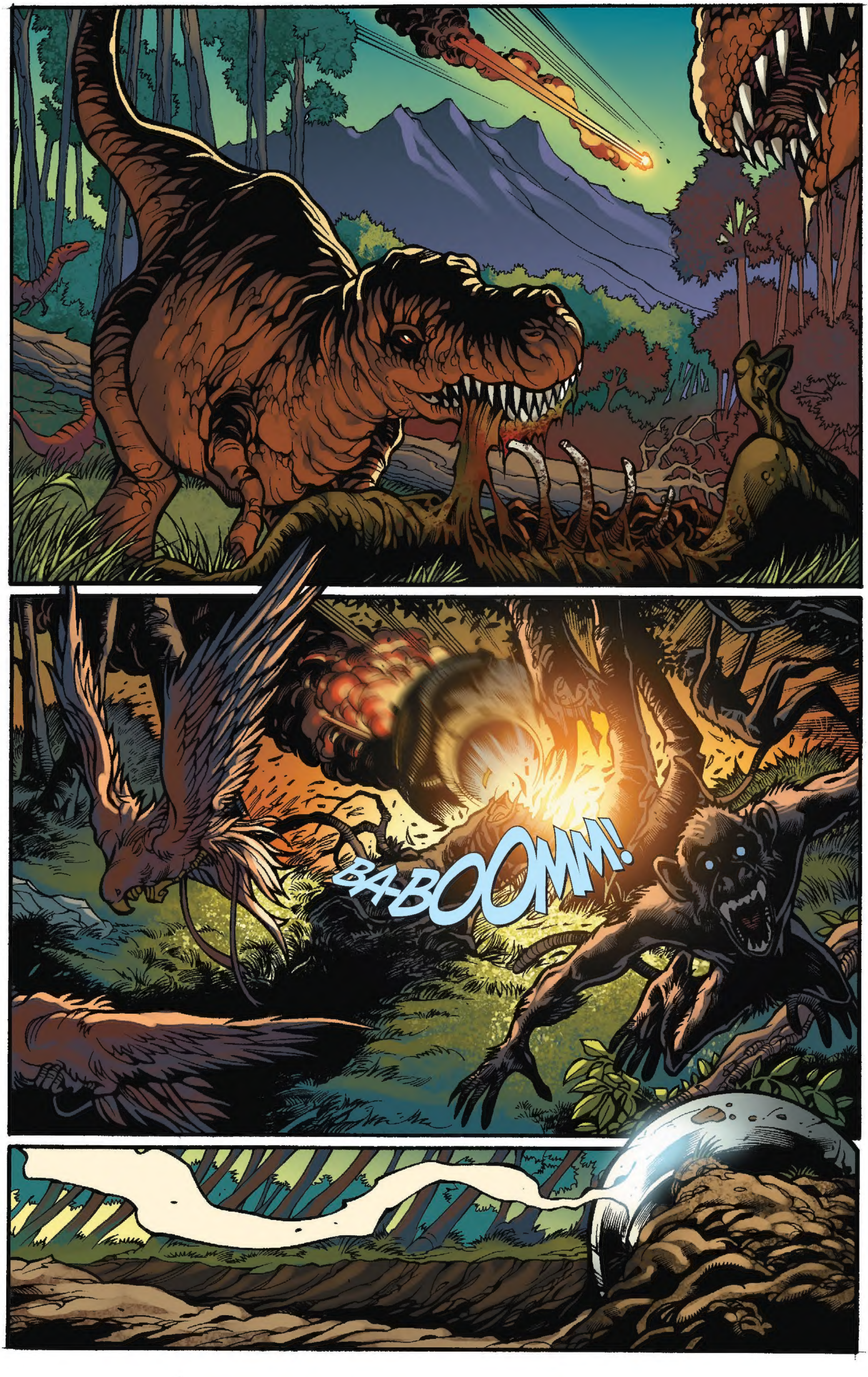
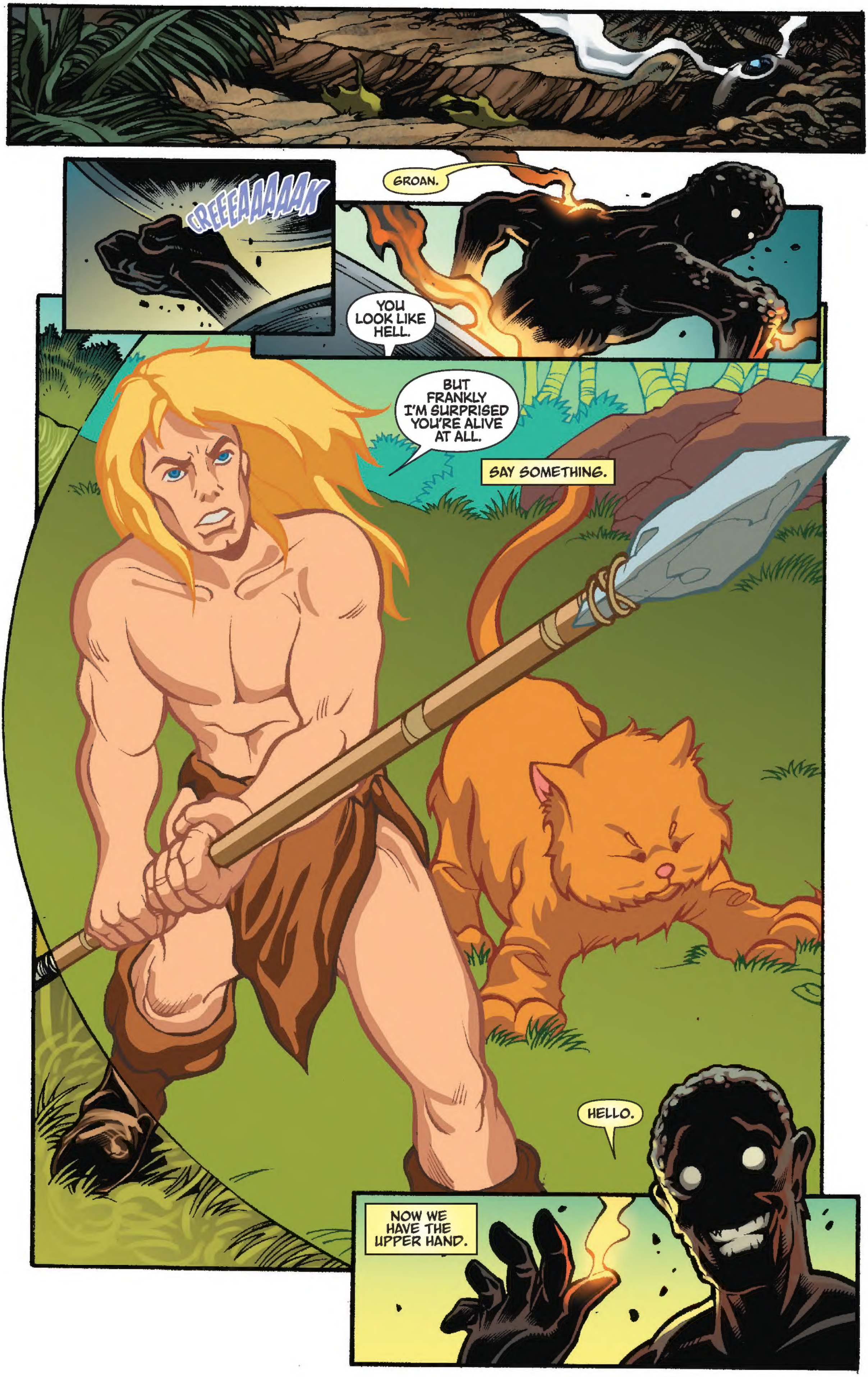

DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH
GUEST STARRING
KA-ZAR!
ZOMBIES!
CAVEMEN!
DINOSAURS!
ZOMBIE-CAVEMEN!
Suydam
#1

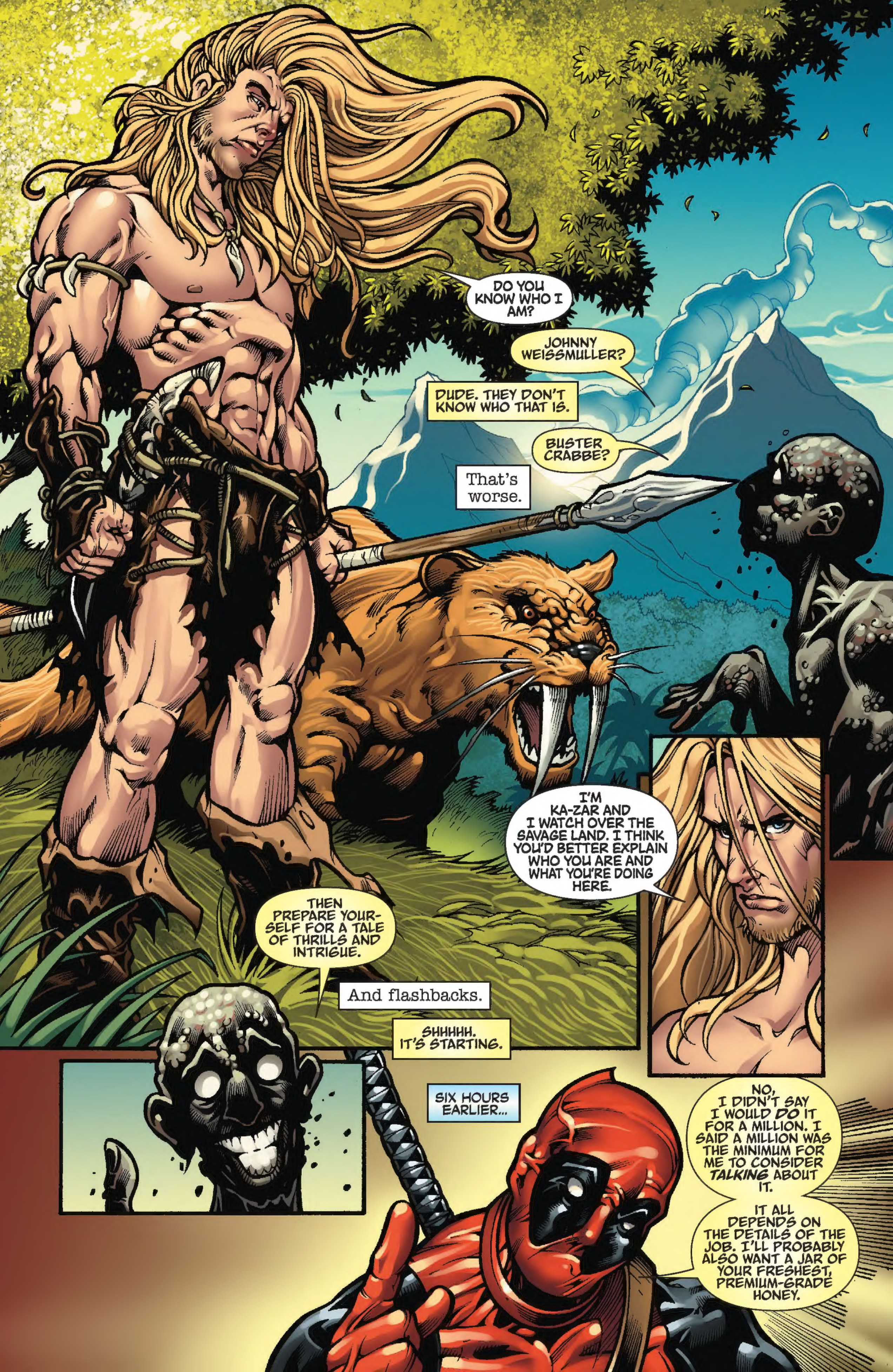

WAIT. MAYBE WE SHOULD CONSIDER OTHER OPTIONS.
NO TIME. WE'RE IN POSITION. OUR WINDOW'S CLOSING.
SLAMM
HOLD ON. I FORGOT MY TOOTHBRUSH.
I NEED TO USE THE LITTLE MERCENARIES' ROOM.
HANG ON.
FWOOM!

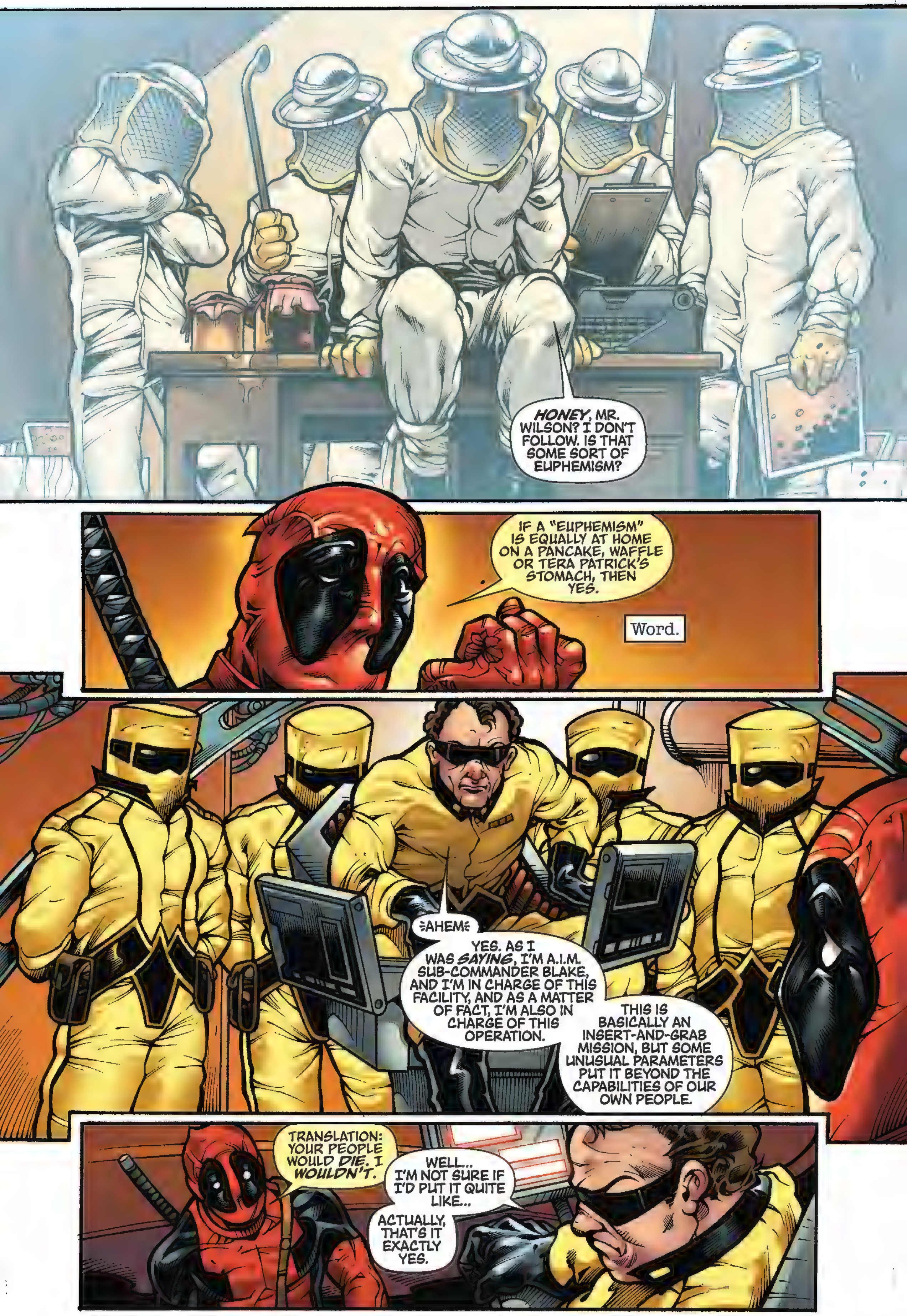

THIS IS A TERRIBLE IDEA.
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
He always says that.

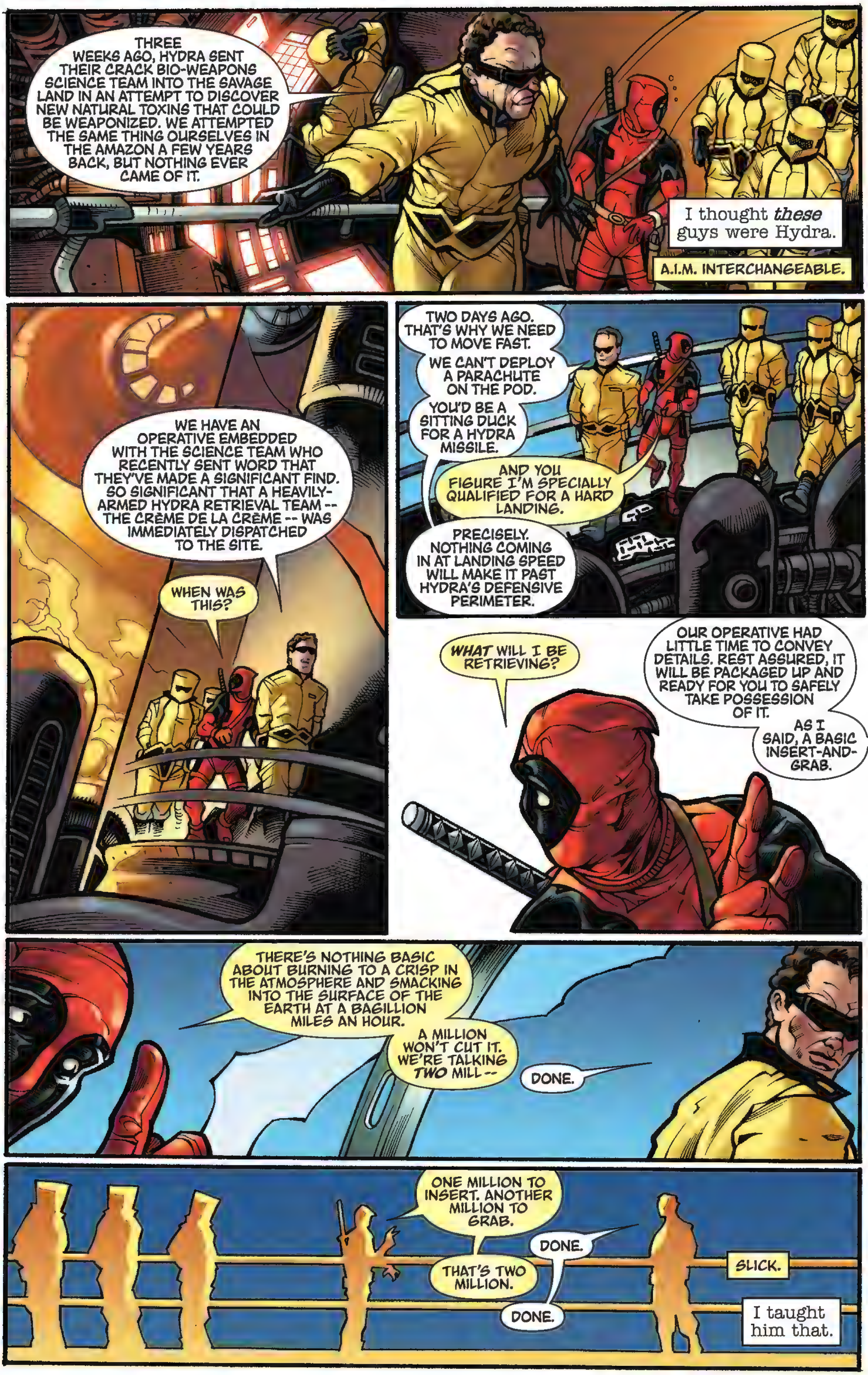

SSSSS
SSSSS
WHY DO WE ALWAYS HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY?
Duh. They only call us if the hard way is the only way left.
OH. YEAH.
FLAME ON!
Hilarious.
THIS ACTUALLY HURTS QUITE A BIT.

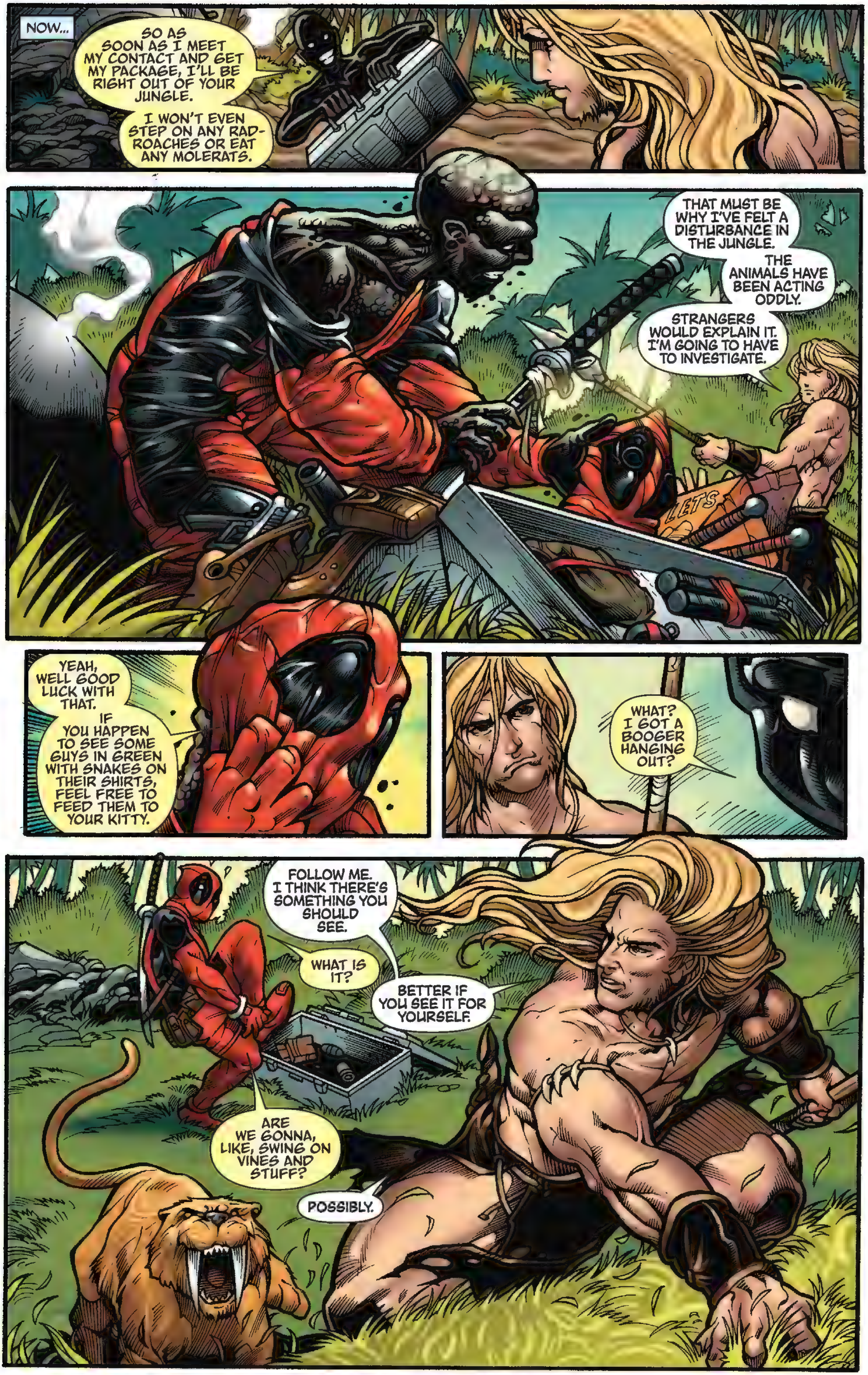

BA-BOOMM!

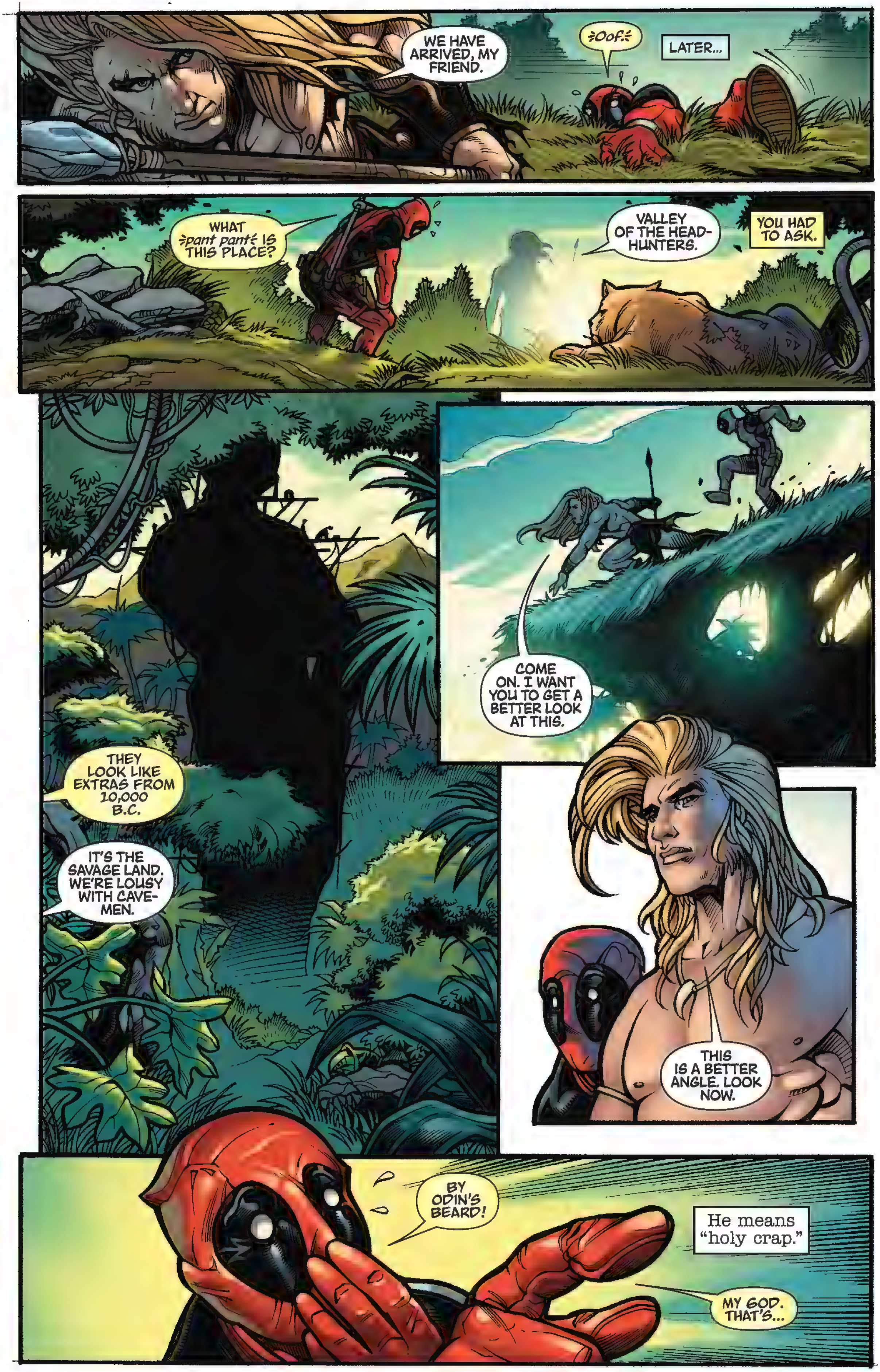

CREEEAAAAAK
GROAN.
YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.
BUT FRANKLY I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE ALIVE AT ALL.
SAY SOMETHING.
HELLO.
NOW WE HAVE THE UPPER HAND.

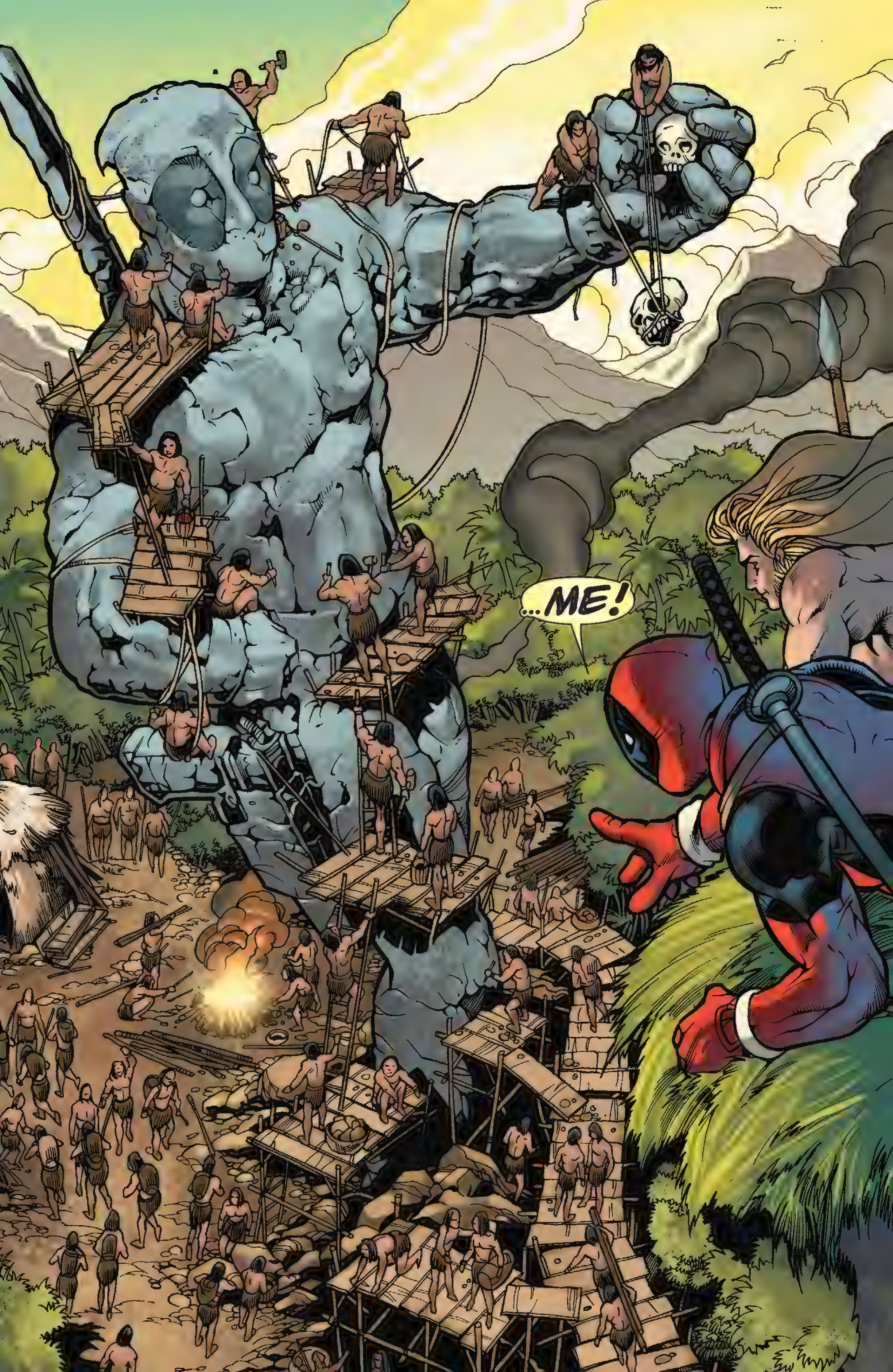

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER?
DUDE. THEY DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS.
BUSTER CRABBE?
That's worse.
I'M KA-ZAR AND I WATCH OVER THE SAVAGE LAND. I THINK YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE.
THEN PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A TALE OF THRILLS AND INTRIGUE.
And flashbacks.
SHHHHH. IT'S STARTING.
SIX HOURS EARLIER...
NO, I DIDN'T SAY I WOULD *DO* IT FOR A MILLION. I SAID A MILLION WAS THE MINIMUM FOR ME TO CONSIDER *TALKING* ABOUT IT.
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE DETAILS OF THE JOB. I'LL PROBABLY ALSO WANT A JAR OF YOUR FRESHEST, PREMIUM-GRADE HONEY.

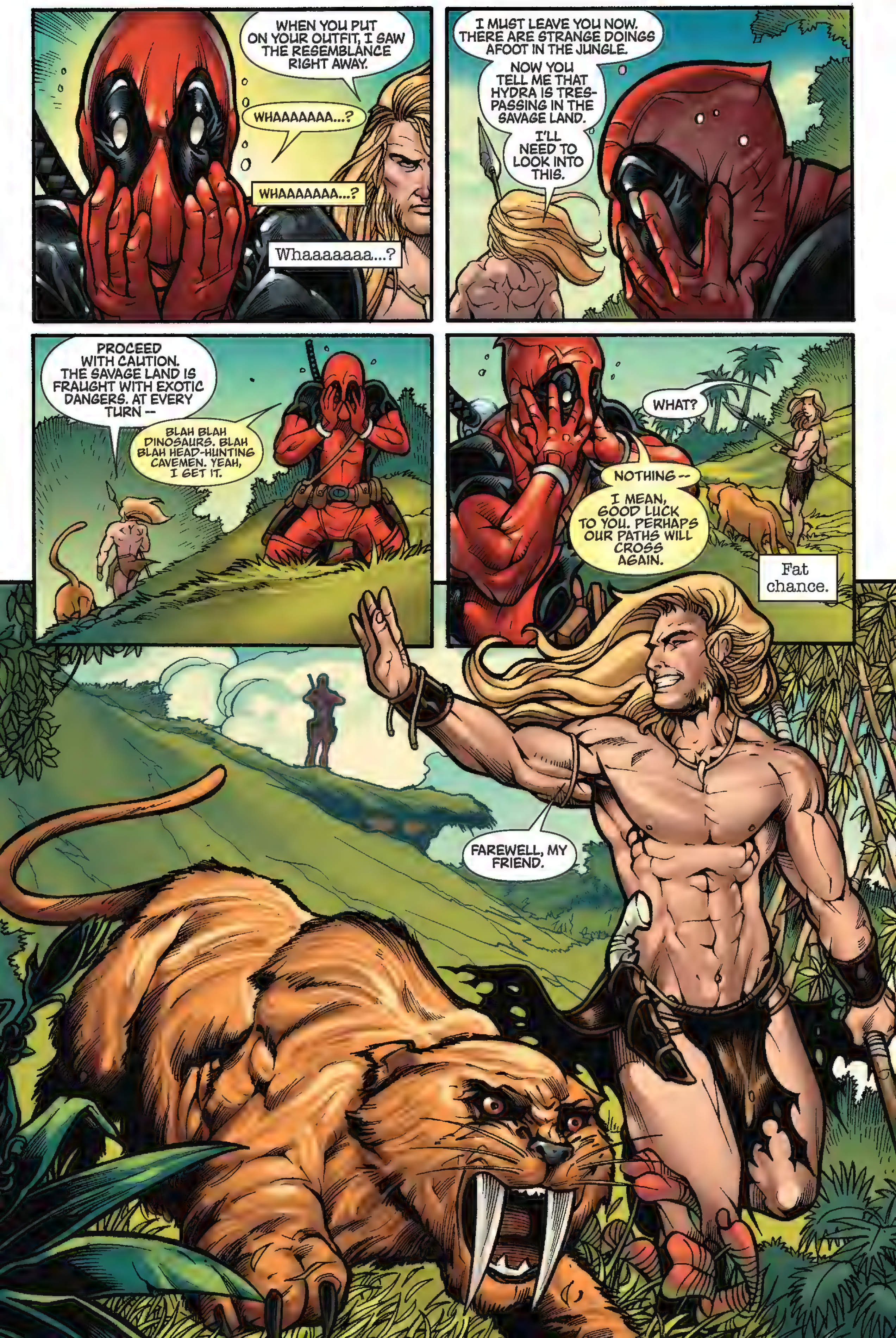

HONEY, MR. WILSON? I DON'T FOLLOW. IS THAT SOME SORT OF EUPHEMISM?
IF A "EUPHEMISM" IS EQUALLY AT HOME ON A PANCAKE, WAFFLE OR TERA PATRICK'S STOMACH, THEN YES.
Word.
≶AHEM≷
YES. AS I WAS *SAYING*, I'M A.I.M. SUB-COMMANDER BLAKE, AND I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS FACILITY, AND AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M ALSO IN CHARGE OF THIS OPERATION.
THIS IS BASICALLY AN INSERT-AND-GRAB MISSION, BUT SOME UNUSUAL PARAMETERS PUT IT BEYOND THE CAPABILITIES OF OUR OWN PEOPLE.
TRANSLATION: YOUR PEOPLE WOULD *DIE*. I *WOULDN'T*.
WELL... I'M NOT SURE IF I'D PUT IT QUITE LIKE...
ACTUALLY, THAT'S IT EXACTLY YES.

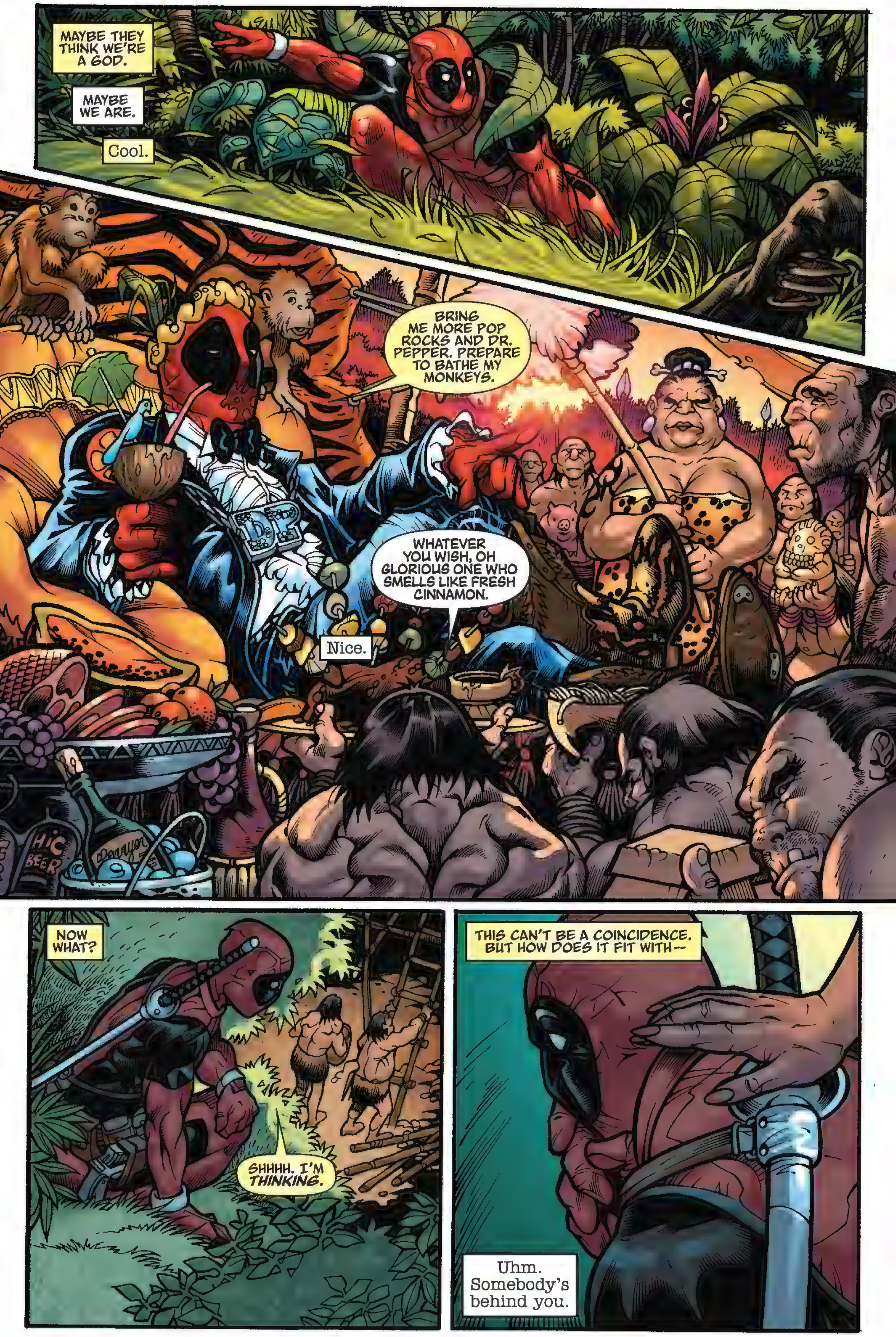

THREE WEEKS AGO, HYDRA SENT THEIR CRACK BIO-WEAPONS SCIENCE TEAM INTO THE SAVAGE LAND IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER NEW NATURAL TOXINS THAT COULD BE WEAPONIZED. WE ATTEMPTED THE SAME THING OURSELVES IN THE AMAZON A FEW YEARS BACK, BUT NOTHING EVER CAME OF IT.
I thought *these* guys were Hydra.
A.I.M. INTERCHANGEABLE.
WE HAVE AN OPERATIVE EMBEDDED WITH THE SCIENCE TEAM WHO RECENTLY SENT WORD THAT THEY'VE MADE A SIGNIFICANT FIND. SO SIGNIFICANT THAT A HEAVILY-ARMED HYDRA RETRIEVAL TEAM -- THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME -- WAS IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED TO THE SITE.
WHEN WAS THIS?
TWO DAYS AGO. THAT'S WHY WE NEED TO MOVE FAST.
WE CAN'T DEPLOY A PARACHUTE ON THE POD.
YOU'D BE A SITTING DUCK FOR A HYDRA MISSILE.
AND YOU FIGURE I'M SPECIALLY QUALIFIED FOR A HARD LANDING.
PRECISELY. NOTHING COMING IN AT LANDING SPEED WILL MAKE IT PAST HYDRA'S DEFENSIVE PERIMETER.
WHAT WILL I BE RETRIEVING?
OUR OPERATIVE HAD LITTLE TIME TO CONVEY DETAILS. REST ASSURED, IT WILL BE PACKAGED UP AND READY FOR YOU TO SAFELY TAKE POSSESSION OF IT.
AS I SAID, A BASIC INSERT-AND-GRAB.
THERE'S NOTHING BASIC ABOUT BURNING TO A CRISP IN THE ATMOSPHERE AND SMACKING INTO THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH AT A BAGILLION MILES AN HOUR.
A MILLION WON'T CUT IT. WE'RE TALKING *TWO* MILL --
DONE.
ONE MILLION TO INSERT. ANOTHER MILLION TO GRAB.
DONE.
THAT'S TWO MILLION.
DONE.
SLICK.
I taught him that.

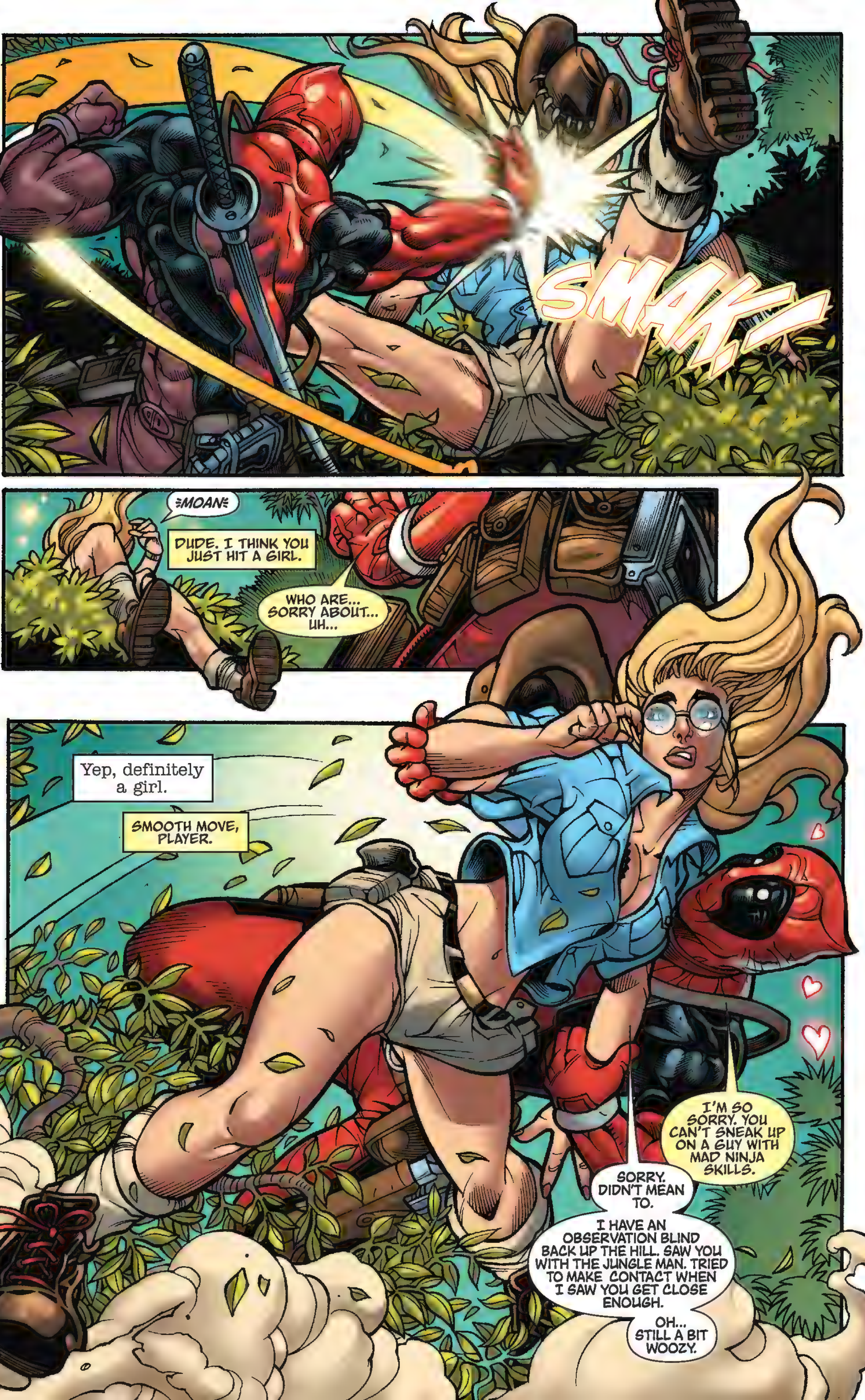

NOW...
SO AS SOON AS I MEET MY CONTACT AND GET MY PACKAGE, I'LL BE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR JUNGLE.
I WON'T EVEN STEP ON ANY RAD-ROACHES OR EAT ANY MOLERATS.
THAT MUST BE WHY I'VE FELT A DISTURBANCE IN THE JUNGLE.
THE ANIMALS HAVE BEEN ACTING ODDLY.
STRANGERS WOULD EXPLAIN IT. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO INVESTIGATE.
LETS
YEAH, WELL GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE SOME GUYS IN GREEN WITH SNAKES ON THEIR SHIRTS, FEEL FREE TO FEED THEM TO YOUR KITTY.
WHAT? I GOT A BOOGER HANGING OUT?
FOLLOW ME. I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE.
WHAT IS IT?
BETTER IF YOU SEE IT FOR YOURSELF.
ARE WE GONNA, LIKE, SWING ON VINES AND STUFF?
POSSIBLY.

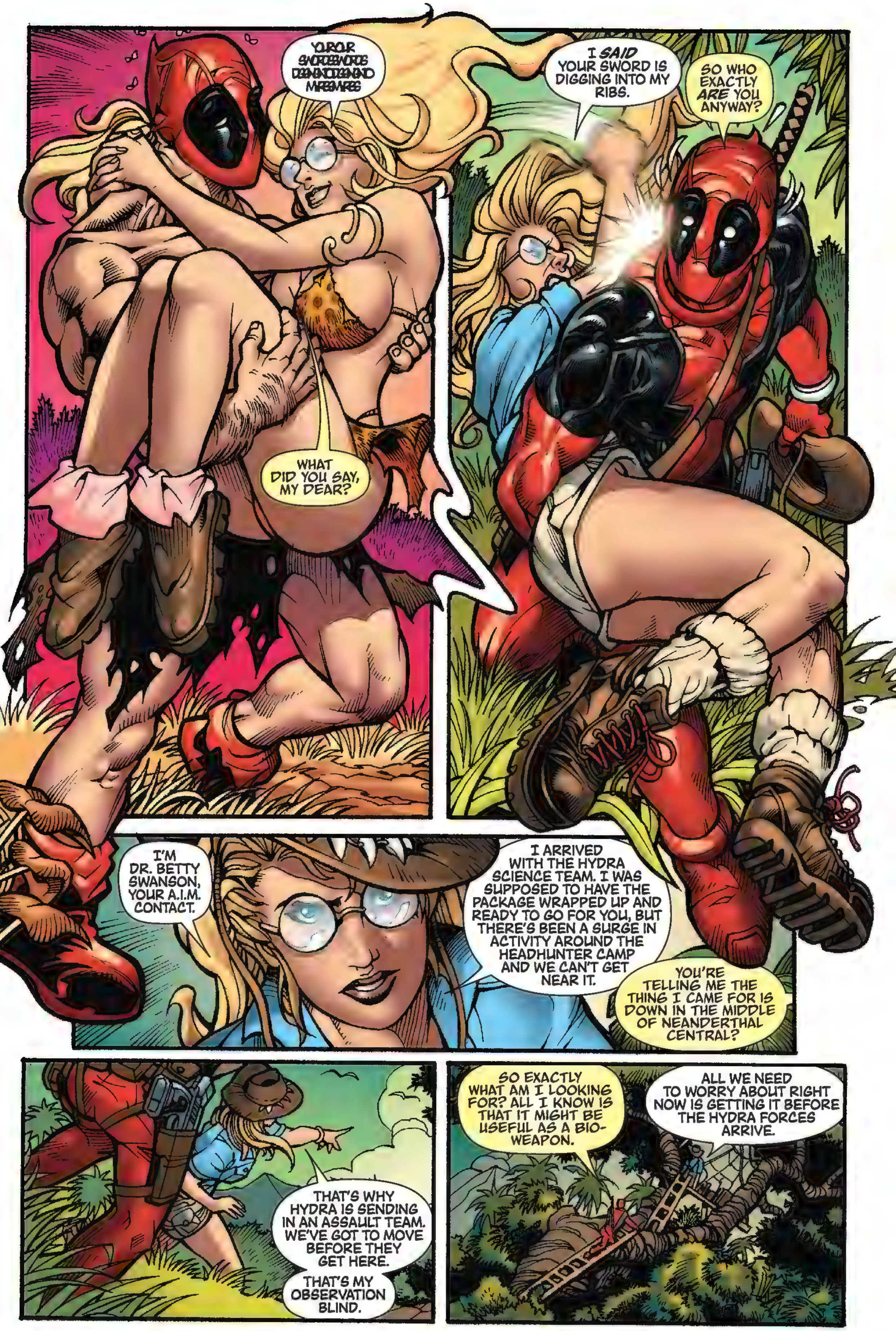

WE HAVE ARRIVED, MY FRIEND.
Oof.
LATER...
WHAT *pant pant* IS THIS PLACE?
VALLEY OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS.
YOU HAD TO ASK.
THEY LOOK LIKE EXTRAS FROM 10,000 B.C.
IT'S THE SAVAGE LAND. WE'RE LOUSY WITH CAVE-MEN.
COME ON. I WANT YOU TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THIS.
THIS IS A BETTER ANGLE. LOOK NOW.
BY ODIN'S BEARD!
He means "holy crap."
MY GOD. THAT'S...

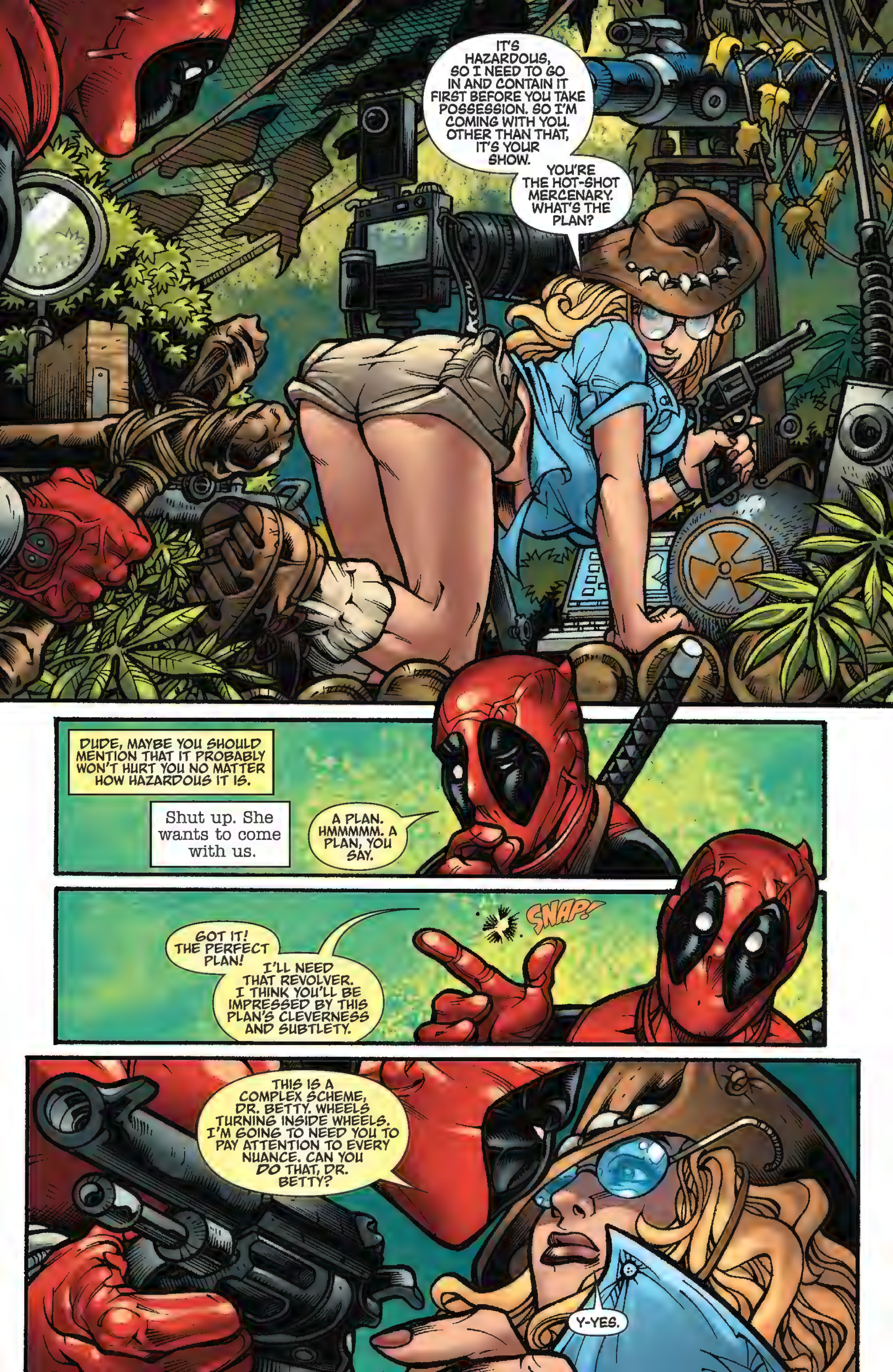

...ME!

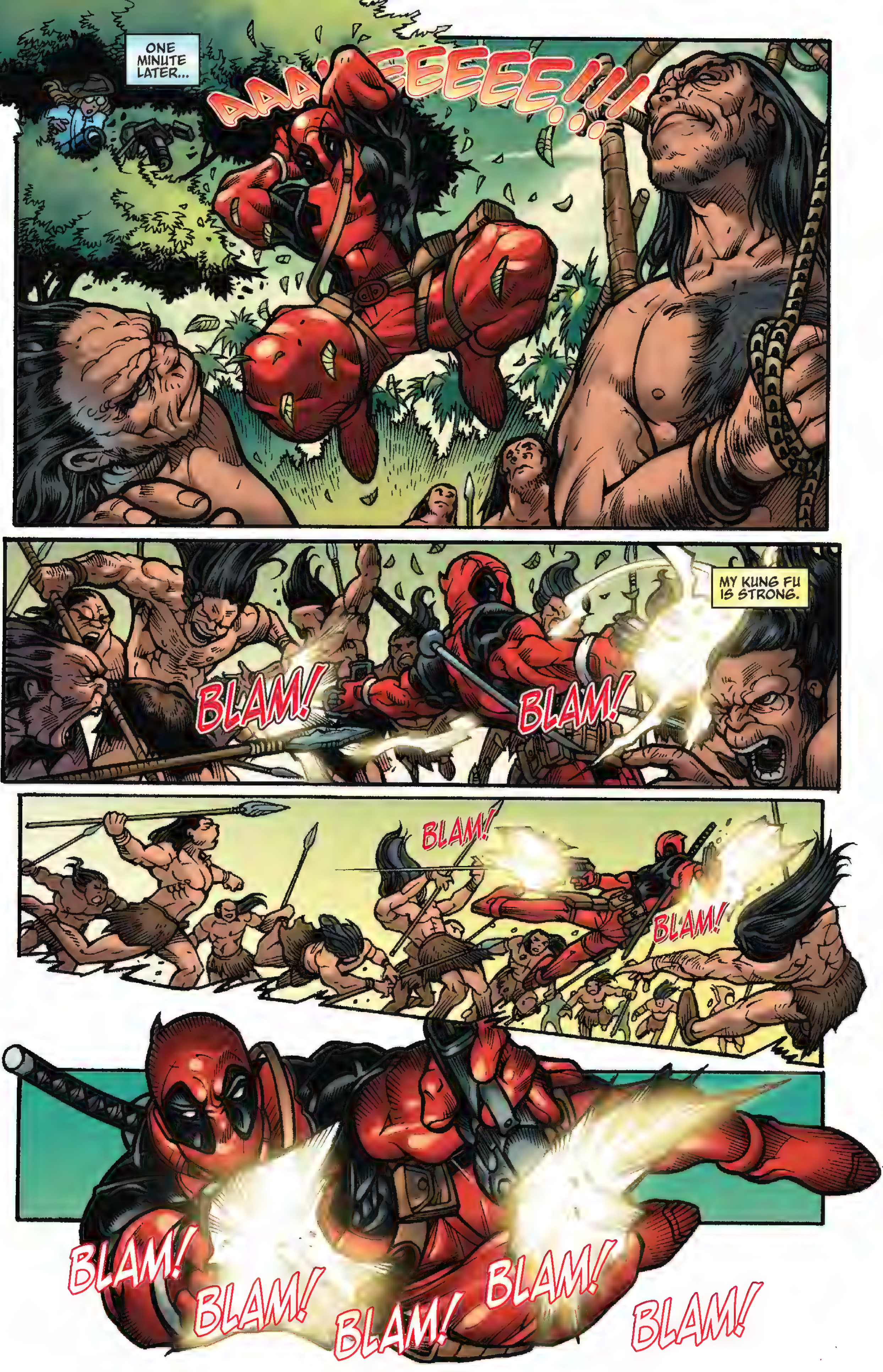

WHEN YOU PUT ON YOUR OUTFIT, I SAW THE RESEMBLANCE RIGHT AWAY.
WHAAAAAAA...?
WHAAAAAAA...?
Whaaaaaaa...?
I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW. THERE ARE STRANGE DOINGS AFOOT IN THE JUNGLE.
NOW YOU TELL ME THAT HYDRA IS TRESPASSING IN THE SAVAGE LAND.
I'LL NEED TO LOOK INTO THIS.
PROCEED WITH CAUTION. THE SAVAGE LAND IS FRAUGHT WITH EXOTIC DANGERS. AT EVERY TURN --
BLAH BLAH DINOSAURS. BLAH BLAH HEAD-HUNTING CAVEMEN. YEAH, I GET IT.
WHAT?
NOTHING --
I MEAN, GOOD LUCK TO YOU. PERHAPS OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN.
Fat chance.
FAREWELL, MY FRIEND.

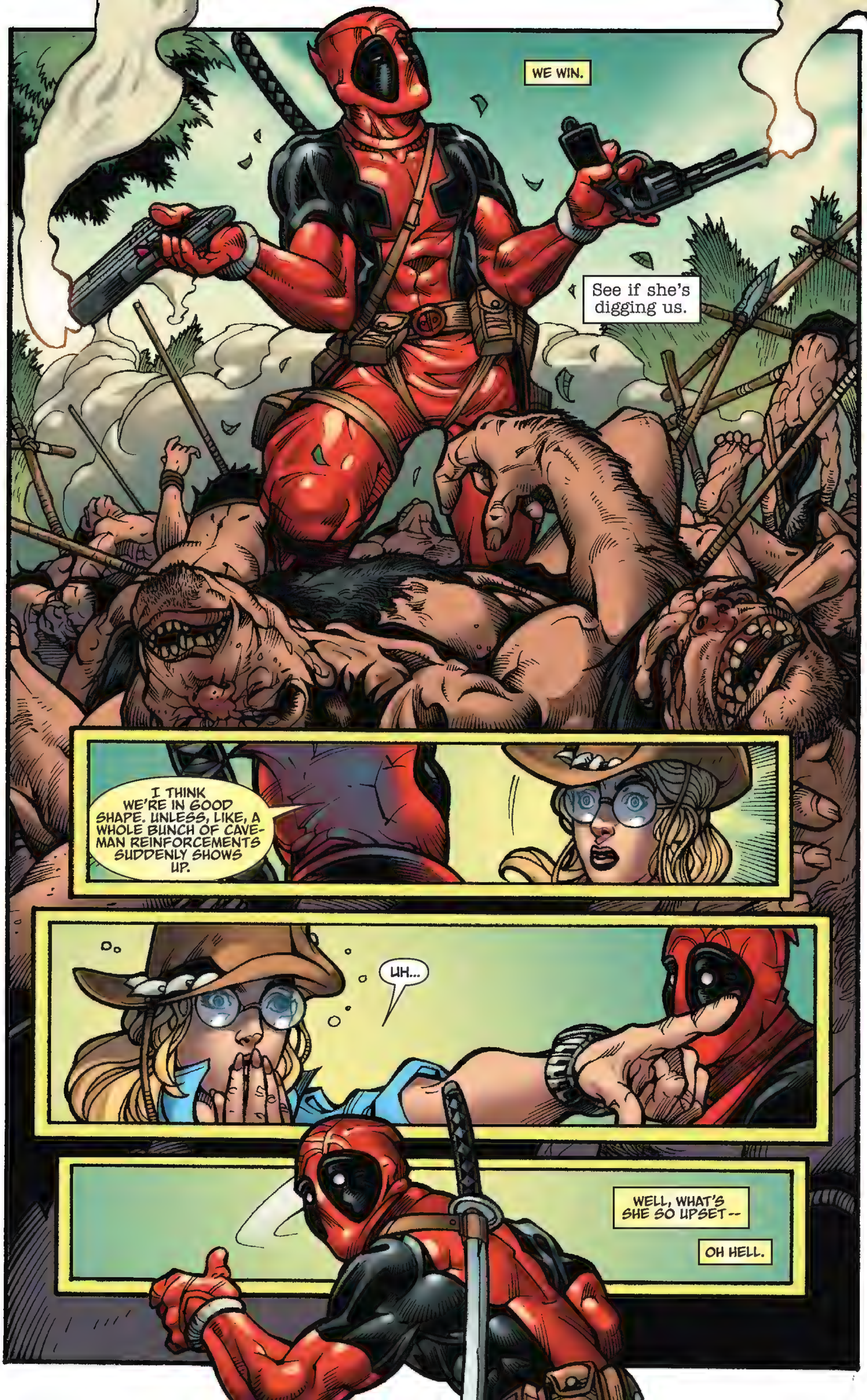

MAYBE THEY THINK WE'RE A GOD.
MAYBE WE ARE.
Cool.
BRING ME MORE POP ROCKS AND DR. PEPPER. PREPARE TO BATHE MY MONKEYS.
WHATEVER YOU WISH, OH GLORIOUS ONE WHO SMELLS LIKE FRESH CINNAMON.
Nice.
HIC BEER
NOW WHAT?
SHHHH. I'M *THINKING*.
THIS CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE. BUT HOW DOES IT FIT WITH--
Uhm. Somebody's behind you.

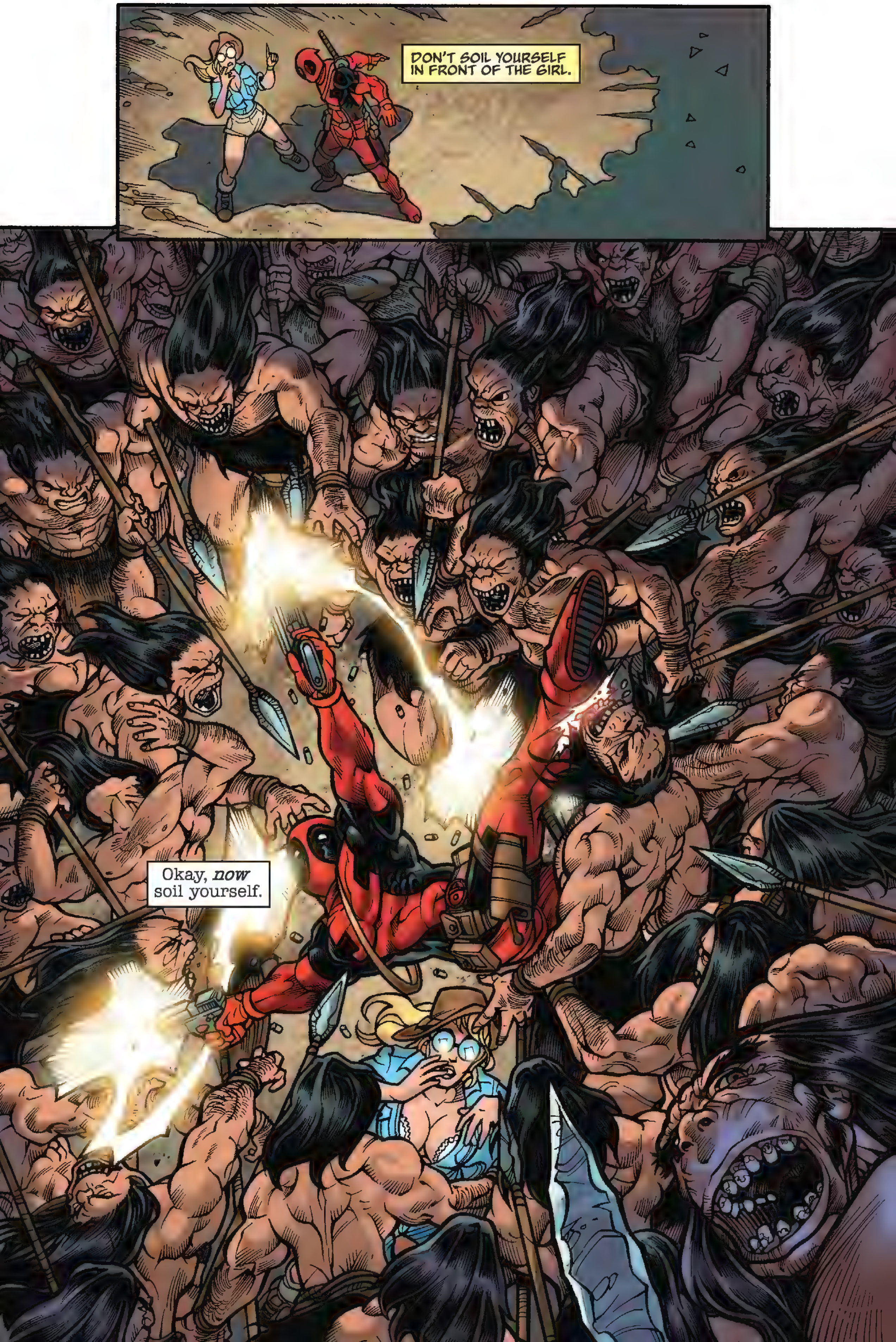

SMAK!
MOAN
DUDE. I THINK YOU JUST HIT A GIRL.
WHO ARE... SORRY ABOUT... UH...
Yep, definitely a girl.
SMOOTH MOVE, PLAYER.
I'M SO SORRY. YOU CAN'T SNEAK UP ON A GUY WITH MAD NINJA SKILLS.
SORRY. DIDN'T MEAN TO.
I HAVE AN OBSERVATION BLIND BACK UP THE HILL. SAW YOU WITH THE JUNGLE MAN. TRIED TO MAKE CONTACT WHEN I SAW YOU GET CLOSE ENOUGH.
OH... STILL A BIT WOOZY.

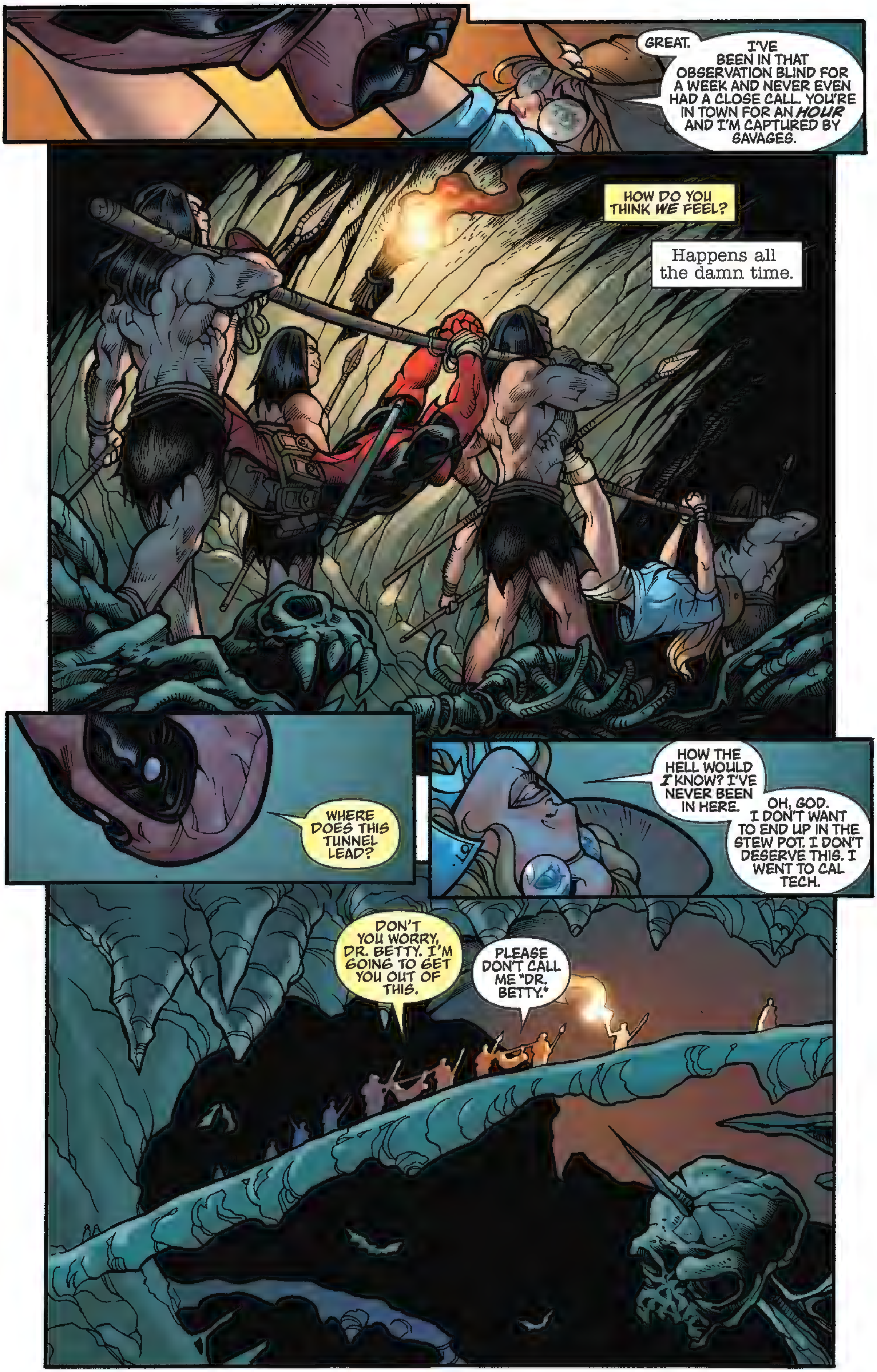

YOUROUR SWORDSWORDS DIGGINGINTODIGGINGINTO MYRIBSMYRIBS
WHAT DID YOU SAY, MY DEAR?
I *SAID* YOUR SWORD IS DIGGING INTO MY RIBS.
SO WHO EXACTLY *ARE* YOU ANYWAY?
I'M DR. BETTY SWANSON, YOUR A.I.M. CONTACT.
I ARRIVED WITH THE HYDRA SCIENCE TEAM. I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE PACKAGE WRAPPED UP AND READY TO GO FOR YOU, BUT THERE'S BEEN A SURGE IN ACTIVITY AROUND THE HEADHUNTER CAMP AND WE CAN'T GET NEAR IT.
YOU'RE TELLING ME THE THING I CAME FOR IS DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF NEANDERTHAL CENTRAL?
THAT'S WHY HYDRA IS SENDING IN AN ASSAULT TEAM. WE'VE GOT TO MOVE BEFORE THEY GET HERE.
THAT'S MY OBSERVATION BLIND.
SO EXACTLY WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR? ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT MIGHT BE USEFUL AS A BIO-WEAPON.
ALL WE NEED TO WORRY ABOUT RIGHT NOW IS GETTING IT BEFORE THE HYDRA FORCES ARRIVE.

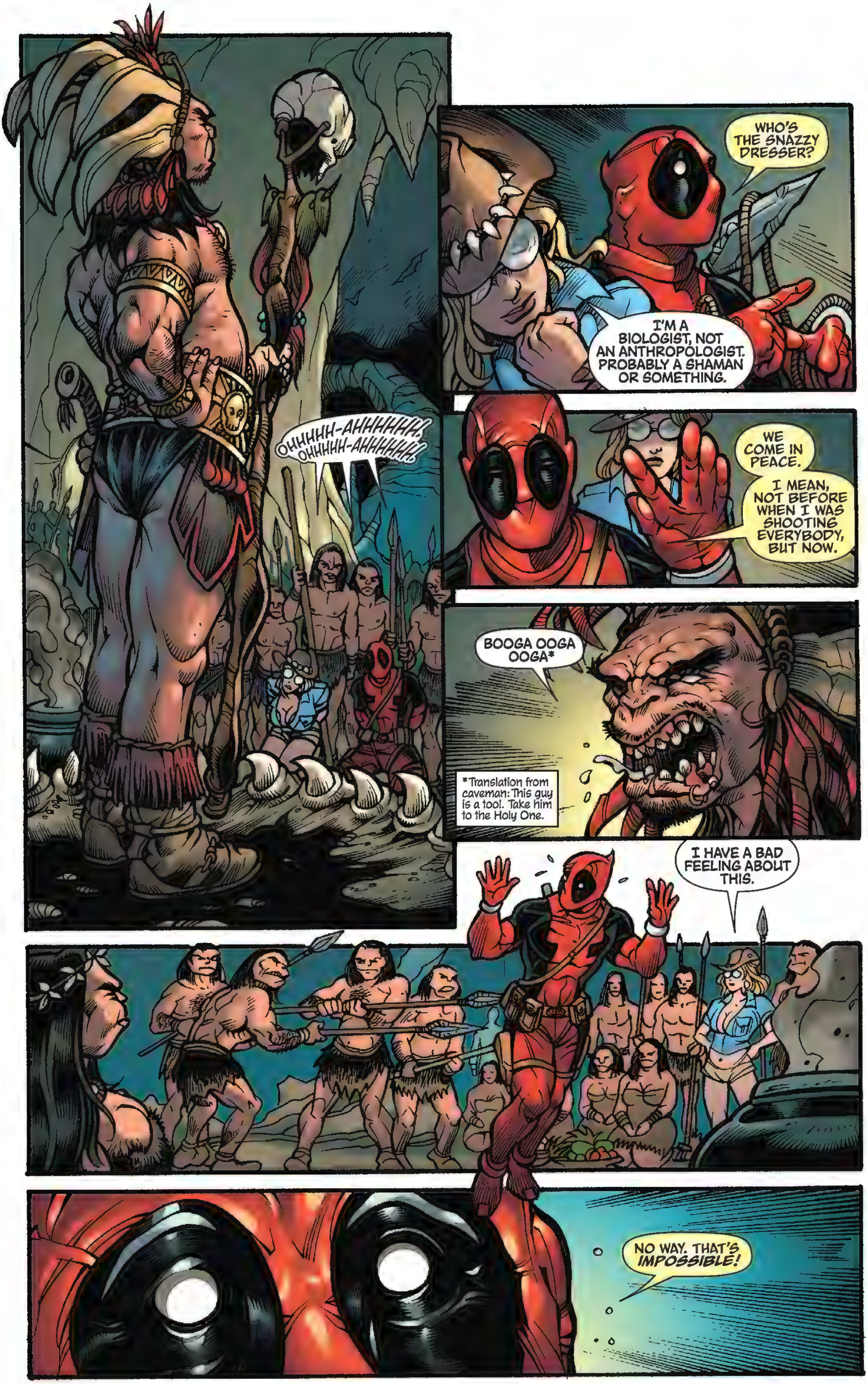

IT'S HAZARDOUS, SO I NEED TO GO IN AND CONTAIN IT FIRST BEFORE YOU TAKE POSSESSION. SO I'M COMING WITH YOU. OTHER THAN THAT, IT'S YOUR SHOW.
YOU'RE THE HOT-SHOT MERCENARY. WHAT'S THE PLAN?
DUDE, MAYBE YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT IT PROBABLY WON'T HURT YOU NO MATTER HOW HAZARDOUS IT IS.
Shut up. She wants to come with us.
A PLAN. HMMMMM. A PLAN, YOU SAY.
SNAP!
GOT IT! THE PERFECT PLAN!
I'LL NEED THAT REVOLVER. I THINK YOU'LL BE IMPRESSED BY THIS PLAN'S CLEVERNESS AND SUBTLETY.
THIS IS A COMPLEX SCHEME, DR. BETTY. WHEELS TURNING INSIDE WHEELS. I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO PAY ATTENTION TO EVERY NUANCE. CAN YOU *DO* THAT, DR. BETTY?
Y-YES.

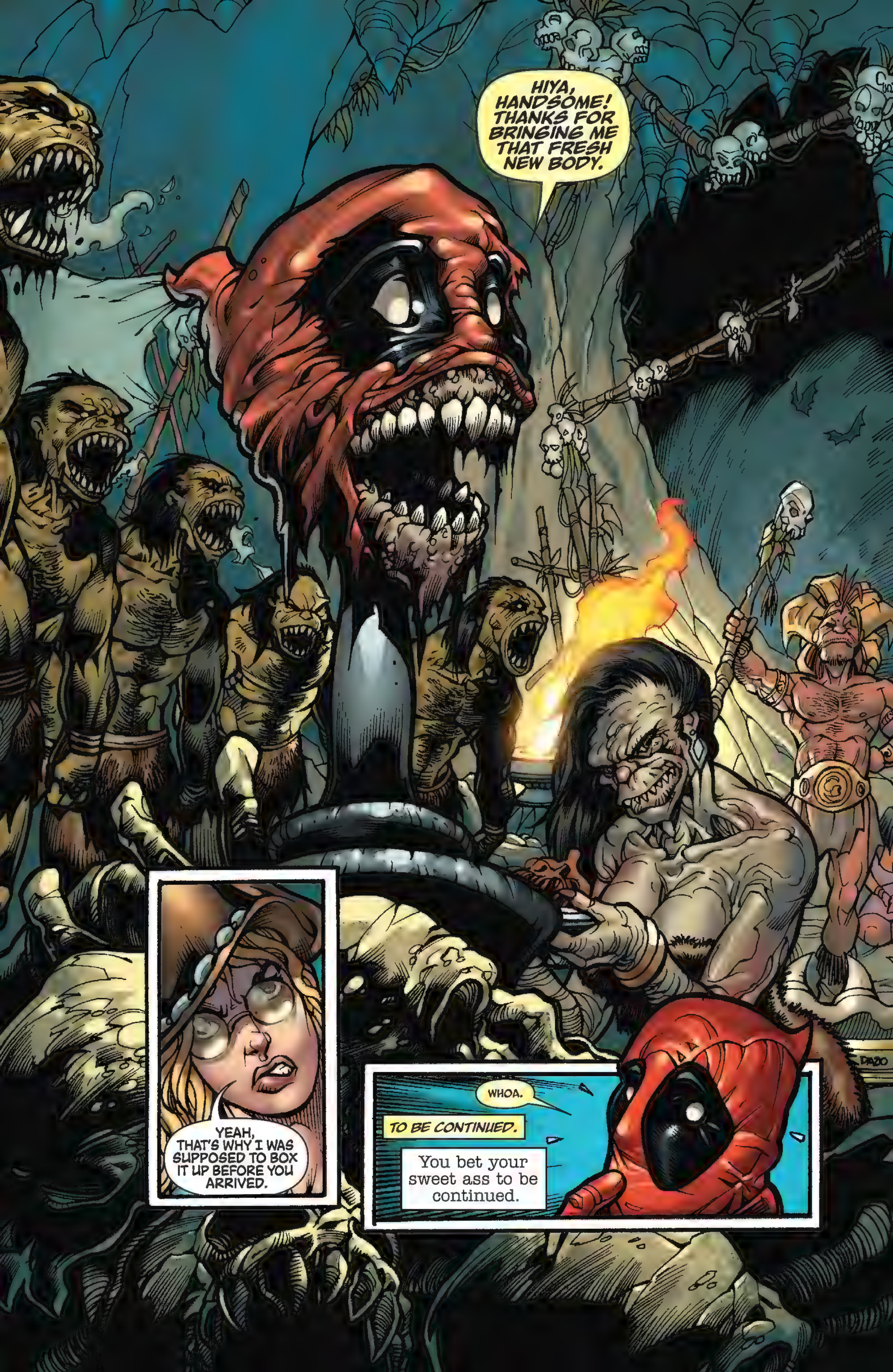

ONE MINUTE LATER...
AAAAEEEEE!!!
BLAM!
BLAM!
MY KUNG FU IS STRONG.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!


WE WIN.
See if she's digging us.
I THINK WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE. UNLESS, LIKE, A WHOLE BUNCH OF CAVE-MAN REINFORCEMENTS SUDDENLY SHOWS UP.
UH...
WELL, WHAT'S SHE SO UPSET --
OH HELL.

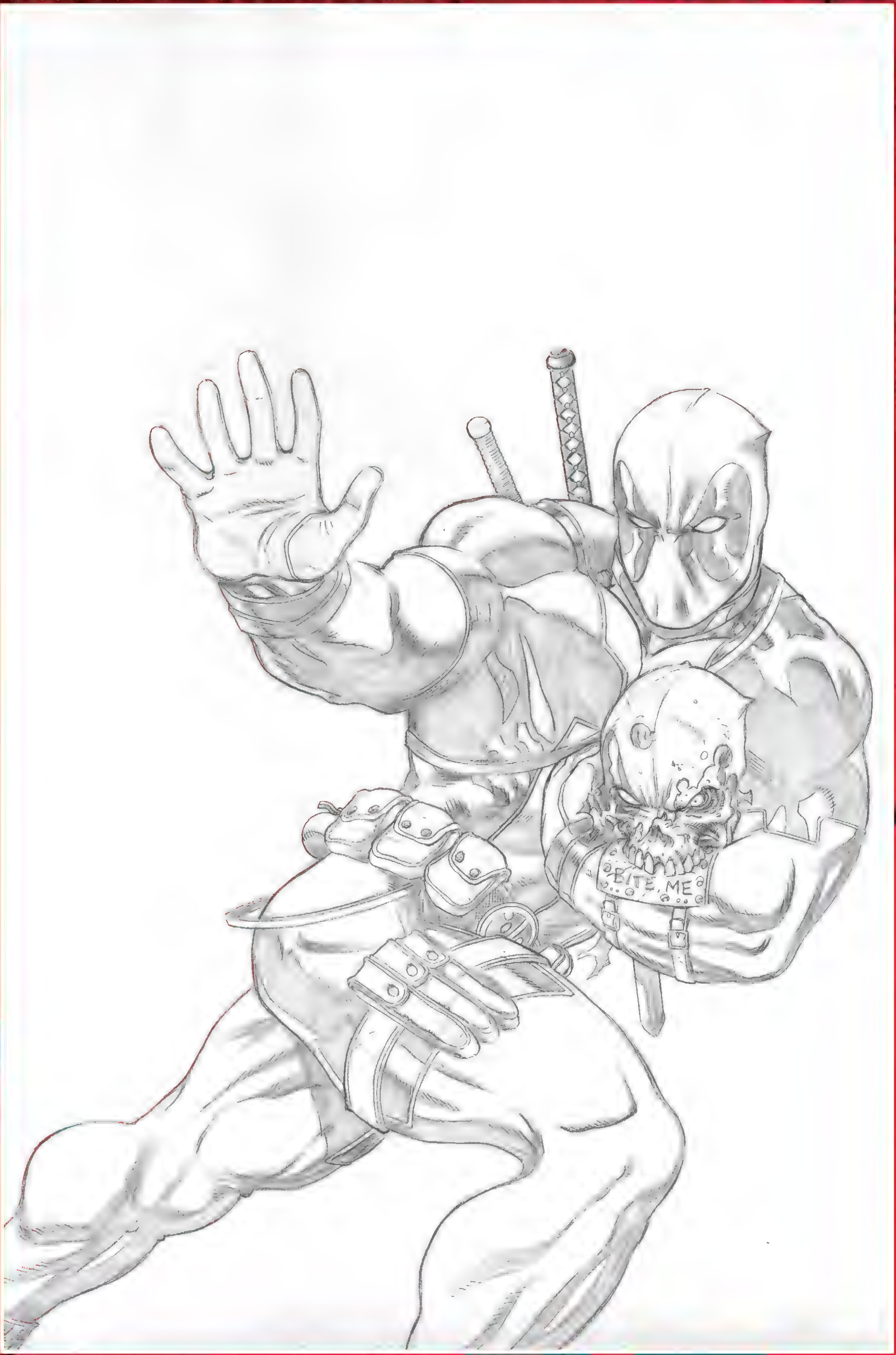

DON'T SOIL YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THE GIRL.
Okay, *now* soil yourself.


GREAT. I'VE BEEN IN THAT OBSERVATION BLIND FOR A WEEK AND NEVER EVEN HAD A CLOSE CALL. YOU'RE IN TOWN FOR AN *HOUR* AND I'M CAPTURED BY SAVAGES.
HOW DO YOU THINK *WE* FEEL?
Happens all the damn time.
WHERE DOES THIS TUNNEL LEAD?
HOW THE HELL WOULD *I* KNOW? I'VE NEVER BEEN IN HERE.
OH, GOD. I DON'T WANT TO END UP IN THE STEW POT. I DON'T DESERVE THIS. I WENT TO CAL TECH.
DON'T YOU WORRY, DR. BETTY. I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS.
PLEASE DON'T CALL ME "DR. BETTY."

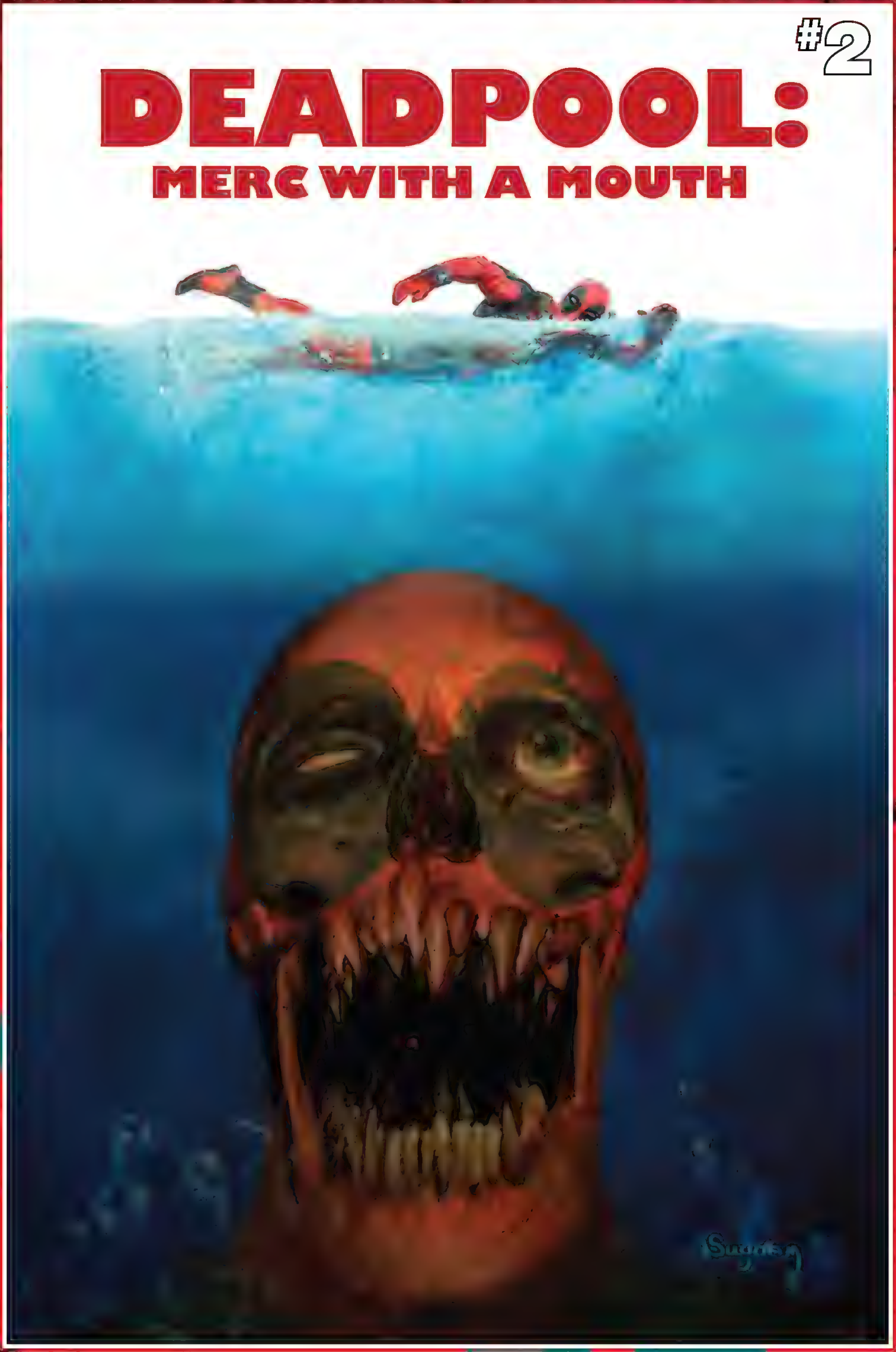

OHHHHH-AHHHHHH.
OHHHHH-AHHHHHH.
WHO'S THE SNAZZY DRESSER?
I'M A BIOLOGIST, NOT AN ANTHROPOLOGIST. PROBABLY A SHAMAN OR SOMETHING.
WE COME IN PEACE.
I MEAN, NOT BEFORE WHEN I WAS SHOOTING EVERYBODY, BUT NOW.
BOOGA OOGA OOGA*
*Translation from caveman: This guy is a tool. Take him to the Holy One.
I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
NO WAY. THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!*

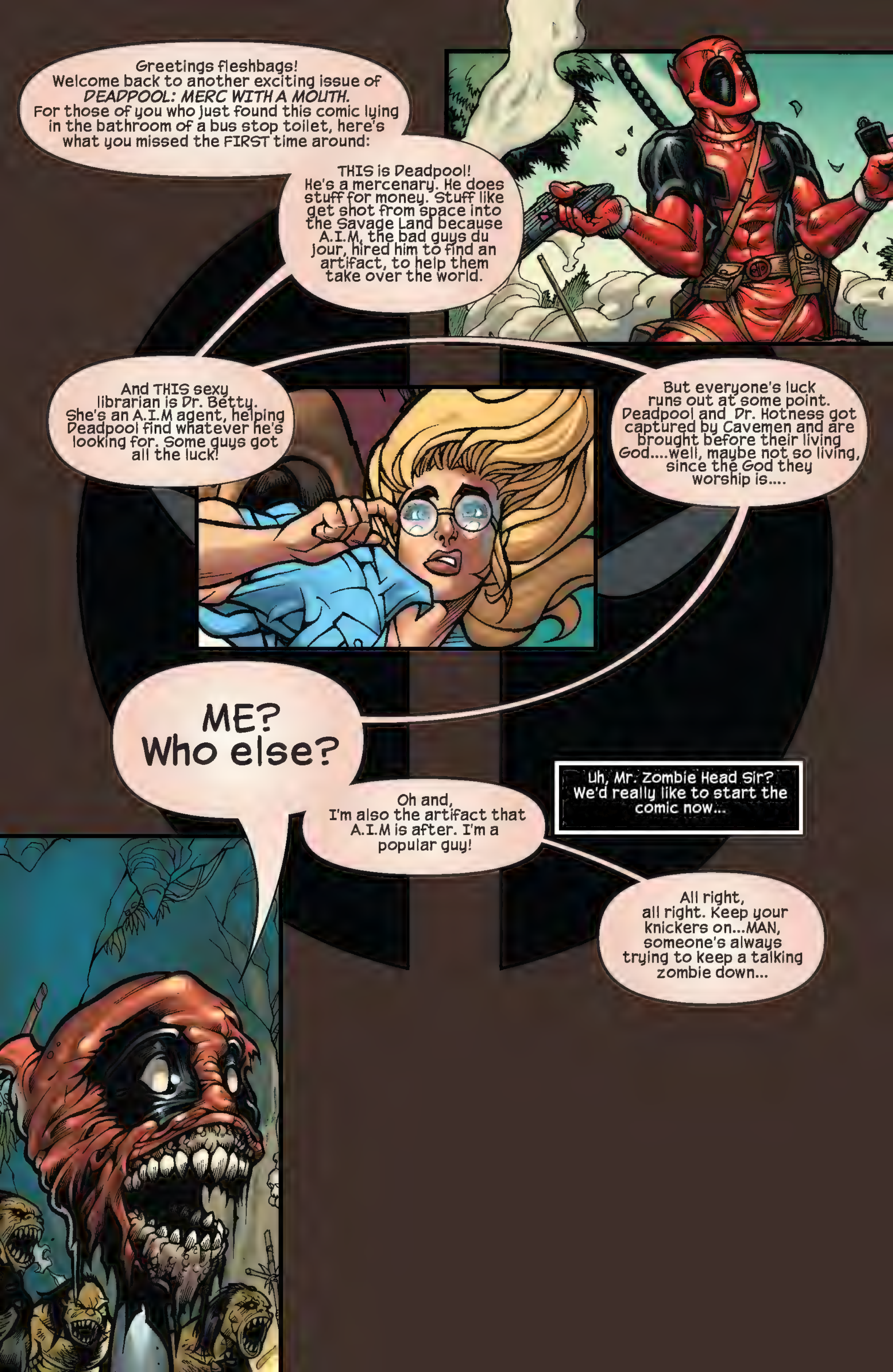

HIYA, HANDSOME! THANKS FOR BRINGING ME THAT FRESH NEW BODY.
YEAH, THAT'S WHY I WAS SUPPOSED TO BOX IT UP BEFORE YOU ARRIVED.
WHOA.
TO BE CONTINUED.
You bet your sweet ass to be continued.
PAZIO

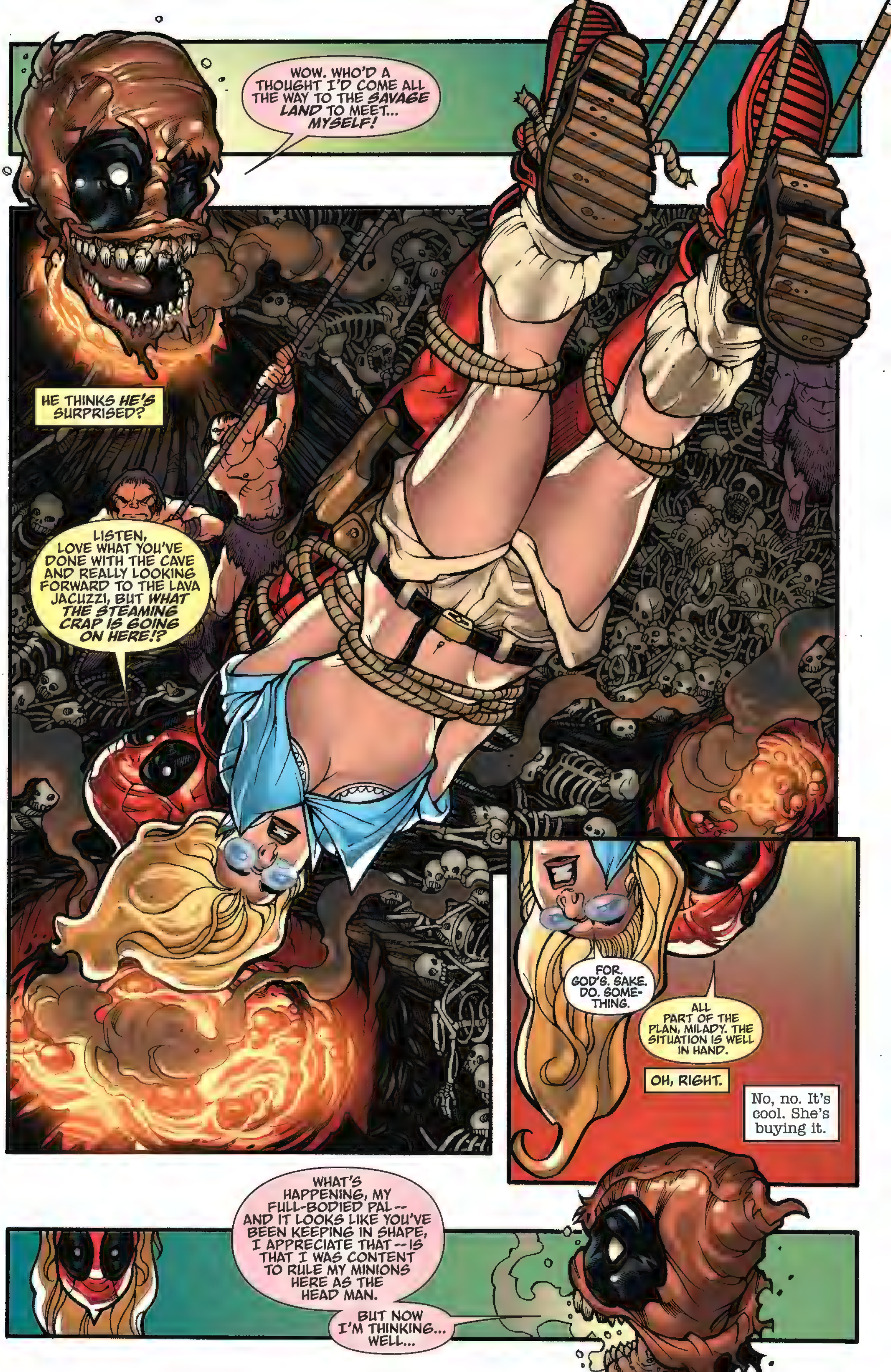
Issue #1 variant by Ed McGuinness & Guru-eFX

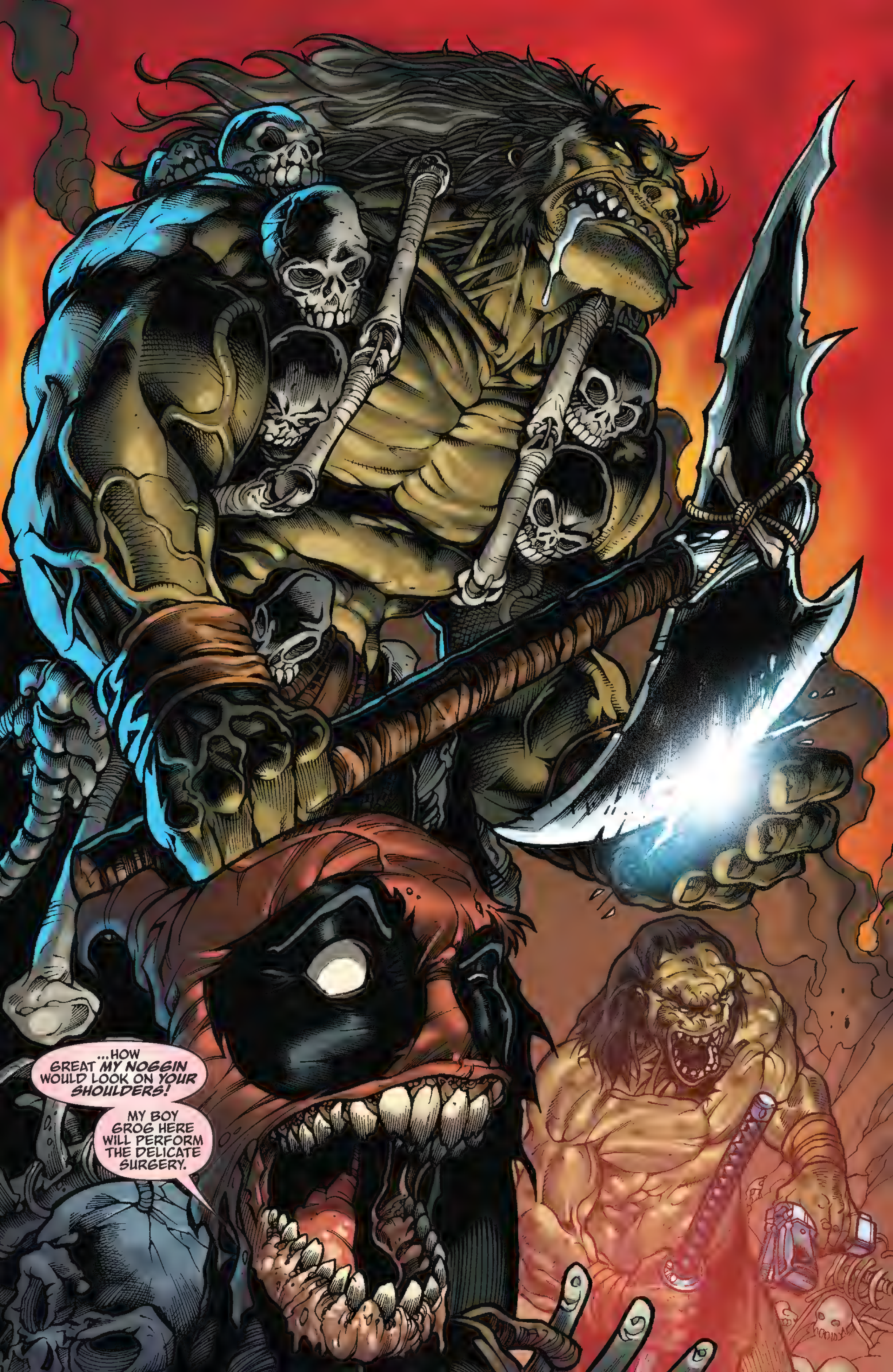


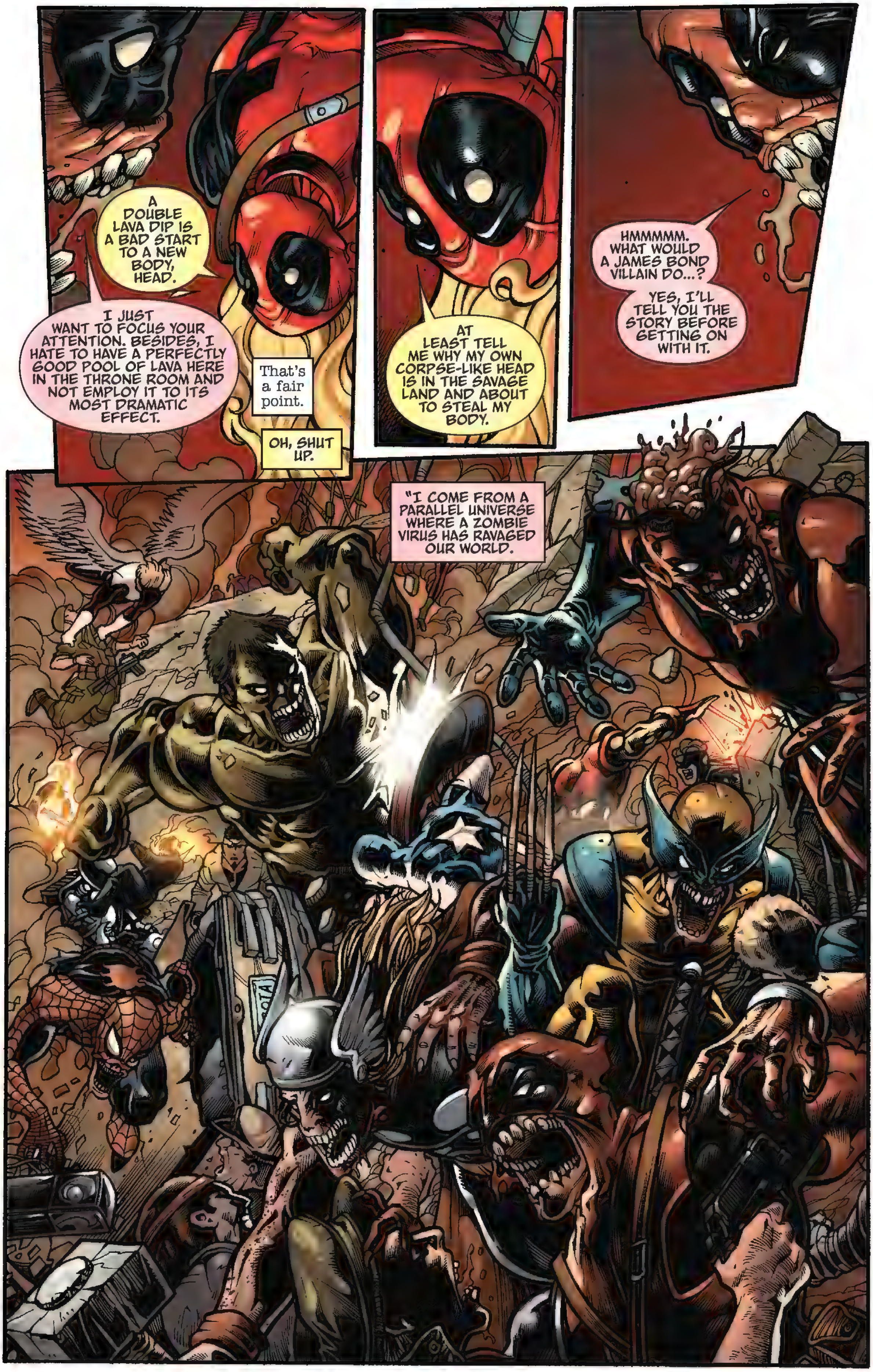
Issue #1 sketch variant by Ed McGuinness

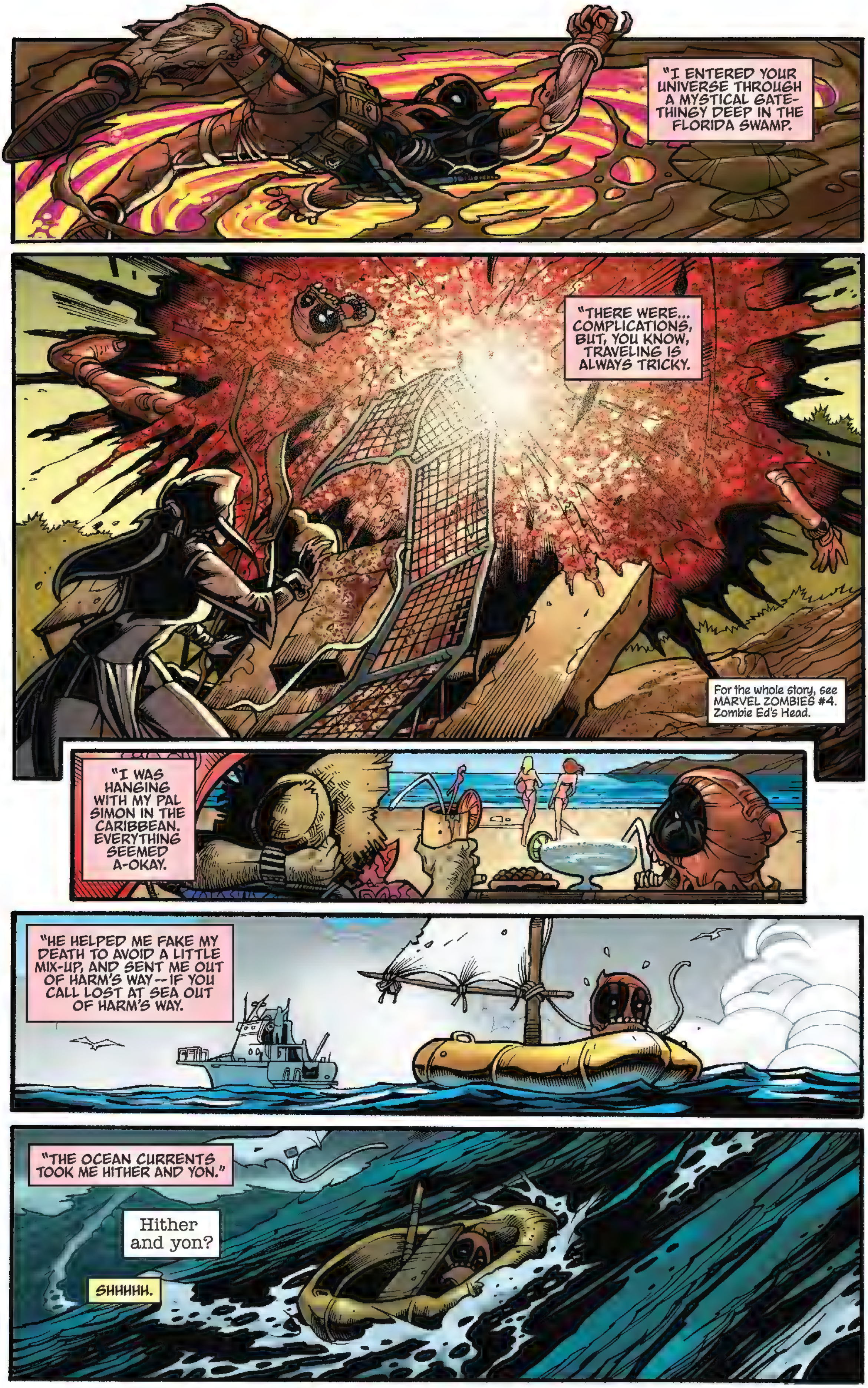

#2
DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Suydam

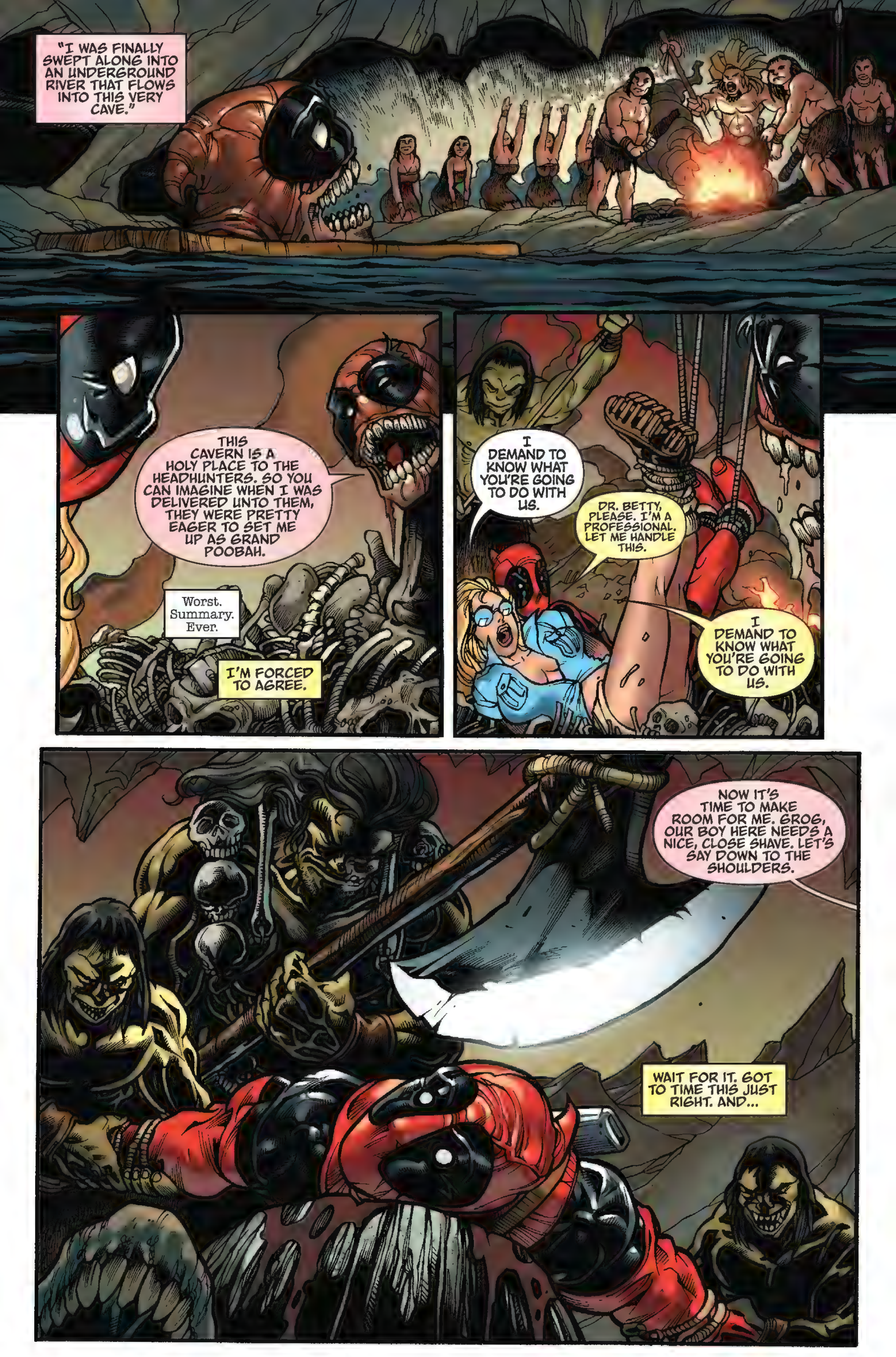

Greetings fleshbags! Welcome back to another exciting issue of *DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH.* For those of you who just found this comic lying in the bathroom of a bus stop toilet, here's what you missed the FIRST time around:
THIS is Deadpool! He's a mercenary. He does stuff for money. Stuff like get shot from space into the Savage Land because A.I.M, the bad guys du jour, hired him to find an artifact, to help them take over the world.
And THIS sexy librarian is Dr. Betty. She's an A.I.M agent, helping Deadpool find whatever he's looking for. Some guys got all the luck!
But everyone's luck runs out at some point. Deadpool and Dr. Hotness got captured by Cavemen and are brought before their living God....well, maybe not so living, since the God they worship is....
ME? Who else?
Oh and, I'm also the artifact that A.I.M is after. I'm a popular guy!
Uh, Mr. Zombie Head Sir? We'd really like to start the comic now...
All right, all right. Keep your knickers on...MAN, someone's always trying to keep a talking zombie down...

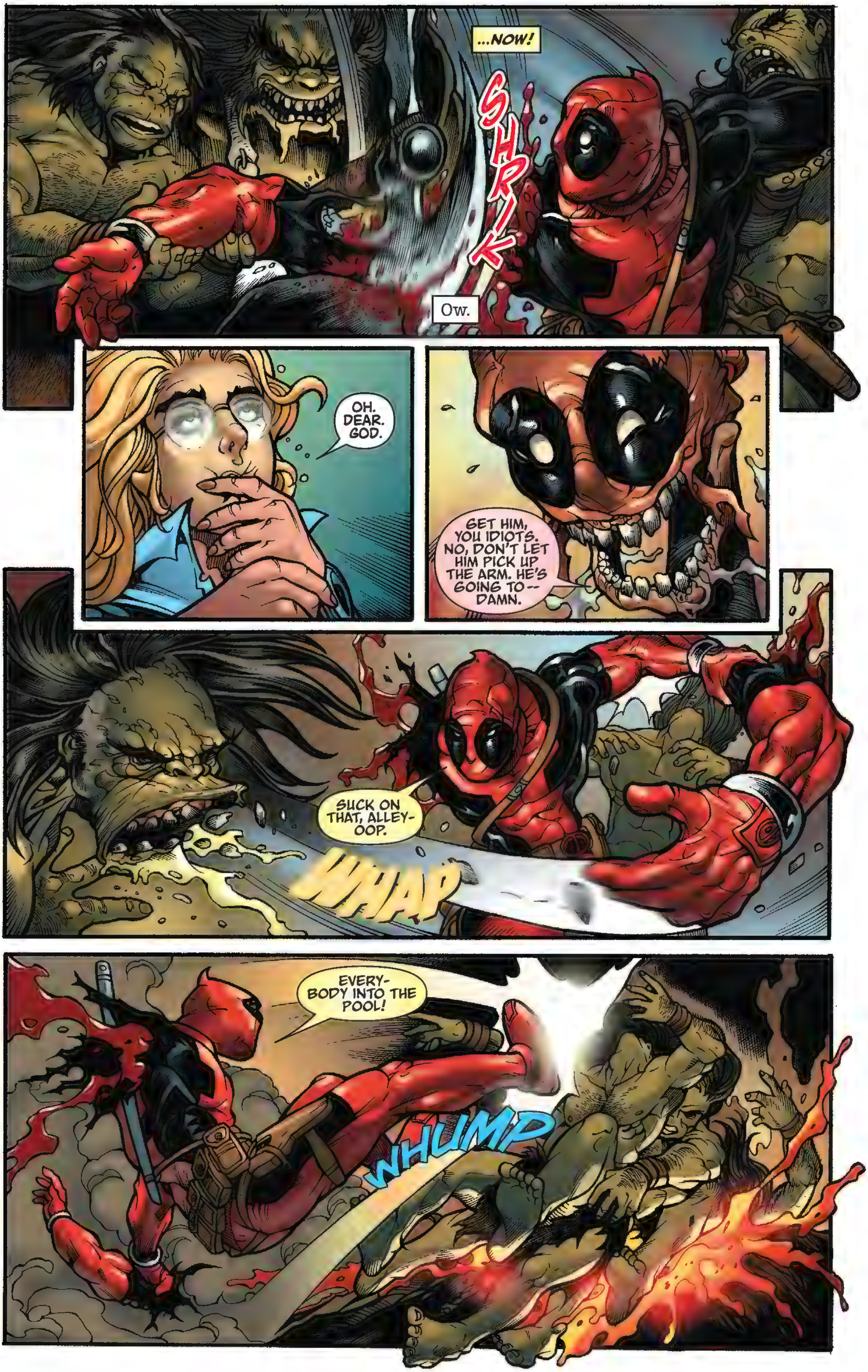

WOW. WHO'D A THOUGHT I'D COME ALL THE WAY TO THE *SAVAGE LAND* TO MEET... *MYSELF!*
HE THINKS *HE'S* SURPRISED?
LISTEN, LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE CAVE AND REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THE LAVA JACUZZI, BUT *WHAT THE STEAMING CRAP IS GOING ON HERE!?*
FOR. GOD'S. SAKE. DO. SOMETHING.
ALL PART OF THE PLAN, MILADY. THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND.
OH, RIGHT.
No, no. It's cool. She's buying it.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, MY FULL-BODIED PAL -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING IN SHAPE, I APPRECIATE THAT -- IS THAT I WAS CONTENT TO RULE MY MINIONS HERE AS THE HEAD MAN.
BUT NOW I'M THINKING... WELL...

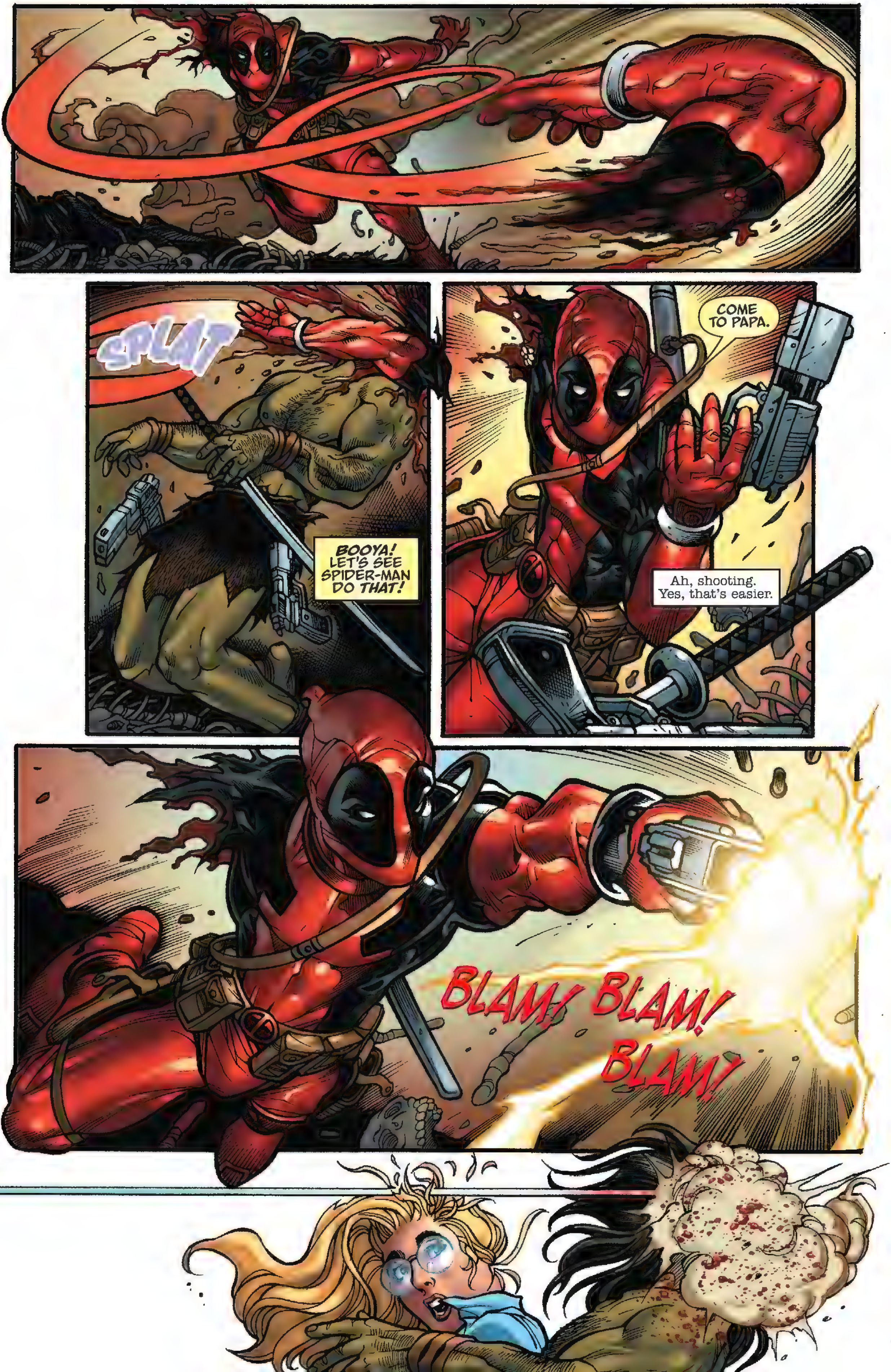

...HOW GREAT *MY NOGGIN* WOULD LOOK ON *YOUR SHOULDERS!*
MY BOY GROG HERE WILL PERFORM THE DELICATE SURGERY.

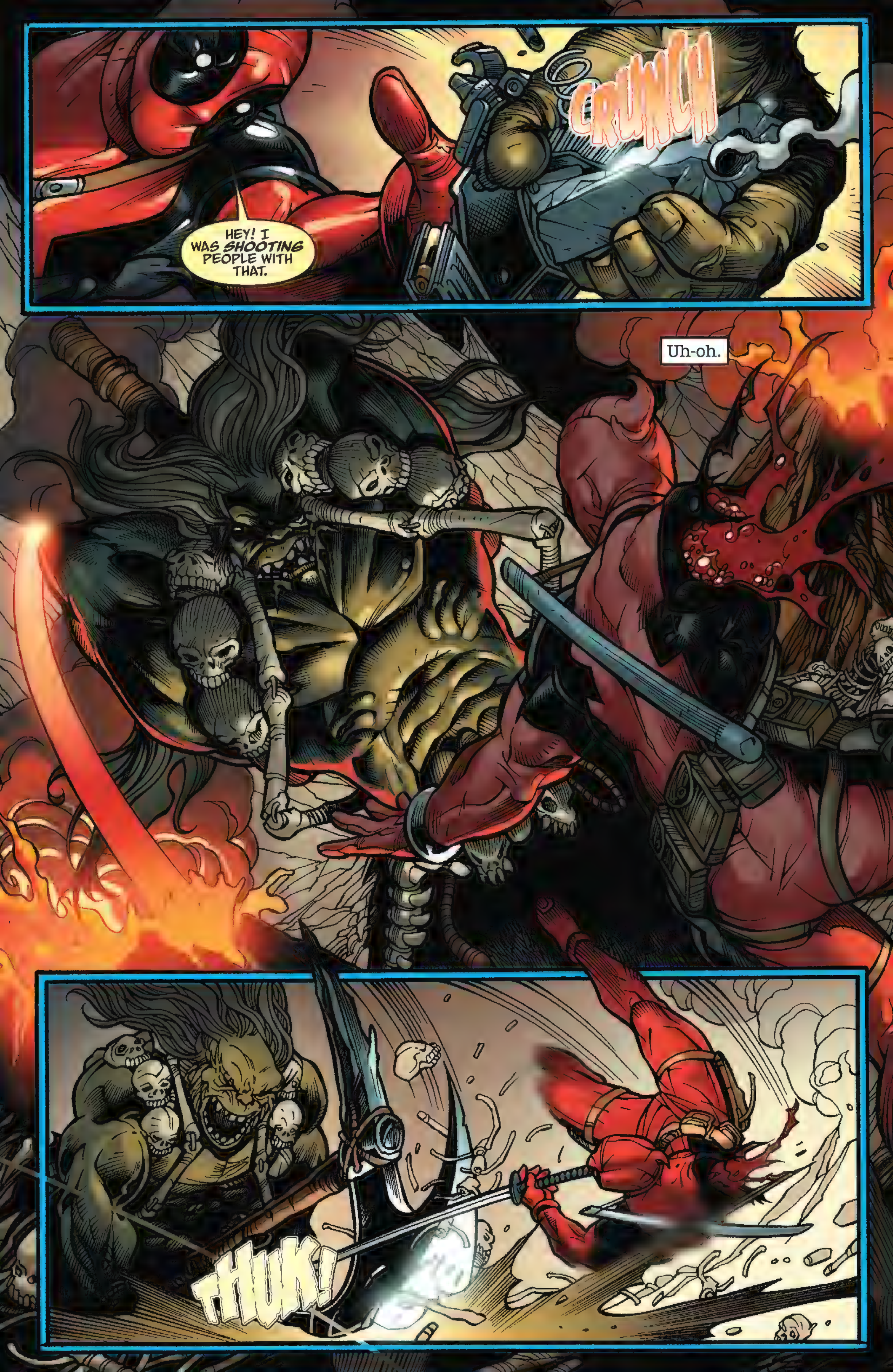

A DOUBLE LAVA DIP IS A BAD START TO A NEW BODY, HEAD.
I JUST WANT TO FOCUS YOUR ATTENTION. BESIDES, I HATE TO HAVE A PERFECTLY GOOD POOL OF LAVA HERE IN THE THRONE ROOM AND NOT EMPLOY IT TO ITS MOST DRAMATIC EFFECT.
That's a fair point.
OH, SHUT UP.
AT LEAST TELL ME WHY MY OWN CORPSE-LIKE HEAD IS IN THE SAVAGE LAND AND ABOUT TO STEAL MY BODY.
HMMMMM. WHAT WOULD A JAMES BOND VILLAIN DO...?
YES, I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY BEFORE GETTING ON WITH IT.
"I COME FROM A PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE A ZOMBIE VIRUS HAS RAVAGED OUR WORLD.

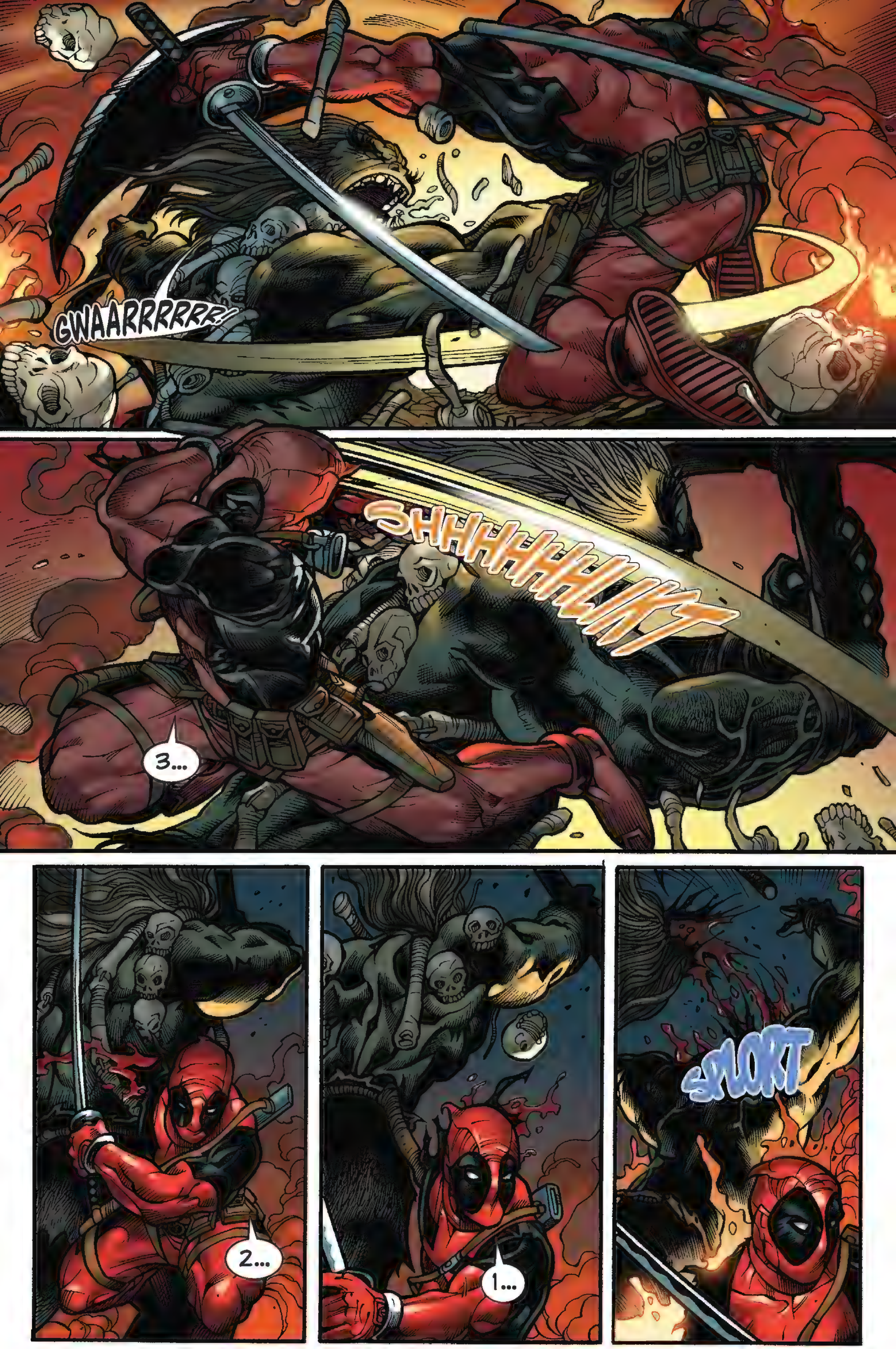

"I ENTERED YOUR UNIVERSE THROUGH A MYSTICAL GATE-THINGY DEEP IN THE FLORIDA SWAMP.
"THERE WERE... COMPLICATIONS, BUT, YOU KNOW, TRAVELING IS ALWAYS TRICKY.
For the whole story, see MARVEL ZOMBIES #4. Zombie Ed's Head.
"I WAS HANGING WITH MY PAL SIMON IN THE CARIBBEAN. EVERYTHING SEEMED A-OKAY.
"HE HELPED ME FAKE MY DEATH TO AVOID A LITTLE MIX-UP, AND SENT ME OUT OF HARM'S WAY--IF YOU CALL LOST AT SEA OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
"THE OCEAN CURRENTS TOOK ME HITHER AND YON."
Hither and yon?
SHHHHH.

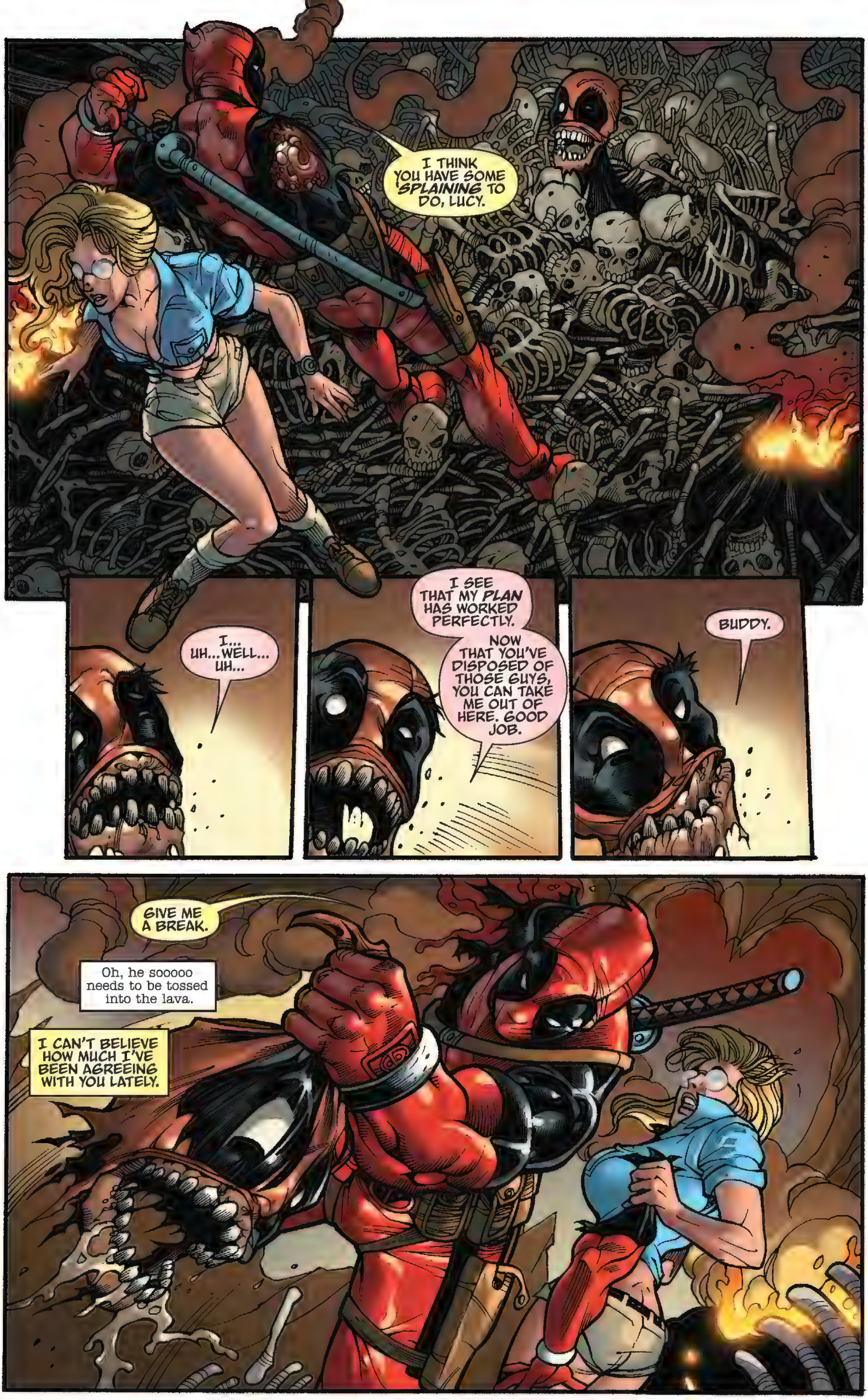

"I WAS FINALLY SWEPT ALONG INTO AN UNDERGROUND RIVER THAT FLOWS INTO THIS VERY CAVE."
THIS CAVERN IS A HOLY PLACE TO THE HEADHUNTERS. SO YOU CAN IMAGINE WHEN I WAS DELIVERED UNTO THEM, THEY WERE PRETTY EAGER TO SET ME UP AS GRAND POOBAH.
Worst. Summary. Ever.
I'M FORCED TO AGREE.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US.
DR. BETTY, PLEASE. I'M A PROFESSIONAL. LET ME HANDLE THIS.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US.
NOW IT'S TIME TO MAKE ROOM FOR ME. GROG, OUR BOY HERE NEEDS A NICE, CLOSE SHAVE. LET'S SAY DOWN TO THE SHOULDERS.
WAIT FOR IT. GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT. AND...

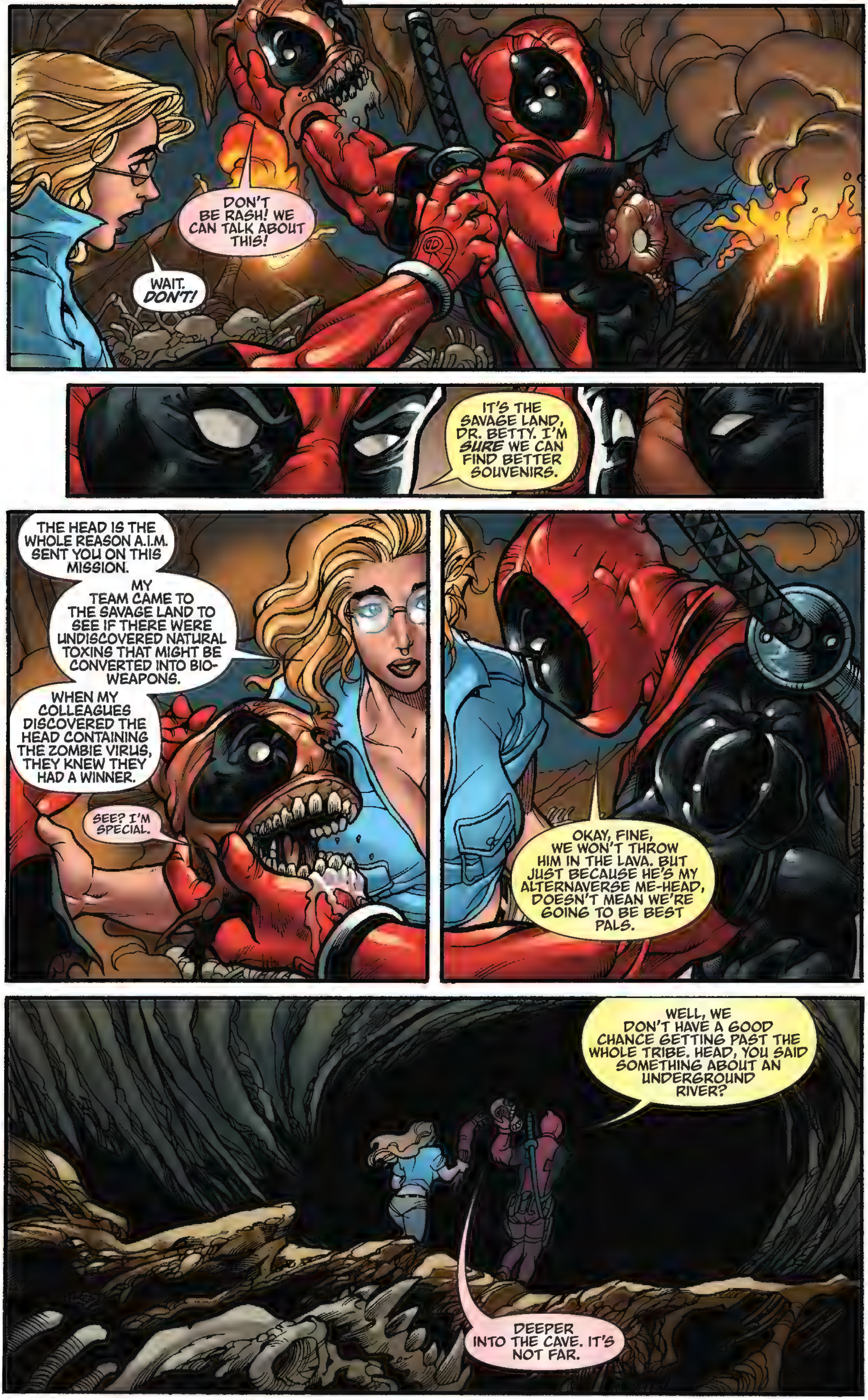

...NOW!
SHRIK
Ow.
OH. DEAR. GOD.
GET HIM, YOU IDIOTS. NO, DON'T LET HIM PICK UP THE ARM. HE'S GOING TO-- DAMN.
SUCK ON THAT, ALLEY-OOP.
WHAP
EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL!
WHUMP

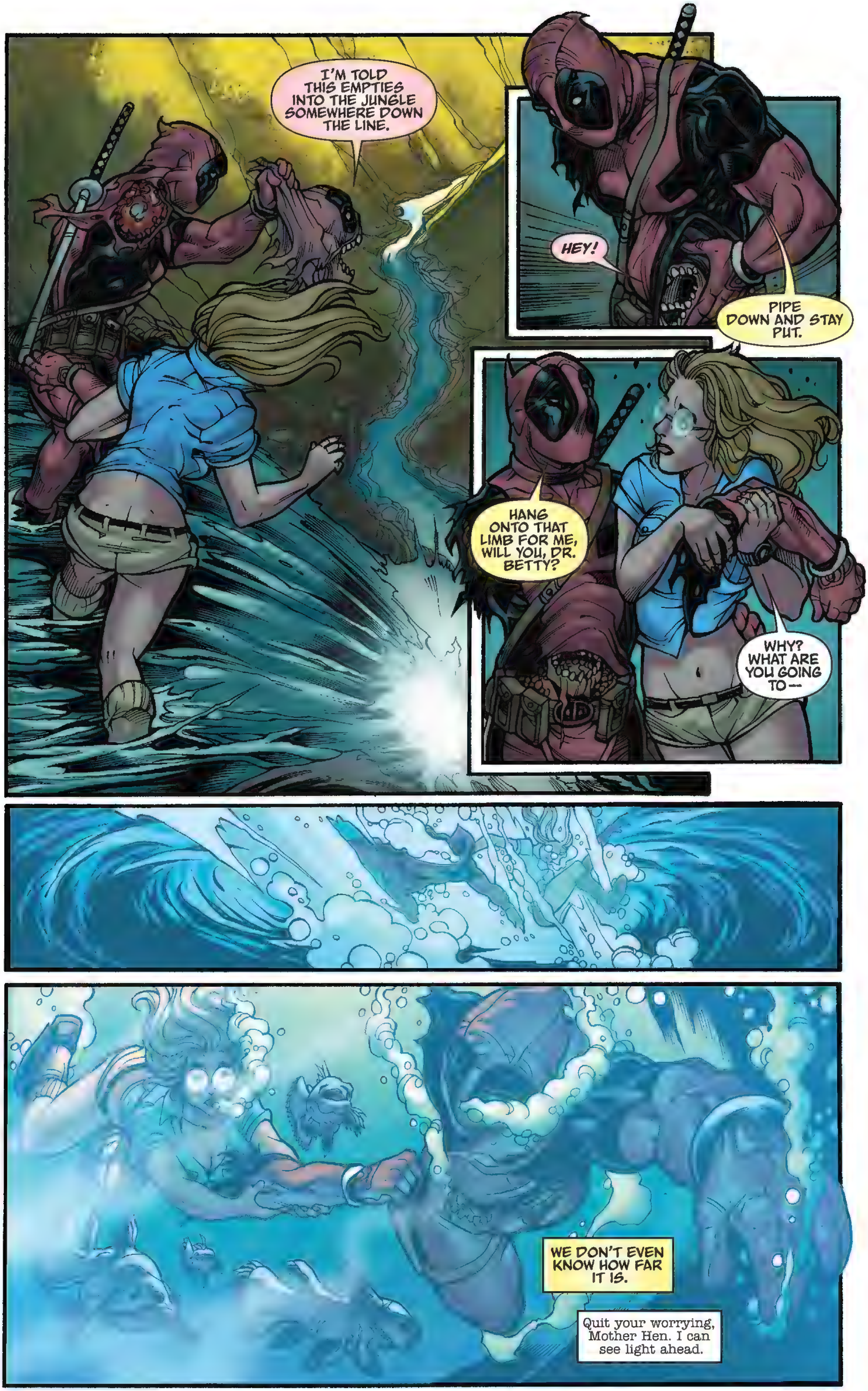

SPLAT
BOOYA! LET'S SEE SPIDER-MAN DO THAT!
COME TO PAPA.
Ah, shooting. Yes, that's easier.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

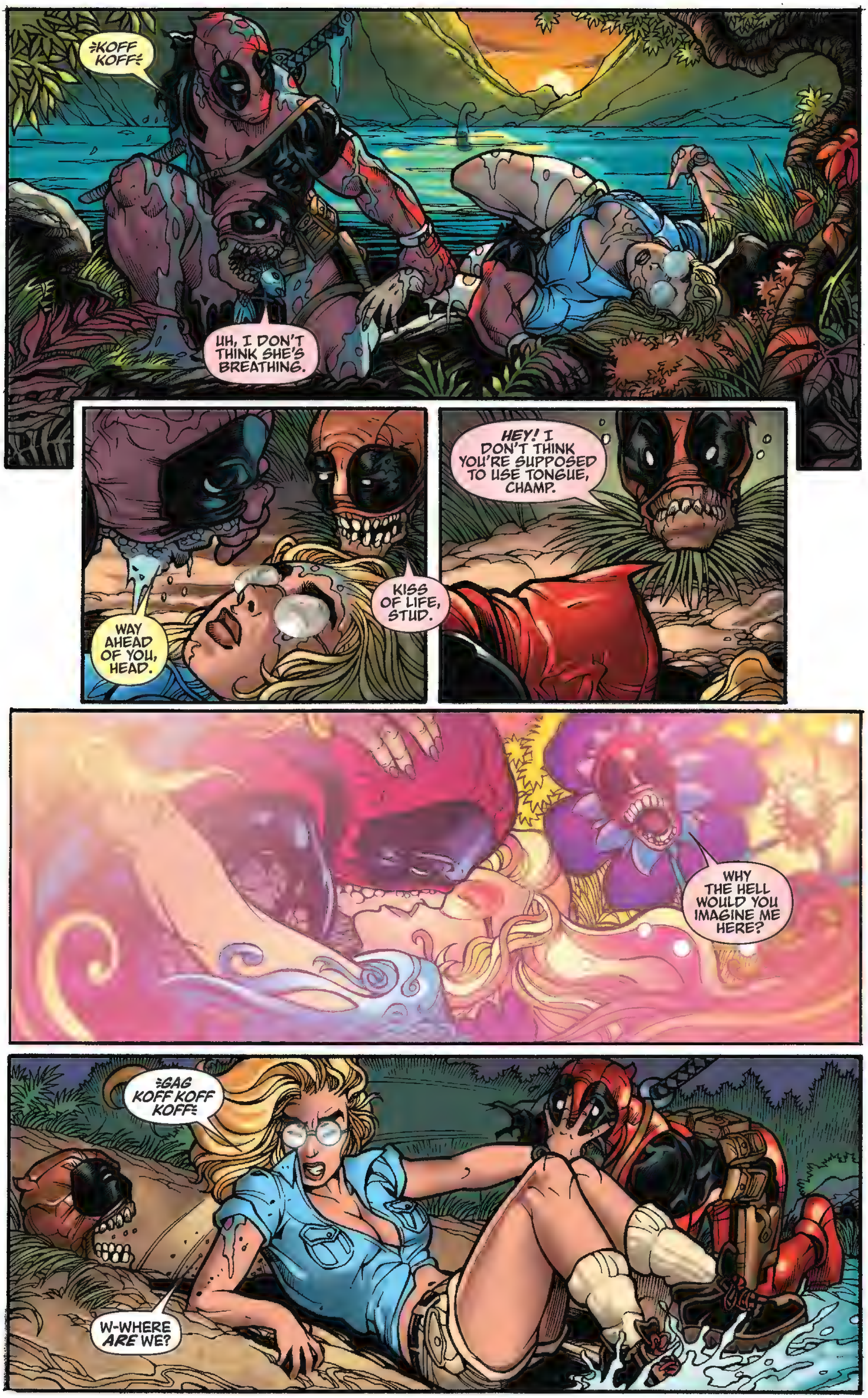

HEY! I WAS *SHOOTING* PEOPLE WITH THAT.
CRUNCH
Uh-oh.
THUK!

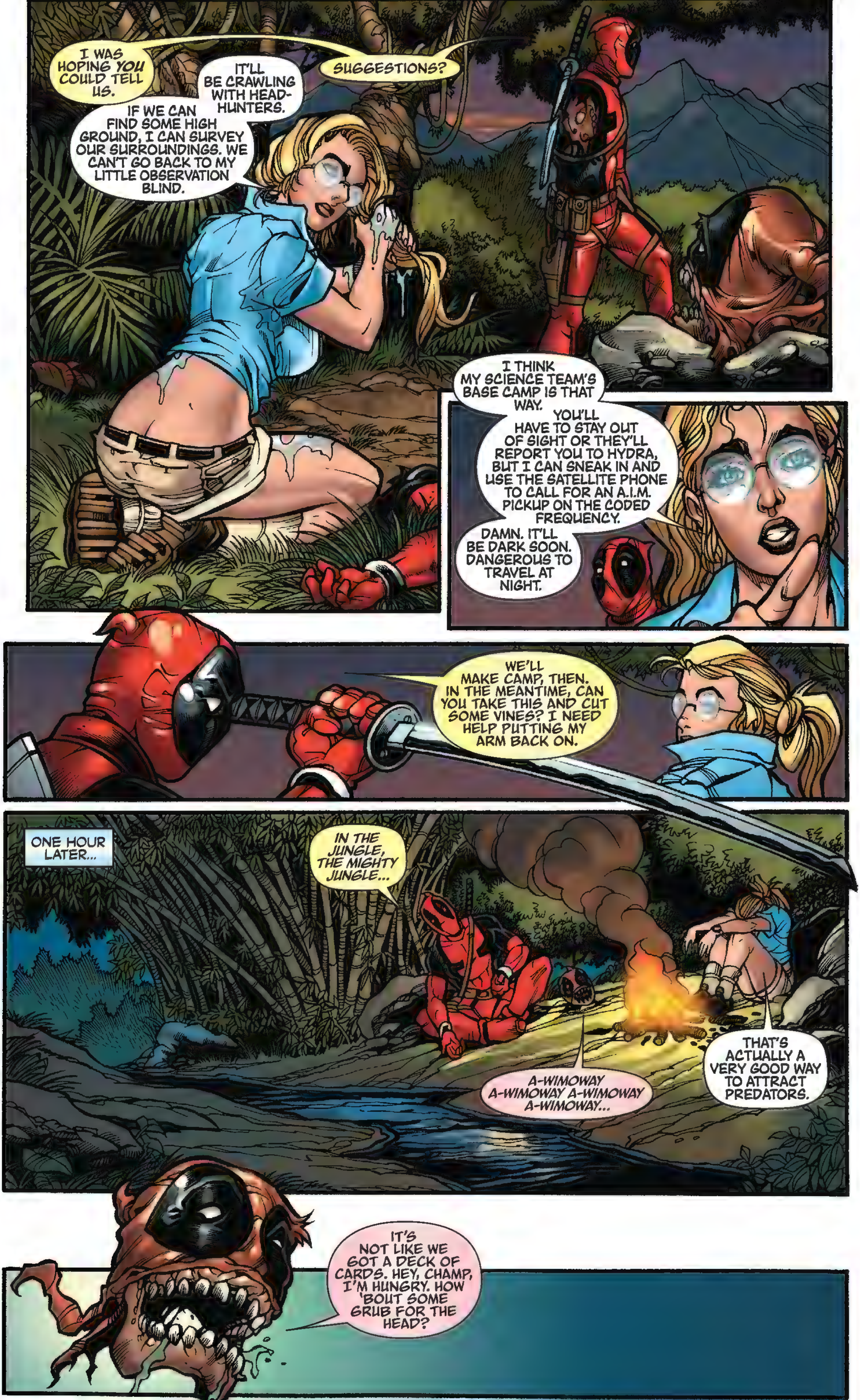

GWAARRRRRR!
SHHHHHHHUNKT
3...
2...
1...
SPLORT

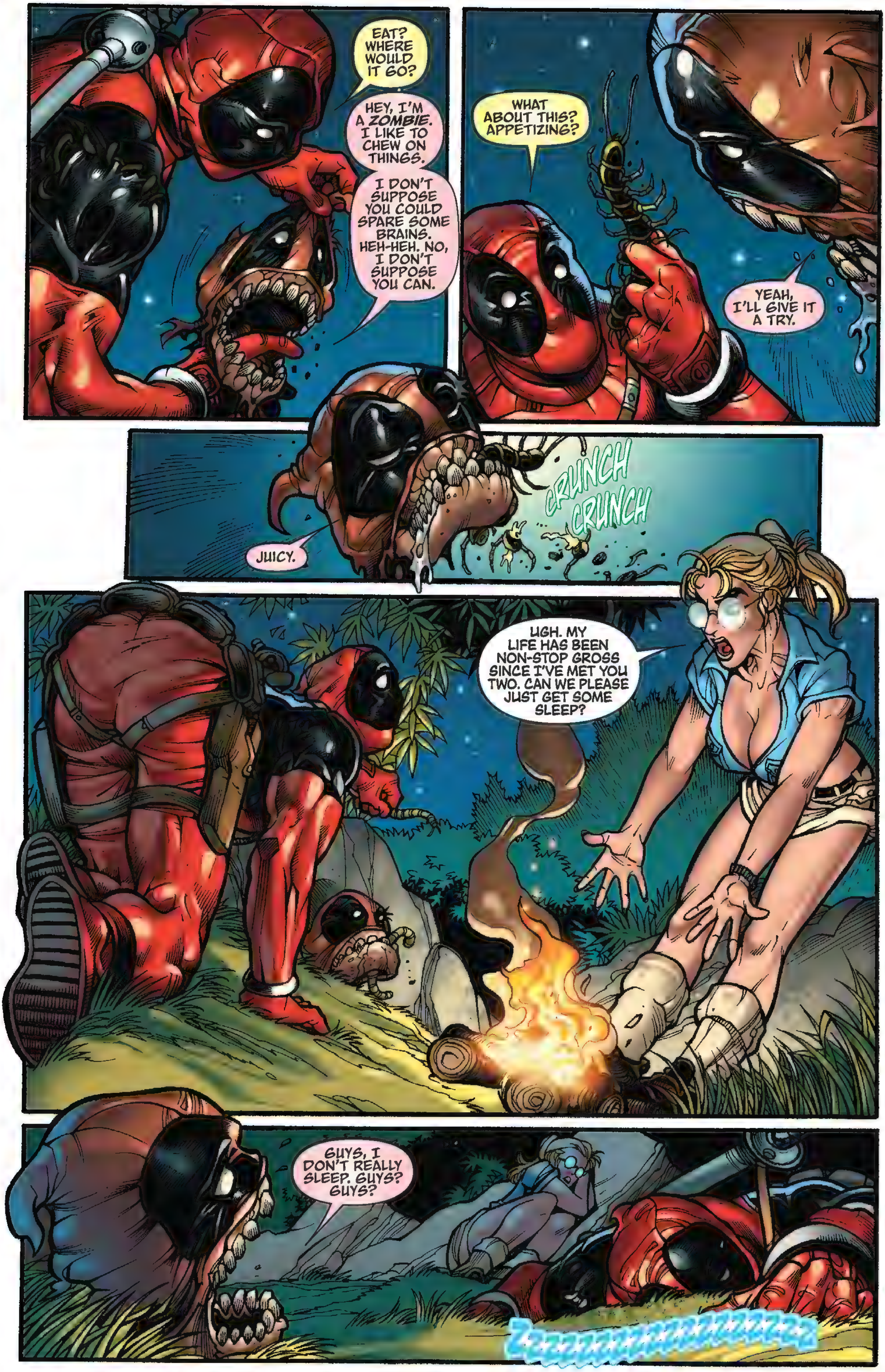

I THINK YOU HAVE SOME *SPLAINING* TO DO, LUCY.
I... UH...WELL... UH...
I SEE THAT MY *PLAN* HAS WORKED PERFECTLY.
NOW THAT YOU'VE DISPOSED OF THOSE GUYS, YOU CAN TAKE ME OUT OF HERE. GOOD JOB.
BUDDY.
GIVE ME A BREAK.
Oh, he sooooo needs to be tossed into the lava.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH I'VE BEEN AGREEING WITH YOU LATELY.

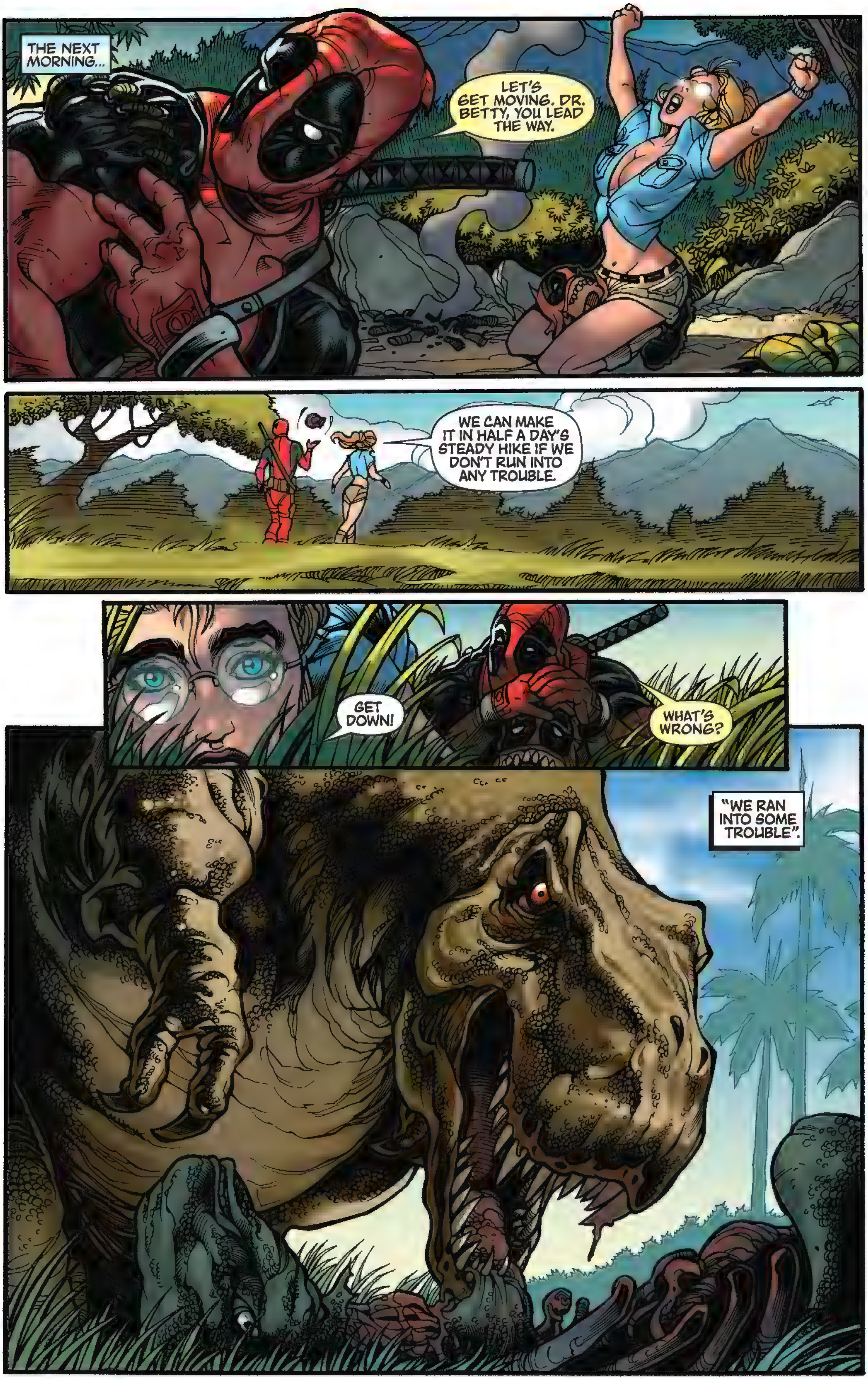

DON'T BE RASH! WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS!
WAIT. *DON'T!*
IT'S THE SAVAGE LAND, DR. BETTY. I'M *SURE* WE CAN FIND BETTER SOUVENIRS.
THE HEAD IS THE WHOLE REASON A.I.M. SENT YOU ON THIS MISSION.
MY TEAM CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO SEE IF THERE WERE UNDISCOVERED NATURAL TOXINS THAT MIGHT BE CONVERTED INTO BIO-WEAPONS.
WHEN MY COLLEAGUES DISCOVERED THE HEAD CONTAINING THE ZOMBIE VIRUS, THEY KNEW THEY HAD A WINNER.
SEE? I'M SPECIAL.
OKAY, FINE, WE WON'T THROW HIM IN THE LAVA. BUT JUST BECAUSE HE'S MY ALTERNAVERSE ME-HEAD, DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE GOING TO BE BEST PALS.
WELL, WE DON'T HAVE A GOOD CHANCE GETTING PAST THE WHOLE TRIBE. HEAD, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN UNDERGROUND RIVER?
DEEPER INTO THE CAVE. IT'S NOT FAR.

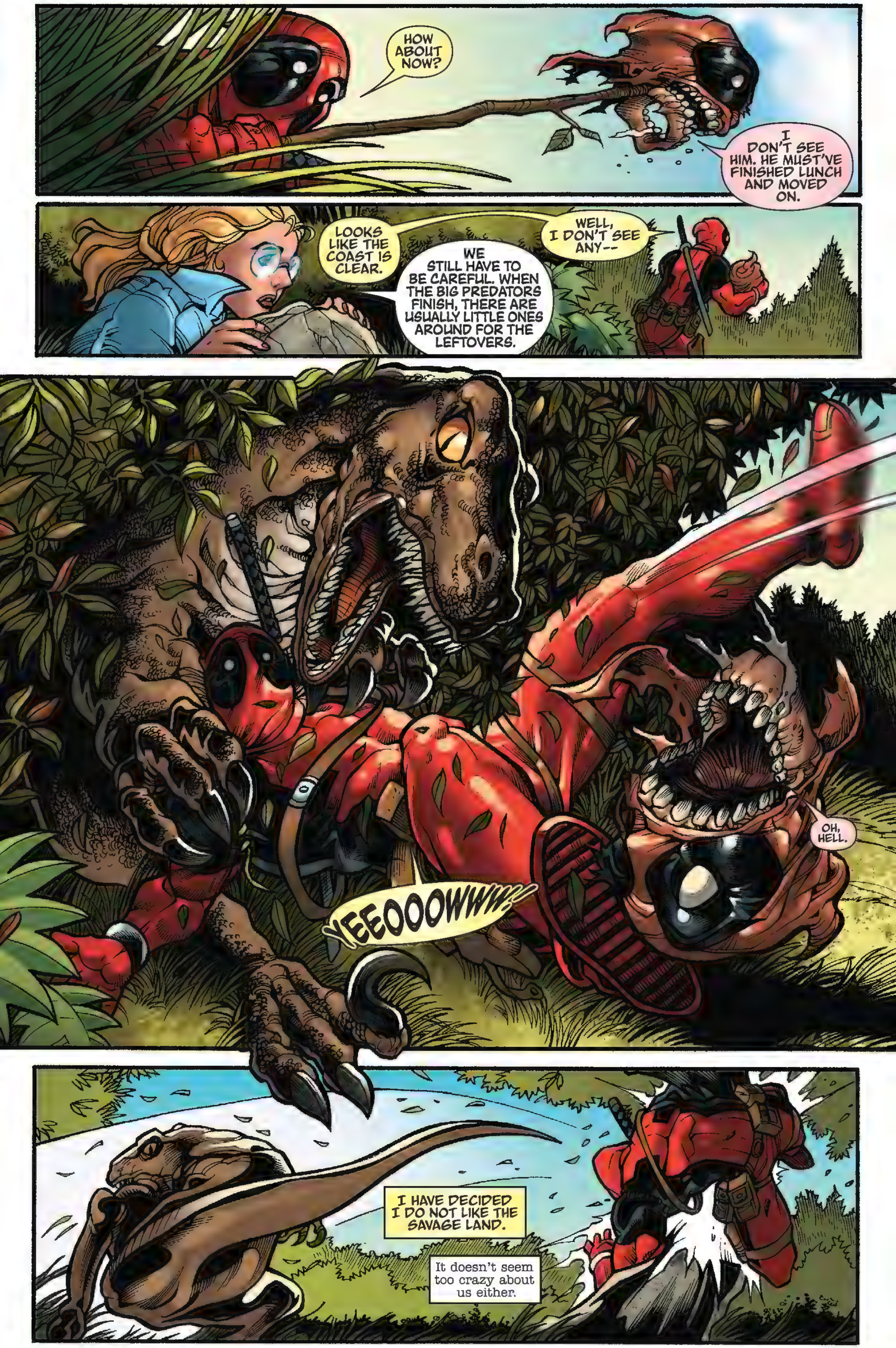

I'M TOLD THIS EMPTIES INTO THE JUNGLE SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE.
HEY!
PIPE DOWN AND STAY PUT.
HANG ONTO THAT LIMB FOR ME, WILL YOU, DR. BETTY?
WHY? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO--
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW FAR IT IS.
Quit your worrying, Mother Hen. I can see light ahead.

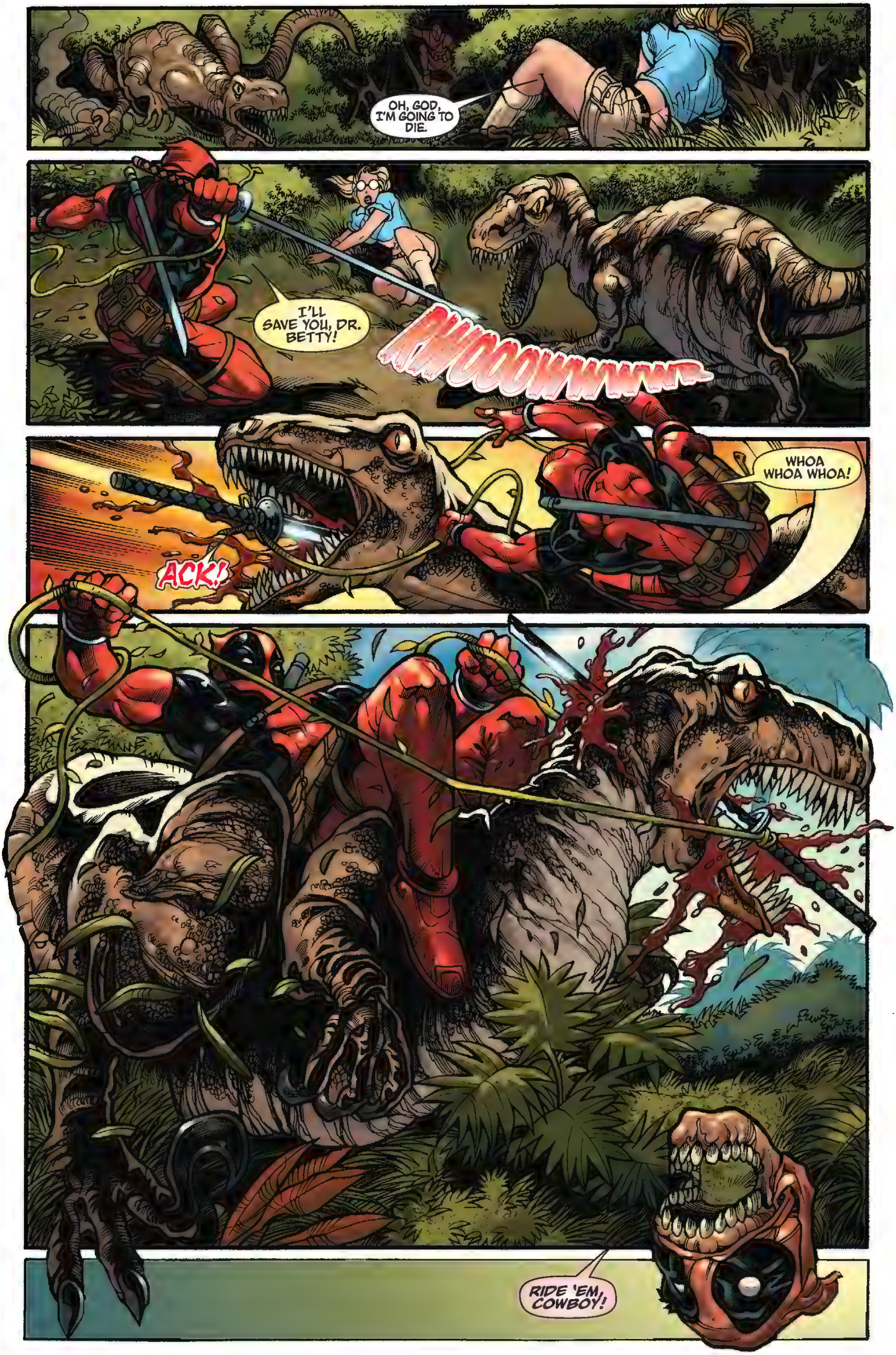

KOFF KOFF
UH, I DON'T THINK SHE'S BREATHING.
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, HEAD.
KISS OF LIFE, STUD.
HEY! I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE TONGUE, CHAMP.
WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU IMAGINE ME HERE?
GAG KOFF KOFF KOFF
W-WHERE ARE WE?

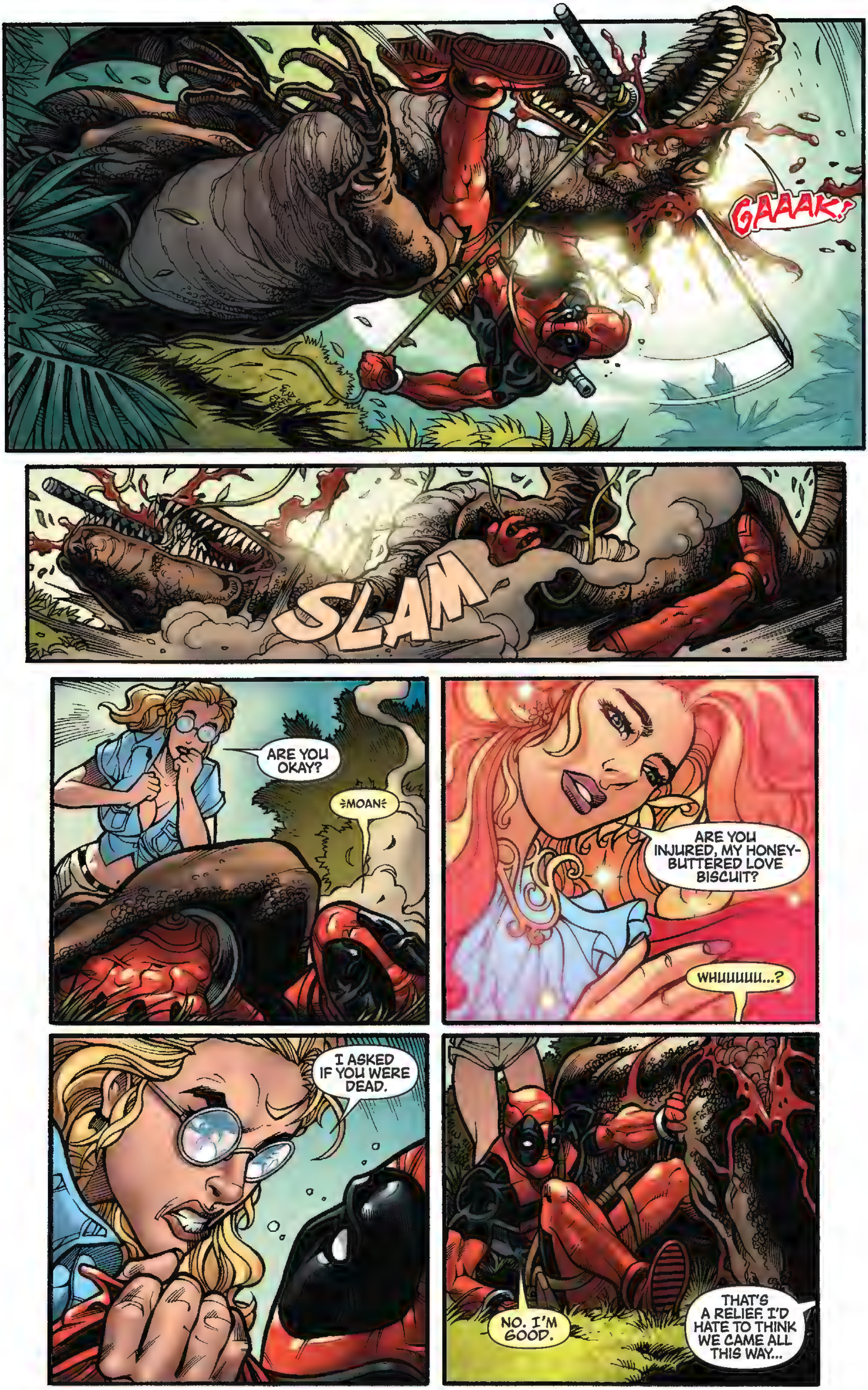

I WAS HOPING *YOU* COULD TELL US.
IT'LL BE CRAWLING WITH HEADHUNTERS.
SUGGESTIONS?
IF WE CAN FIND SOME HIGH GROUND, I CAN SURVEY OUR SURROUNDINGS. WE CAN'T GO BACK TO MY LITTLE OBSERVATION BLIND.
I THINK MY SCIENCE TEAM'S BASE CAMP IS THAT WAY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT OR THEY'LL REPORT YOU TO HYDRA, BUT I CAN SNEAK IN AND USE THE SATELLITE PHONE TO CALL FOR AN A.I.M. PICKUP ON THE CODED FREQUENCY.
DAMN. IT'LL BE DARK SOON. DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.
WE'LL MAKE CAMP, THEN. IN THE MEANTIME, CAN YOU TAKE THIS AND CUT SOME VINES? I NEED HELP PUTTING MY ARM BACK ON.
ONE HOUR LATER...
IN THE JUNGLE, THE MIGHTY JUNGLE...
A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY...
THAT'S ACTUALLY A VERY GOOD WAY TO ATTRACT PREDATORS.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE GOT A DECK OF CARDS. HEY, CHAMP, I'M HUNGRY. HOW 'BOUT SOME GRUB FOR THE HEAD?

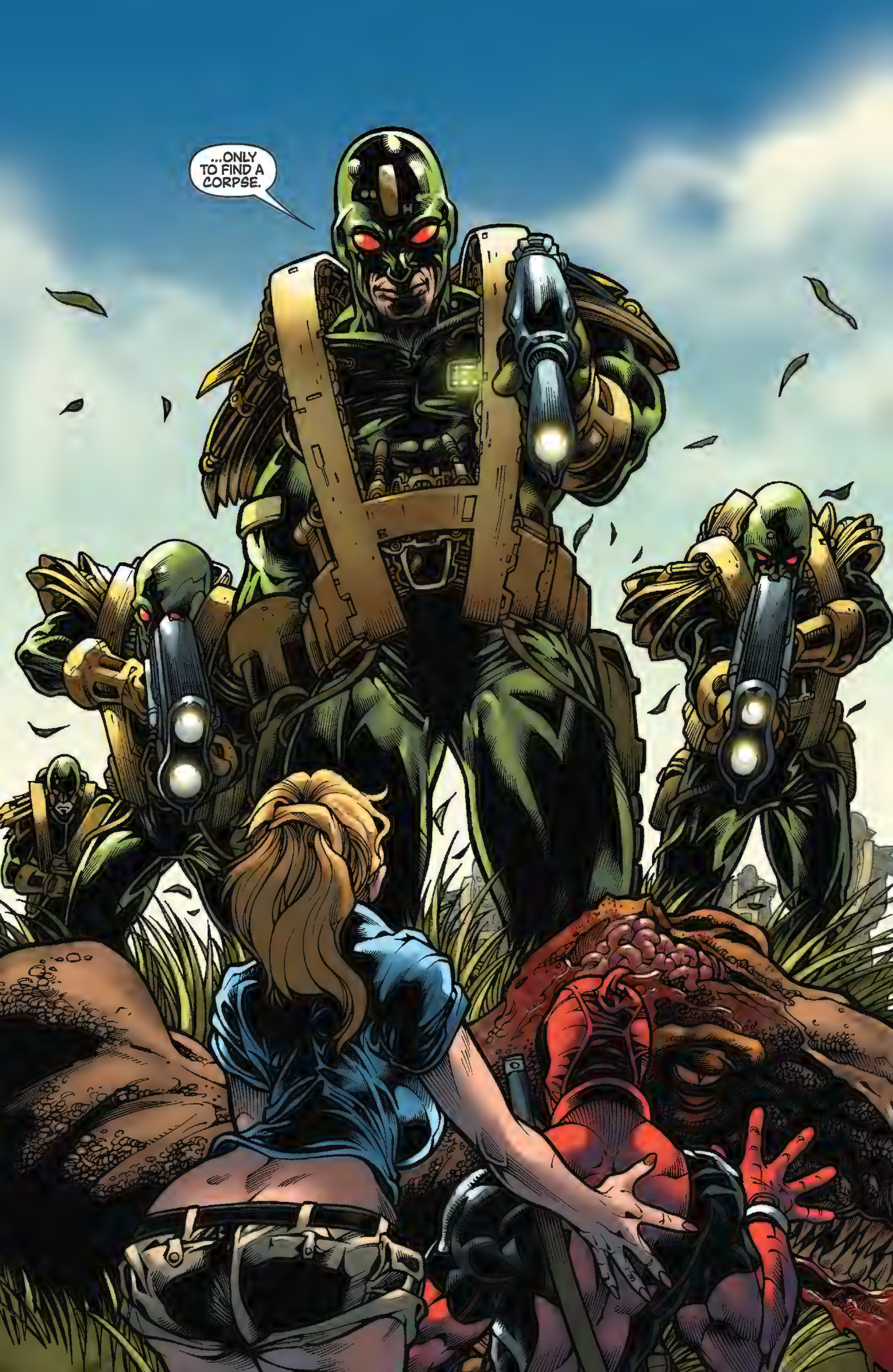

EAT? WHERE WOULD IT GO?
HEY, I'M A *ZOMBIE*. I LIKE TO CHEW ON THINGS.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD SPARE SOME BRAINS. HEH-HEH. NO, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN.
WHAT ABOUT THIS? APPETIZING?
YEAH, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
JUICY.
UGH. MY LIFE HAS BEEN NON-STOP GROSS SINCE I'VE MET YOU TWO. CAN WE PLEASE JUST GET SOME SLEEP?
GUYS, I DON'T REALLY SLEEP. GUYS? GUYS?
Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

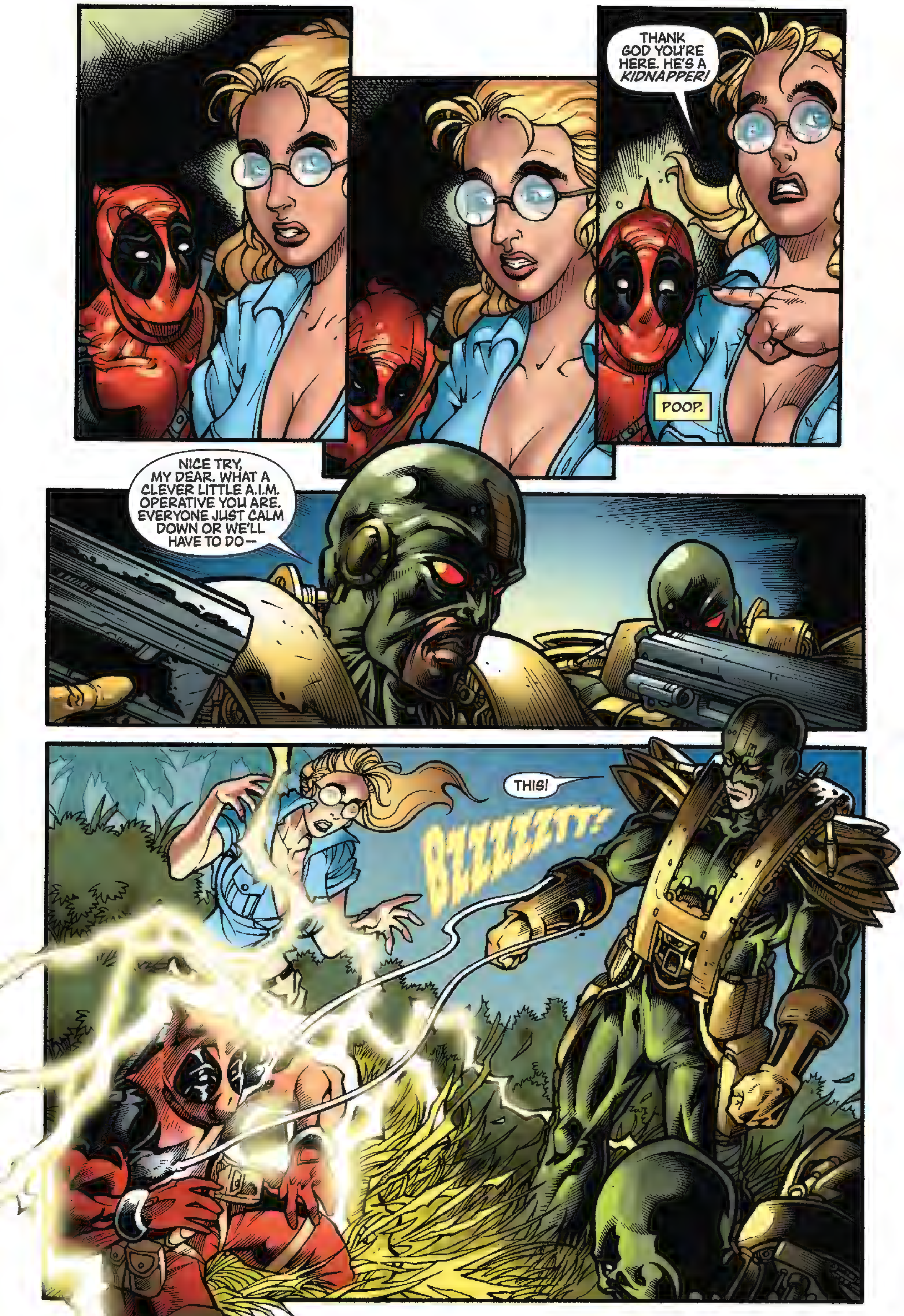

THE NEXT MORNING...
LET'S GET MOVING. DR. BETTY, YOU LEAD THE WAY.
WE CAN MAKE IT IN HALF A DAY'S STEADY HIKE IF WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE.
GET DOWN!
WHAT'S WRONG?
"WE RAN INTO SOME TROUBLE".

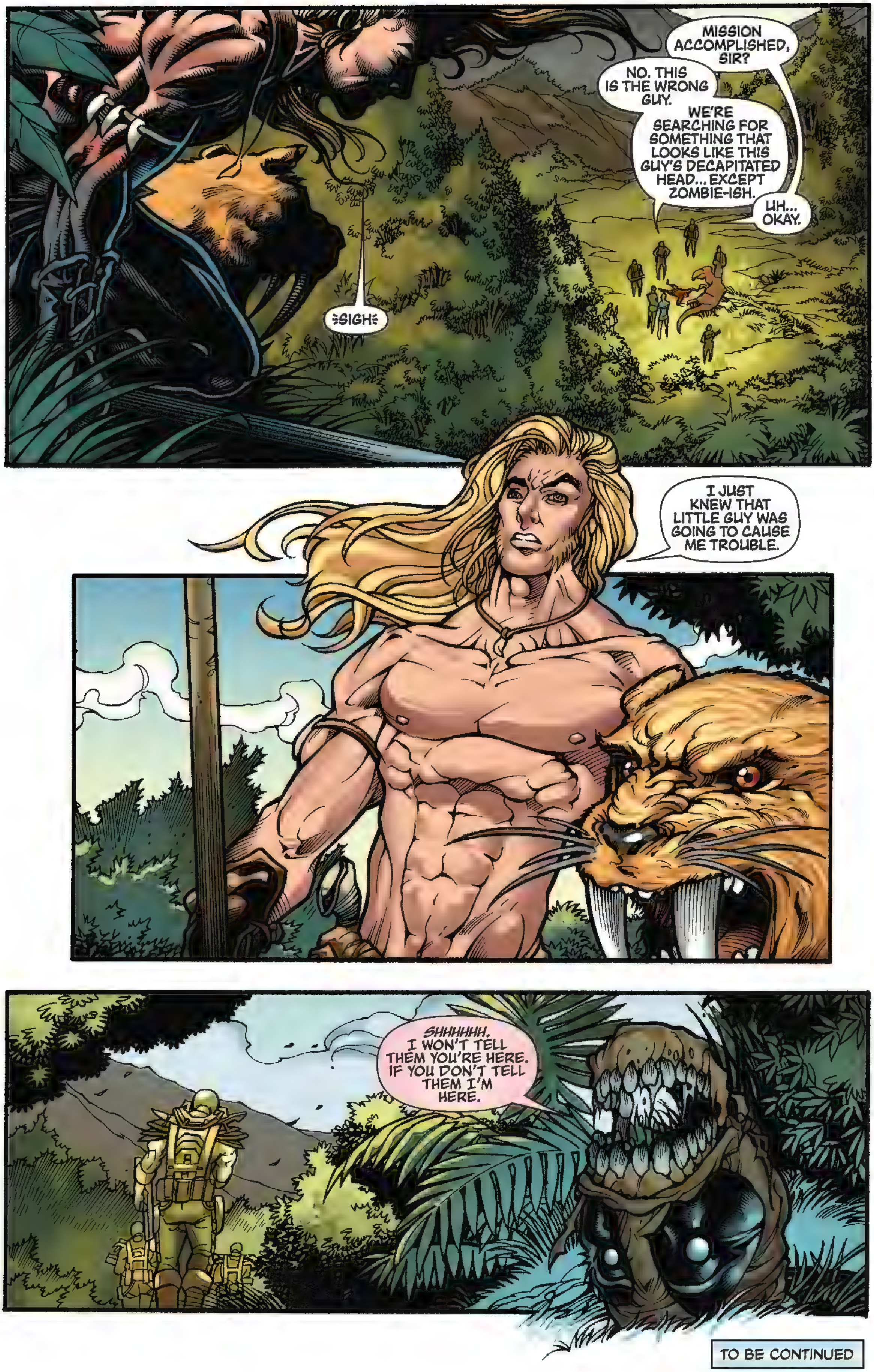

HOW ABOUT NOW?
I DON'T SEE HIM. HE MUST'VE FINISHED LUNCH AND MOVED ON.
LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR.
WE STILL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. WHEN THE BIG PREDATORS FINISH, THERE ARE USUALLY LITTLE ONES AROUND FOR THE LEFTOVERS.
WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY--
YEEOOOWWW!
OH, HELL.
I HAVE DECIDED I DO NOT LIKE THE SAVAGE LAND.
It doesn't seem too crazy about us either.


OH, GOD, I'M GOING TO DIE.
I'LL SAVE YOU, DR. BETTY!
PHOOOWWWWW
WHOA WHOA WHOA!
ACK!
RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!


GAAAK!
SLAM
ARE YOU OKAY?
≑MOAN≑
ARE YOU INJURED, MY HONEY-BUTTERED LOVE BISCUIT?
WHUUUUU...?
I ASKED IF YOU WERE DEAD.
NO. I'M GOOD.
THAT'S A RELIEF. I'D HATE TO THINK WE CAME ALL THIS WAY...


...ONLY TO FIND A CORPSE.


THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE. HE'S A *KIDNAPPER!*
POOP.
NICE TRY, MY DEAR. WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE A.I.M. OPERATIVE YOU ARE. EVERYONE JUST CALM DOWN OR WE'LL HAVE TO DO--
THIS!
BZZZZTT!


MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, SIR?
NO. THIS IS THE WRONG GUY.
WE'RE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS GUY'S DECAPITATED HEAD... EXCEPT ZOMBIE-ISH.
UH... OKAY.
SIGH
I JUST KNEW THAT LITTLE GUY WAS GOING TO CAUSE ME TROUBLE.
SHHHHHH. I WON'T TELL THEM YOU'RE HERE. IF YOU DON'T TELL THEM I'M HERE.
TO BE CONTINUED

Issue #2 70th anniversary frame variant by Tony Moore

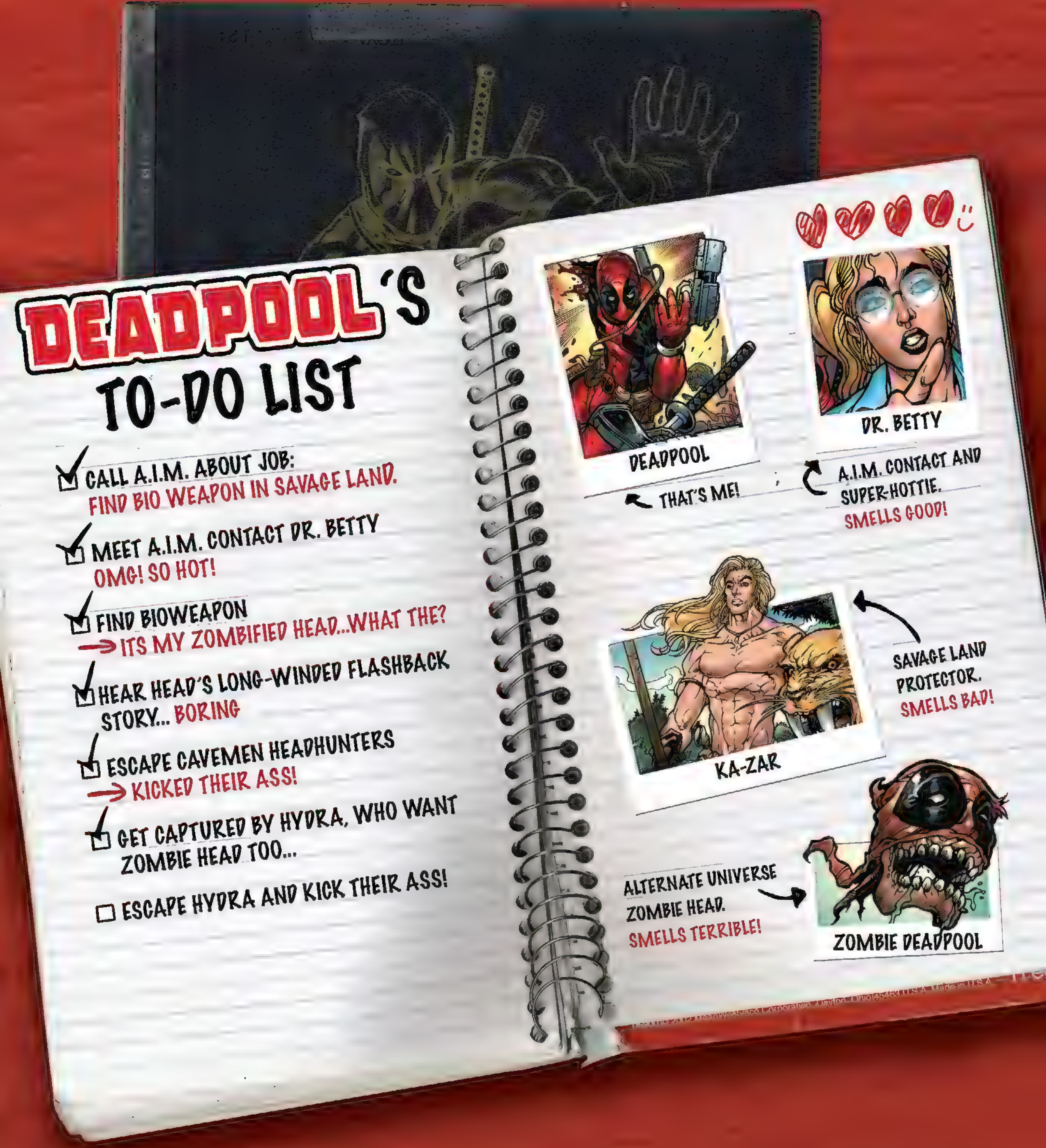
#3

Whe there's no more
room in the **ZOMBIEVERSE**,
the **HEAD** will walk the **EARTH**.

DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A
MOUTH

STARRING: DEADPOOL, ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD, HYDRA, CAVEMEN, DINOSAURS
WRITER: VICTOR GISCHLER ART BY BONG DAZO & JOE PIMENTEL
COLORS: MATT MILLA, LETTERS: JEFF ECKLEBERRY

READ THE MARVEL COMIC. FULL COLOR. RELEASED BY MARVEL COMICS



DEADPOOL'S TO-DO LIST

- ☑ CALL A.I.M. ABOUT JOB: FIND BIO WEAPON IN SAVAGE LAND.
- ☑ MEET A.I.M. CONTACT DR. BETTY OMG! SO HOT!
- ☑ FIND BIOWEAPON → ITS MY ZOMBIFIED HEAD...WHAT THE?
- ☑ HEAR HEAD'S LONG-WINDED FLASHBACK STORY... BORING
- ☑ ESCAPE CAVEMEN HEADHUNTERS → KICKED THEIR ASS!
- ☑ GET CAPTURED BY HYDRA, WHO WANT ZOMBIE HEAD TOO...
- ☐ ESCAPE HYDRA AND KICK THEIR ASS!

DEADPOOL

THAT'S ME!

♥♥♥♥ :)

DR. BETTY

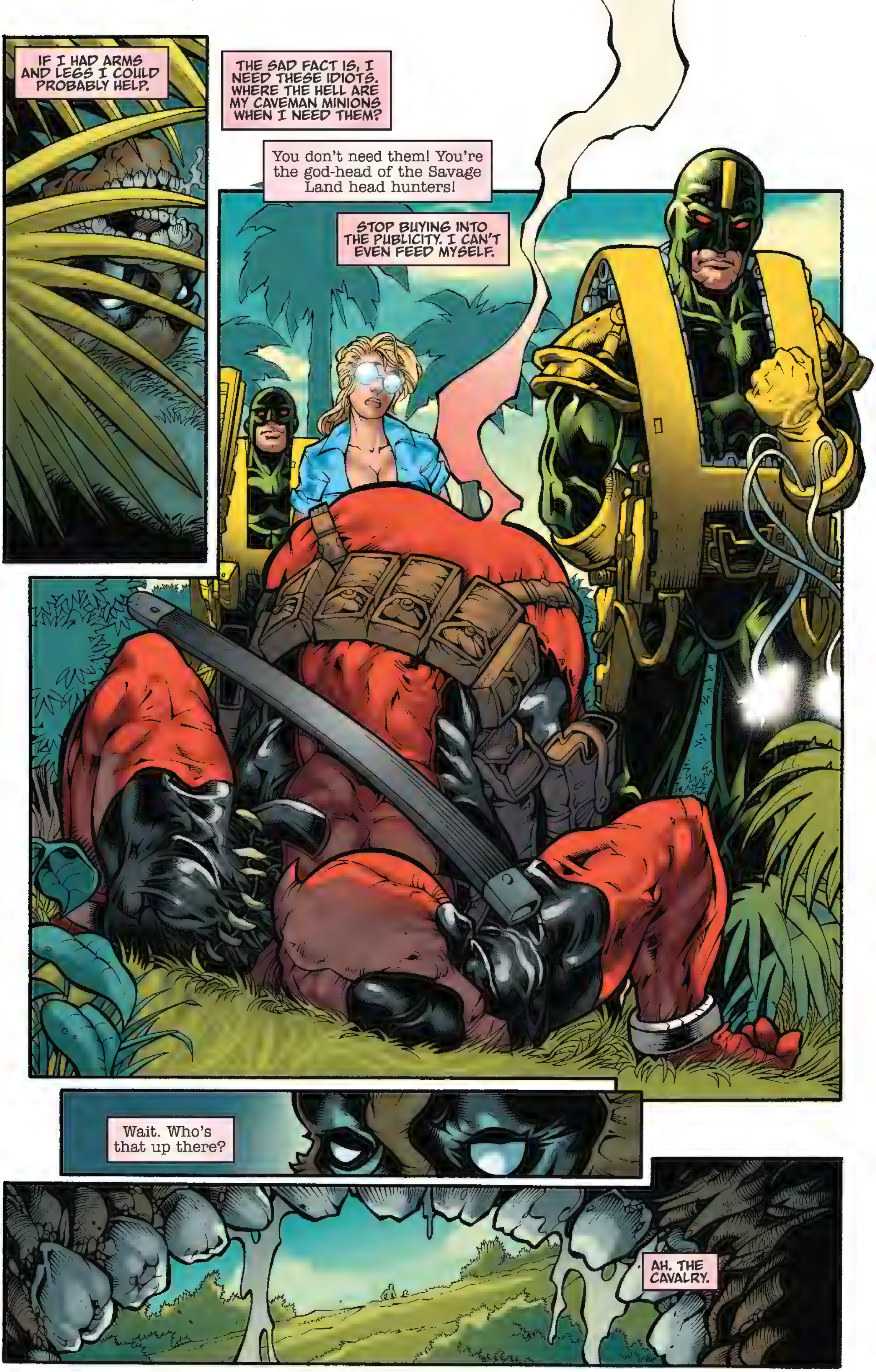
A.I.M. CONTACT AND SUPER-HOTTIE. SMELLS GOOD!

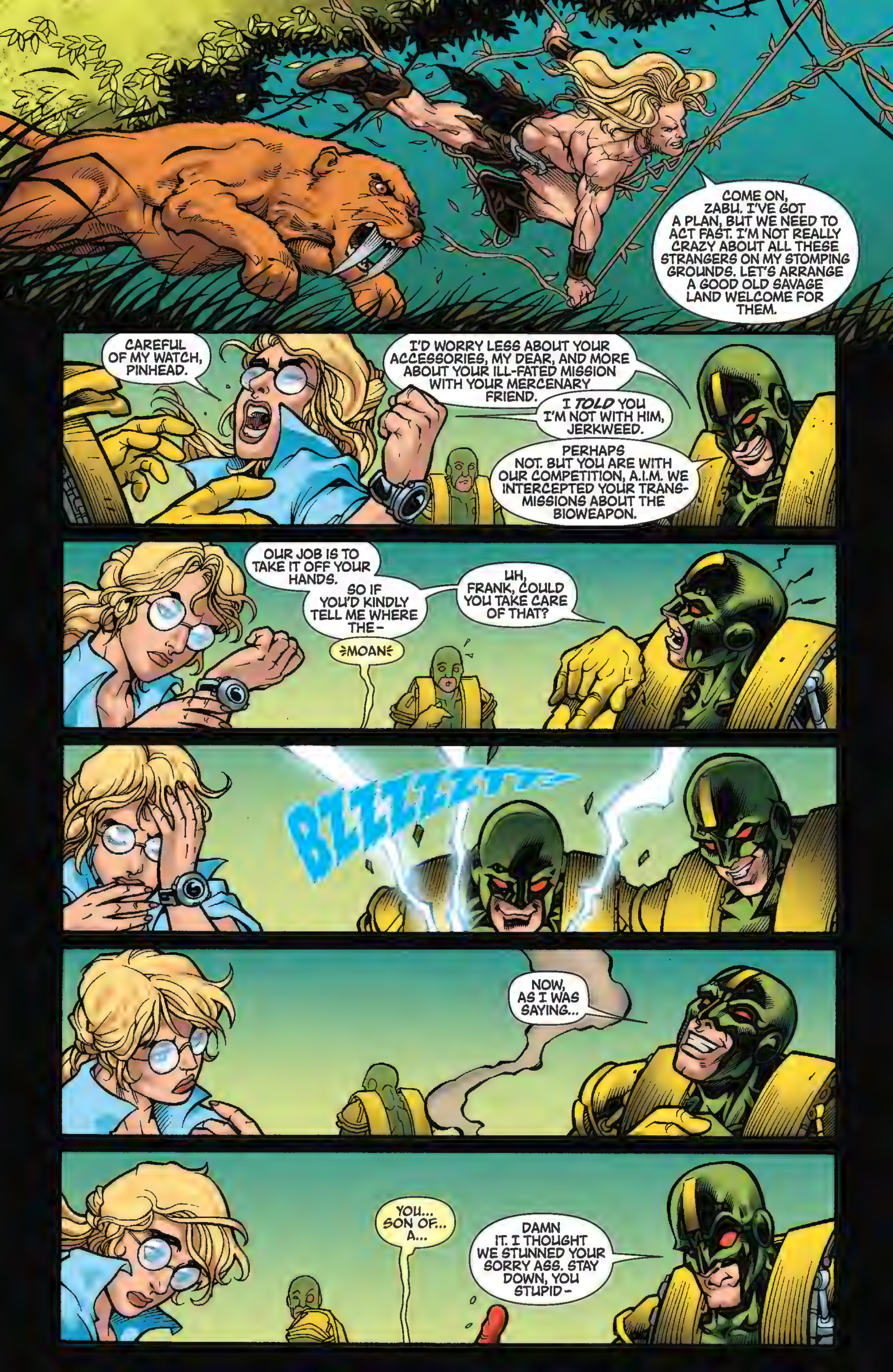
KA-ZAR

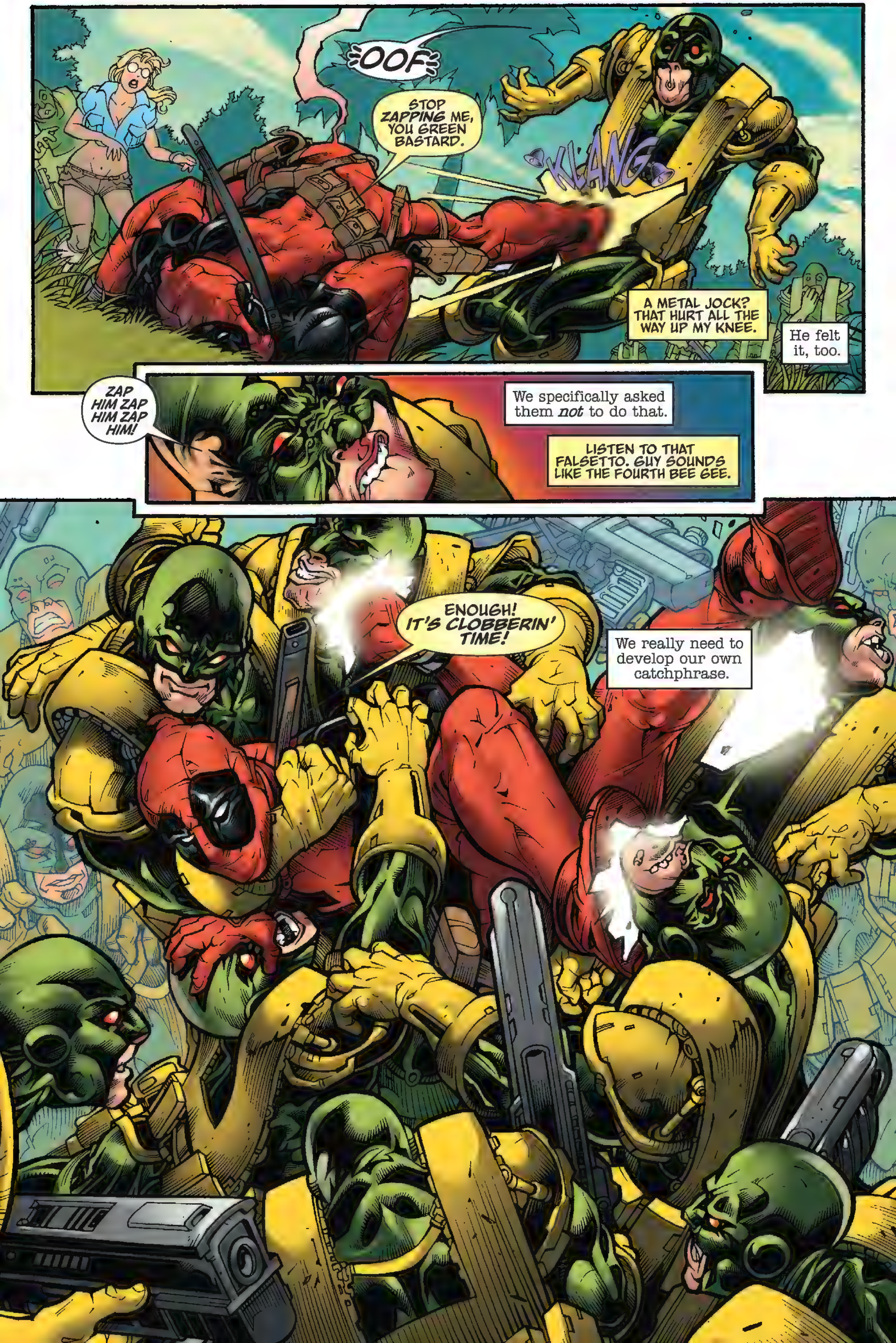
SAVAGE LAND PROTECTOR. SMELLS BAD!

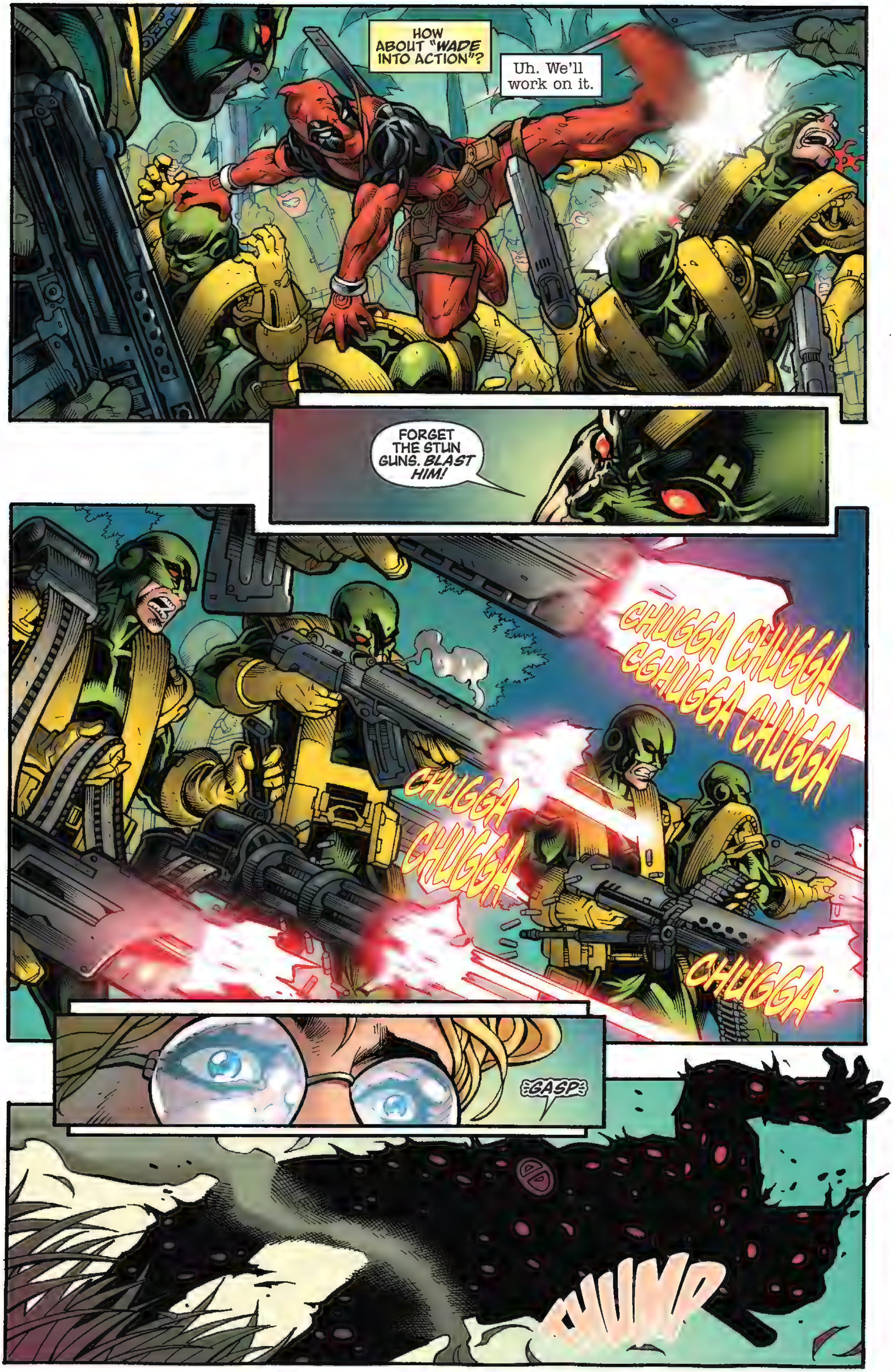
ALTERNATE UNIVERSE ZOMBIE HEAD. SMELLS TERRIBLE!

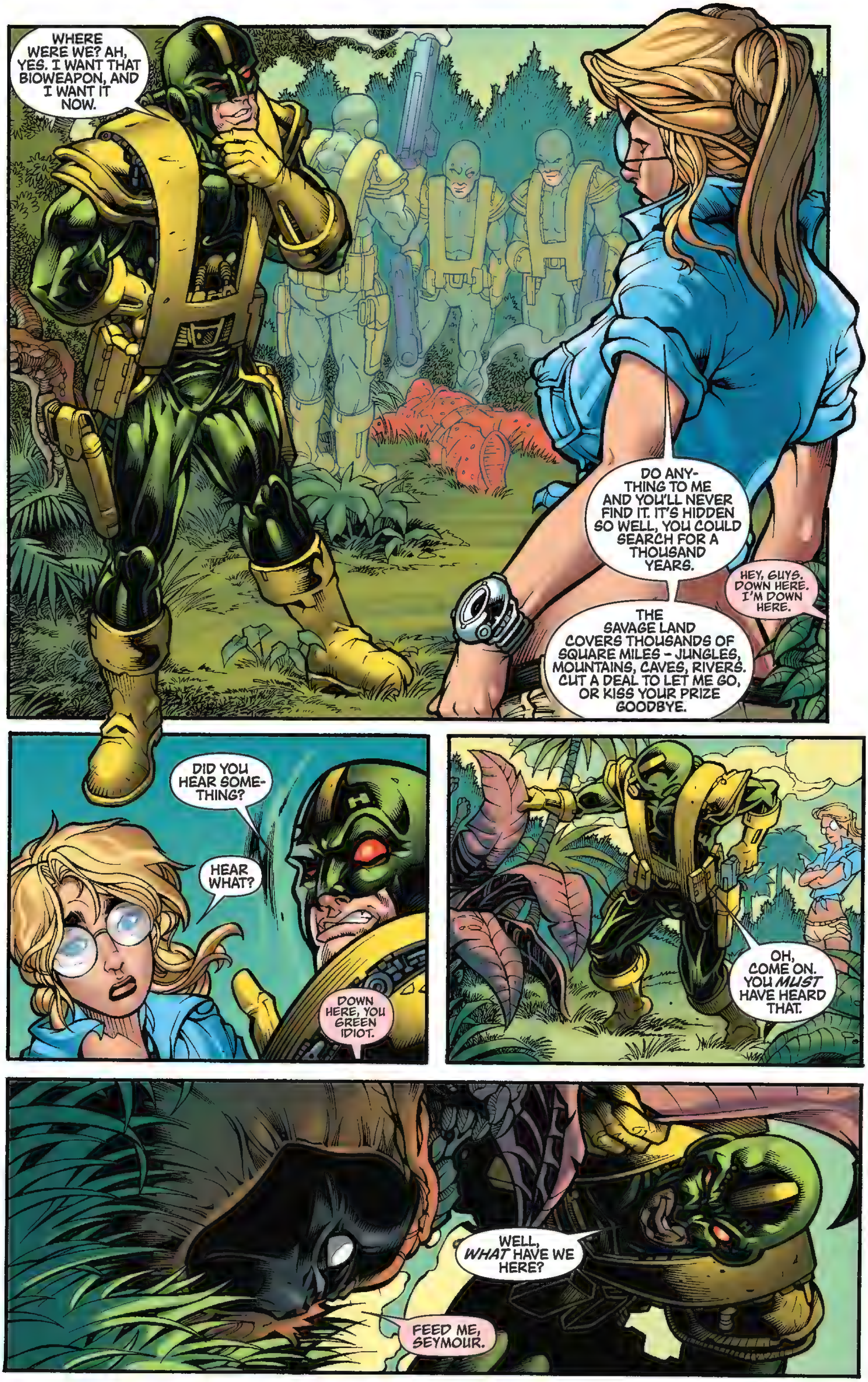
ZOMBIE DEADPOOL

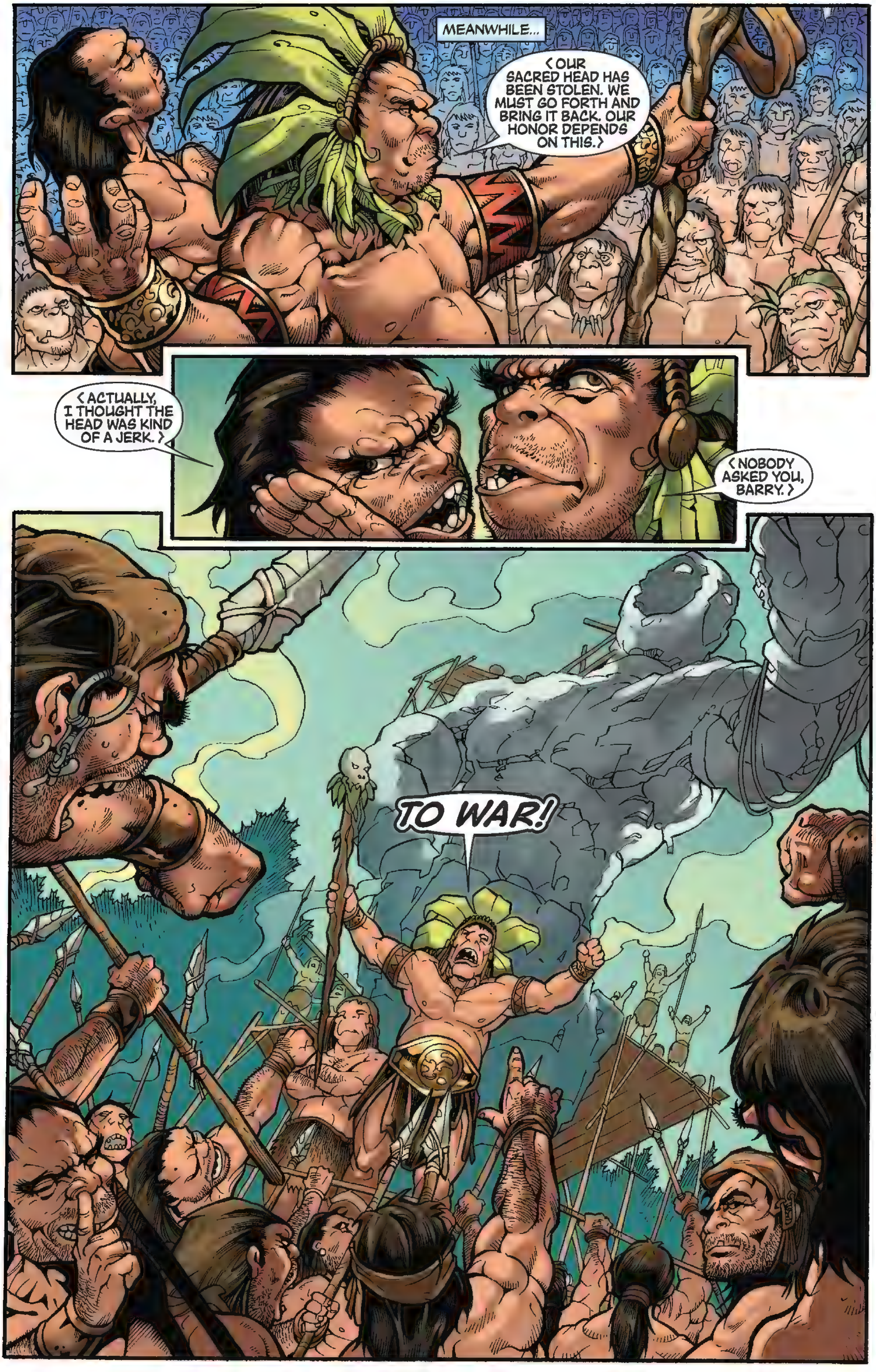

IF I HAD ARMS AND LEGS I COULD PROBABLY HELP.
THE SAD FACT IS, I NEED THESE IDIOTS. WHERE THE HELL ARE MY CAVEMAN MINIONS WHEN I NEED THEM?
You don't need them! You're the god-head of the Savage Land head hunters!
STOP BUYING INTO THE PUBLICITY. I CAN'T EVEN FEED MYSELF.
Wait. Who's that up there?
AH. THE CAVALRY.

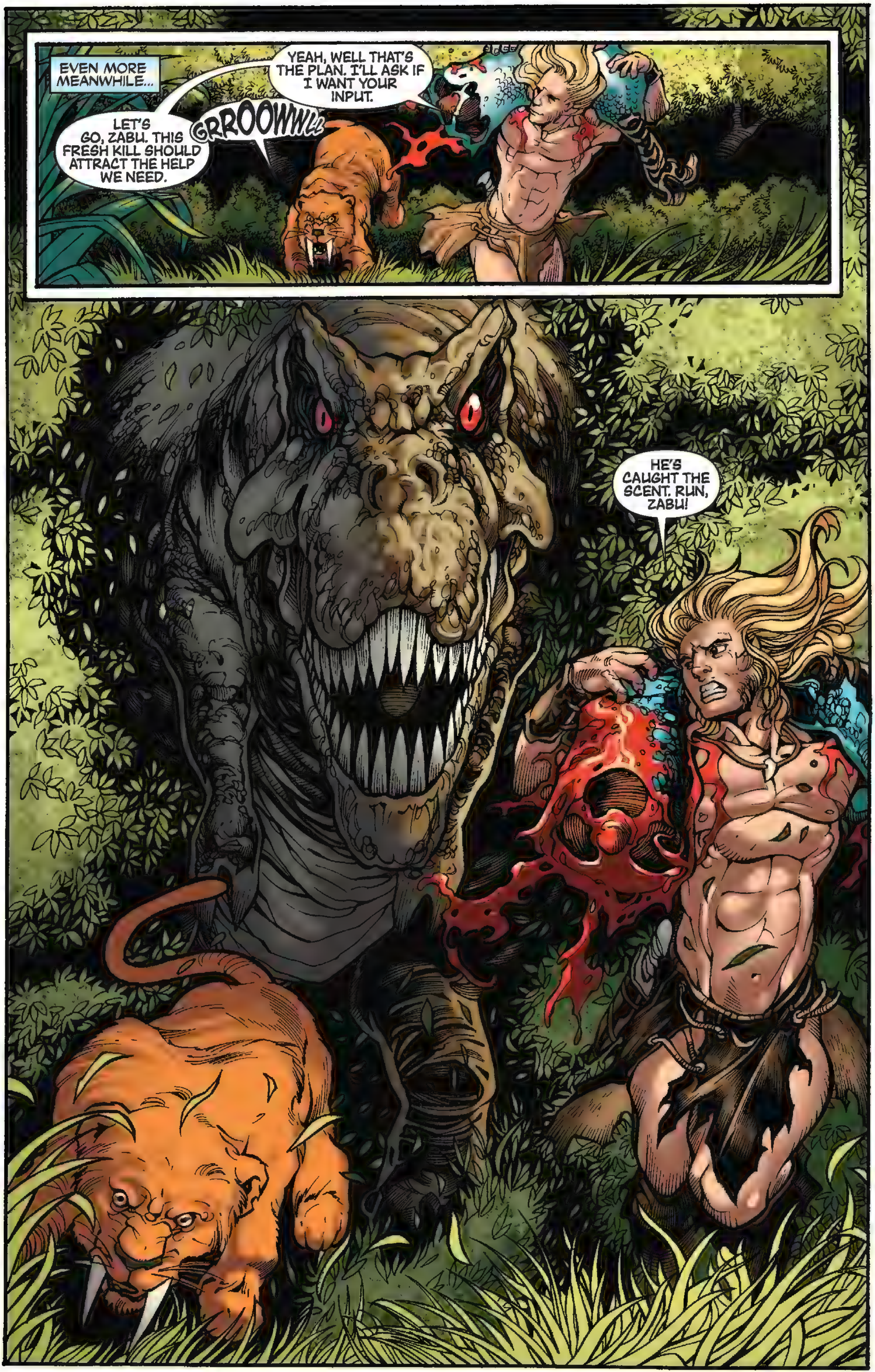

COME ON, ZABU. I'VE GOT A PLAN, BUT WE NEED TO ACT FAST. I'M NOT REALLY CRAZY ABOUT ALL THESE STRANGERS ON MY STOMPING GROUNDS. LET'S ARRANGE A GOOD OLD SAVAGE LAND WELCOME FOR THEM.
CAREFUL OF MY WATCH, PINHEAD.
I'D WORRY LESS ABOUT YOUR ACCESSORIES, MY DEAR, AND MORE ABOUT YOUR ILL-FATED MISSION WITH YOUR MERCENARY FRIEND.
I *TOLD* YOU I'M NOT WITH HIM, JERKWEED.
PERHAPS NOT. BUT YOU ARE WITH OUR COMPETITION, A.I.M. WE INTERCEPTED YOUR TRANSMISSIONS ABOUT THE BIOWEAPON.
OUR JOB IS TO TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS.
SO IF YOU'D KINDLY TELL ME WHERE THE–
MOAN
UH, FRANK, COULD YOU TAKE CARE OF THAT?
BZZZZZT
NOW, AS I WAS SAYING...
YOU... SON OF... A...
DAMN IT. I THOUGHT WE STUNNED YOUR SORRY ASS. STAY DOWN, YOU STUPID–

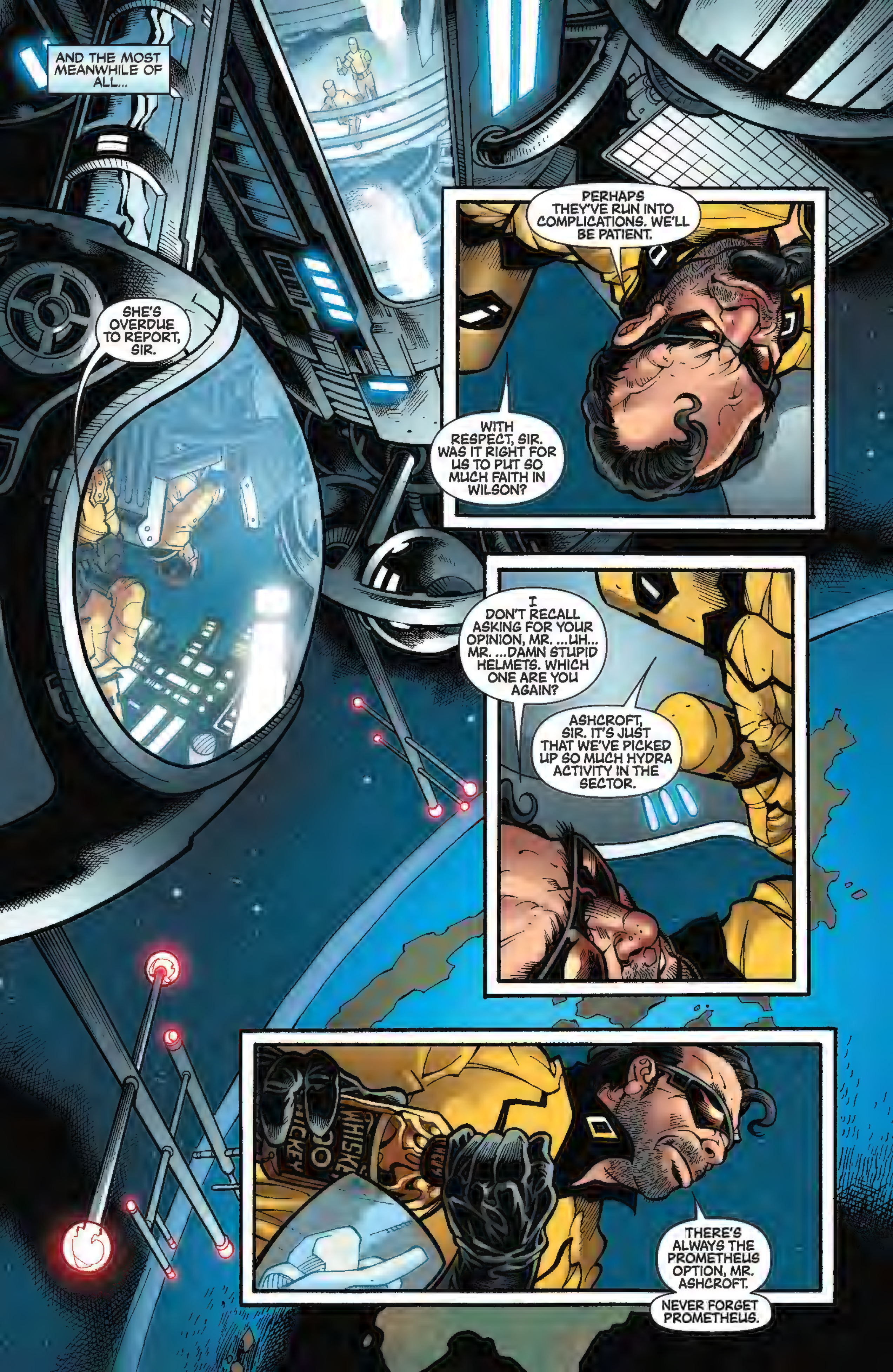

OOF
STOP ZAPPING ME, YOU GREEN BASTARD.
KLANG
A METAL JOCK? THAT HURT ALL THE WAY UP MY KNEE.
He felt it, too.
ZAP HIM ZAP HIM ZAP HIM!
We specifically asked them *not* to do that.
LISTEN TO THAT FALSETTO. GUY SOUNDS LIKE THE FOURTH BEE GEE.
ENOUGH! IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!
We really need to develop our own catchphrase.

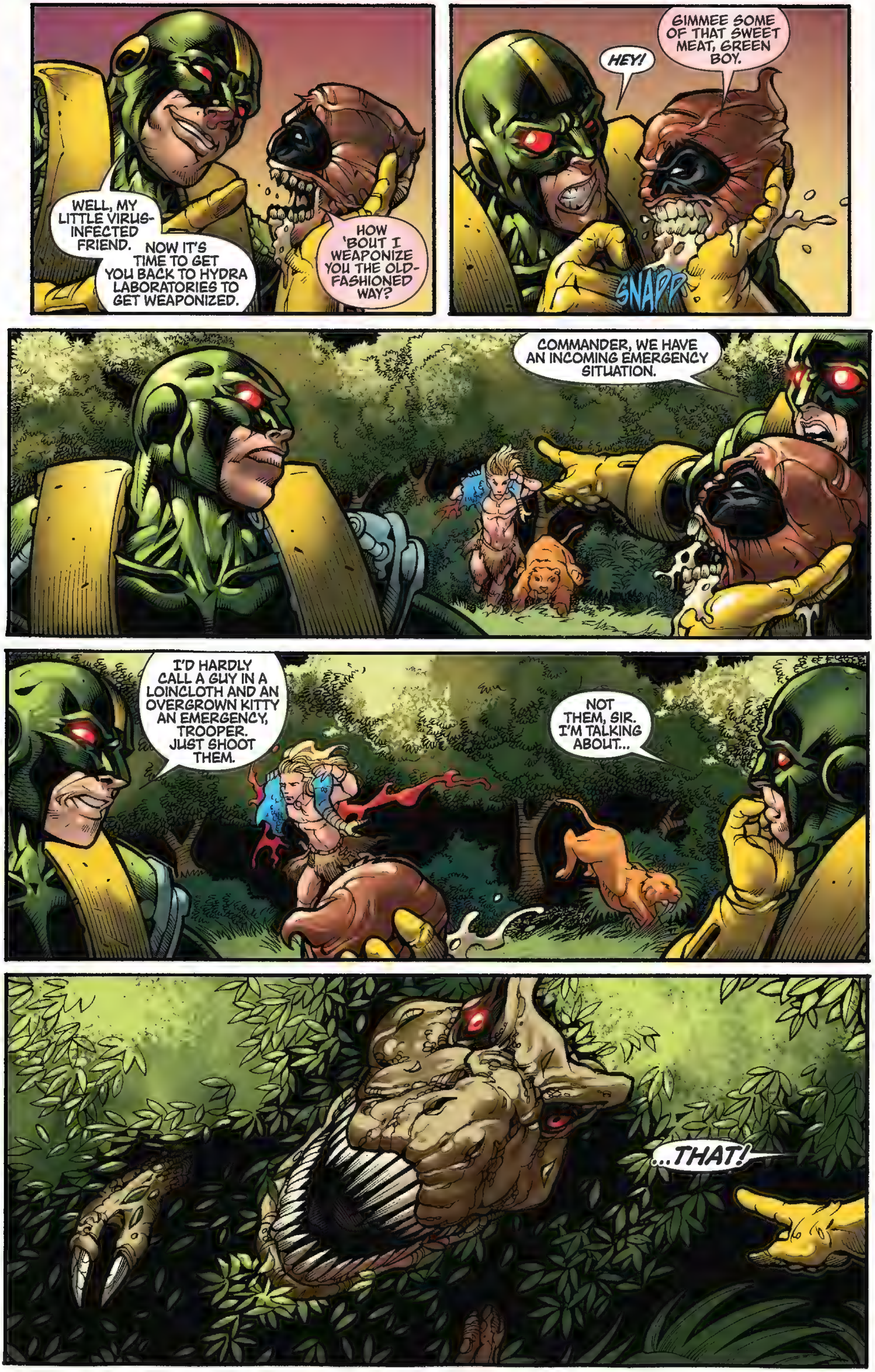

HOW ABOUT "WADE INTO ACTION"?
Uh. We'll work on it.
FORGET THE STUN GUNS. BLAST HIM!
CHUGGA CHUGGA CGHUGGA CHUGGA
CHUGGA CHUGGA
CHUGGA
GASP
THUMP

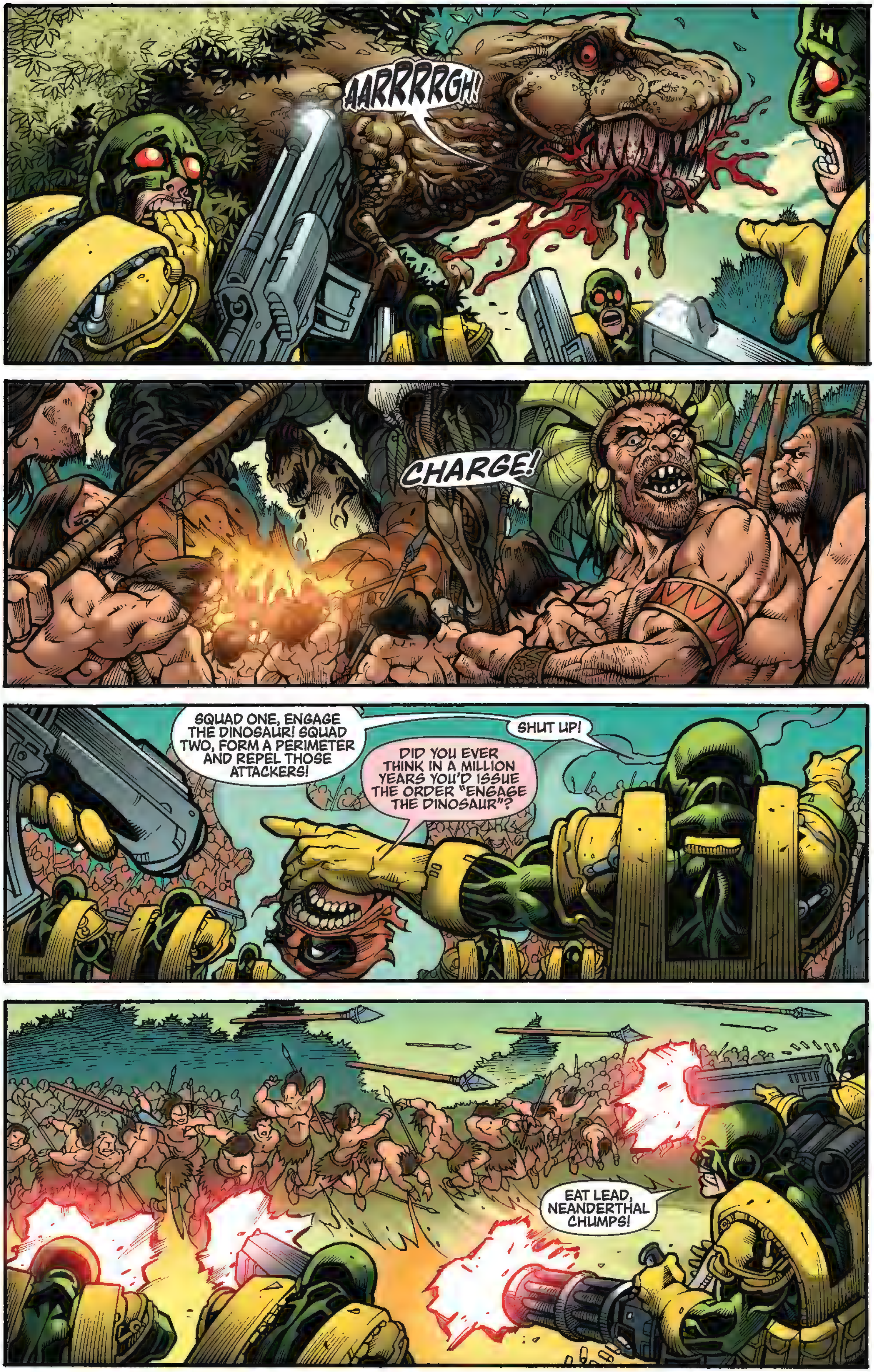

WHERE WERE WE? AH, YES. I WANT THAT BIOWEAPON, AND I WANT IT NOW.
DO ANYTHING TO ME AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT. IT'S HIDDEN SO WELL, YOU COULD SEARCH FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.
THE SAVAGE LAND COVERS THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES - JUNGLES, MOUNTAINS, CAVES, RIVERS. CUT A DEAL TO LET ME GO, OR KISS YOUR PRIZE GOODBYE.
HEY, GUYS. DOWN HERE. I'M DOWN HERE.
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
HEAR WHAT?
DOWN HERE, YOU GREEN IDIOT.
OH, COME ON. YOU *MUST* HAVE HEARD THAT.
WELL, *WHAT* HAVE WE HERE?
FEED ME, SEYMOUR.

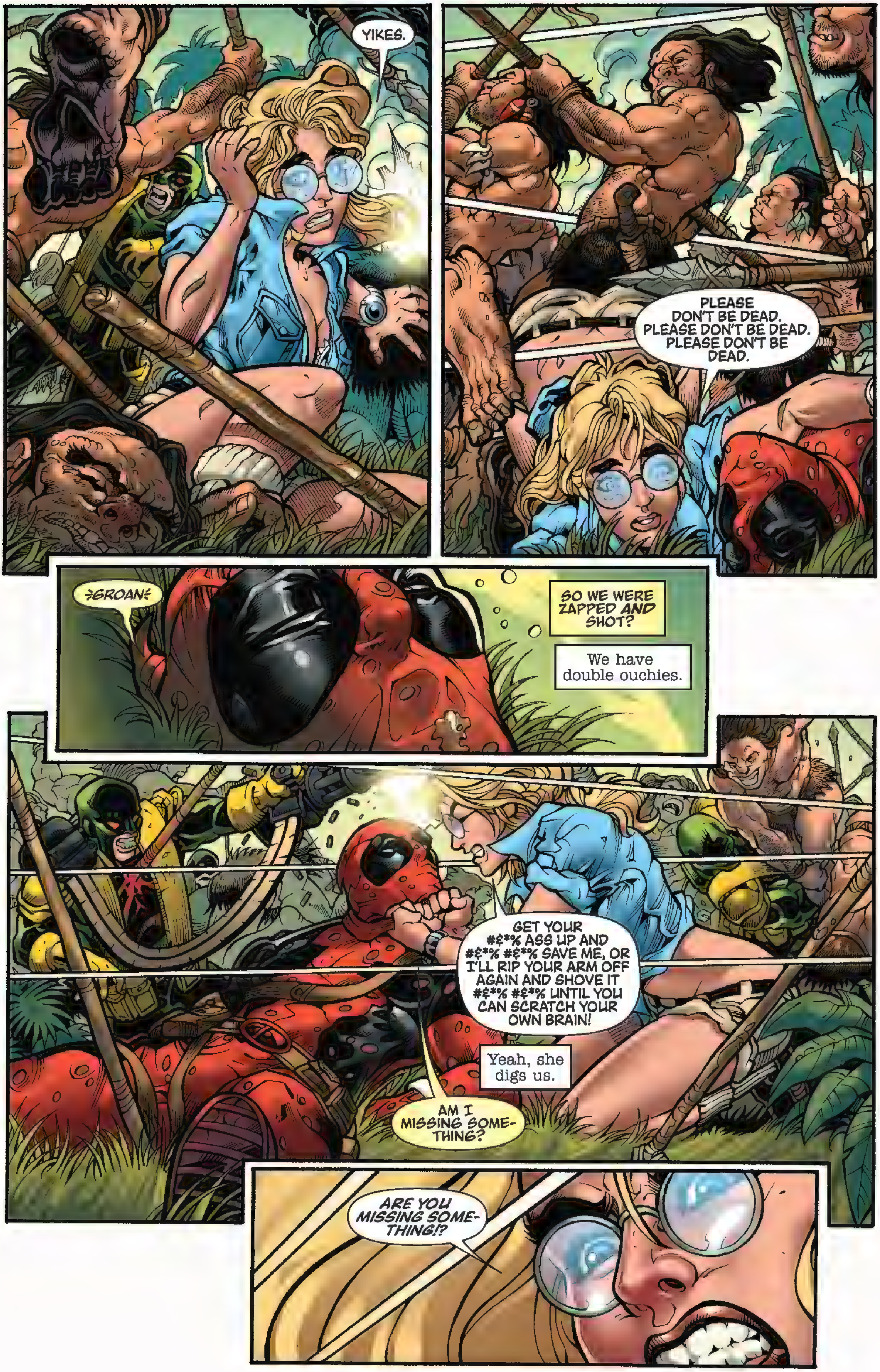

MEANWHILE...
‹OUR SACRED HEAD HAS BEEN STOLEN. WE MUST GO FORTH AND BRING IT BACK. OUR HONOR DEPENDS ON THIS.›
‹ACTUALLY, I THOUGHT THE HEAD WAS KIND OF A JERK.›
‹NOBODY ASKED YOU, BARRY.›
TO WAR!

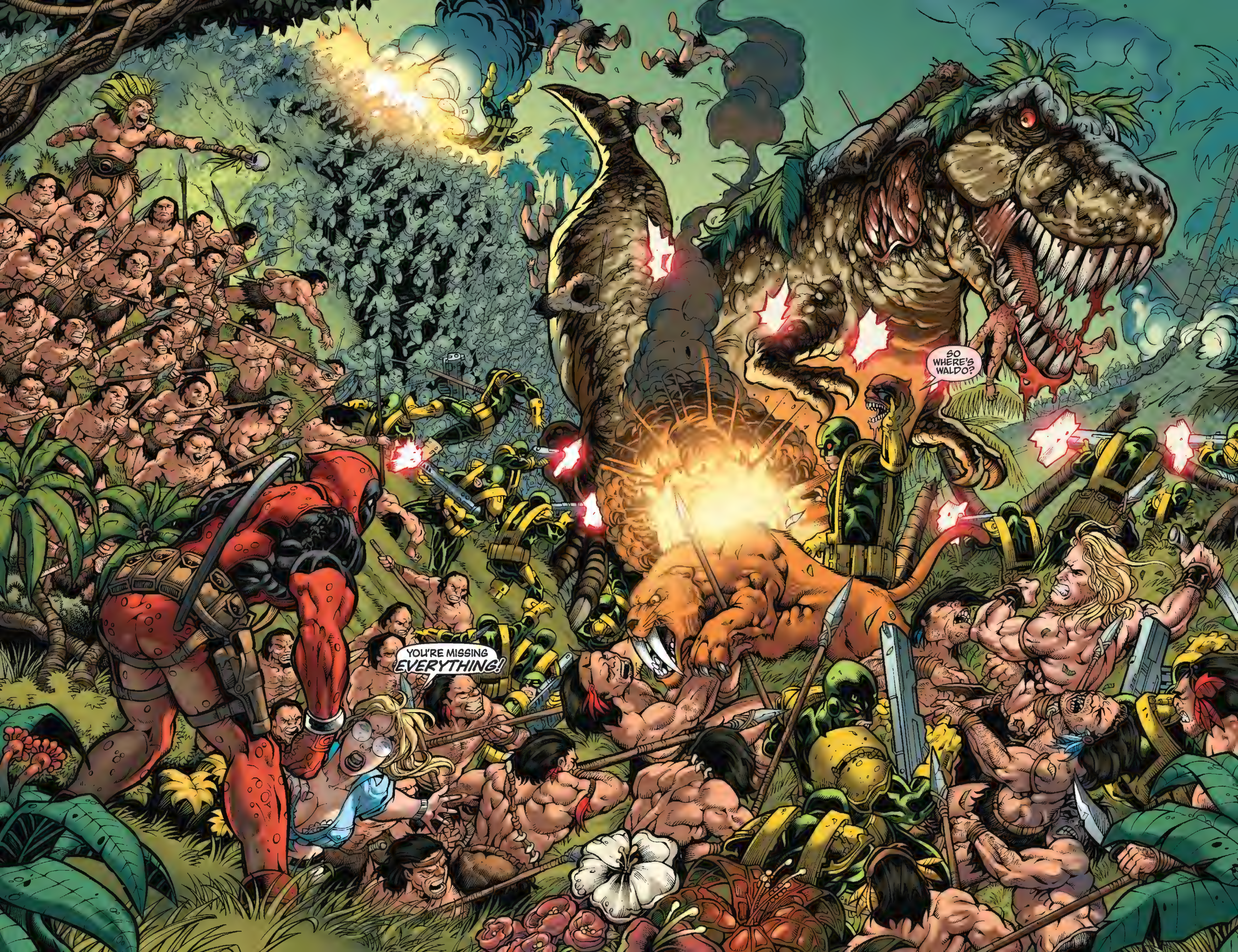

EVEN MORE MEANWHILE...
LET'S GO, ZABU. THIS FRESH KILL SHOULD ATTRACT THE HELP WE NEED.
GRROOWWLL
YEAH, WELL THAT'S THE PLAN. I'LL ASK IF I WANT YOUR INPUT.
HE'S CAUGHT THE SCENT. RUN, ZABU!

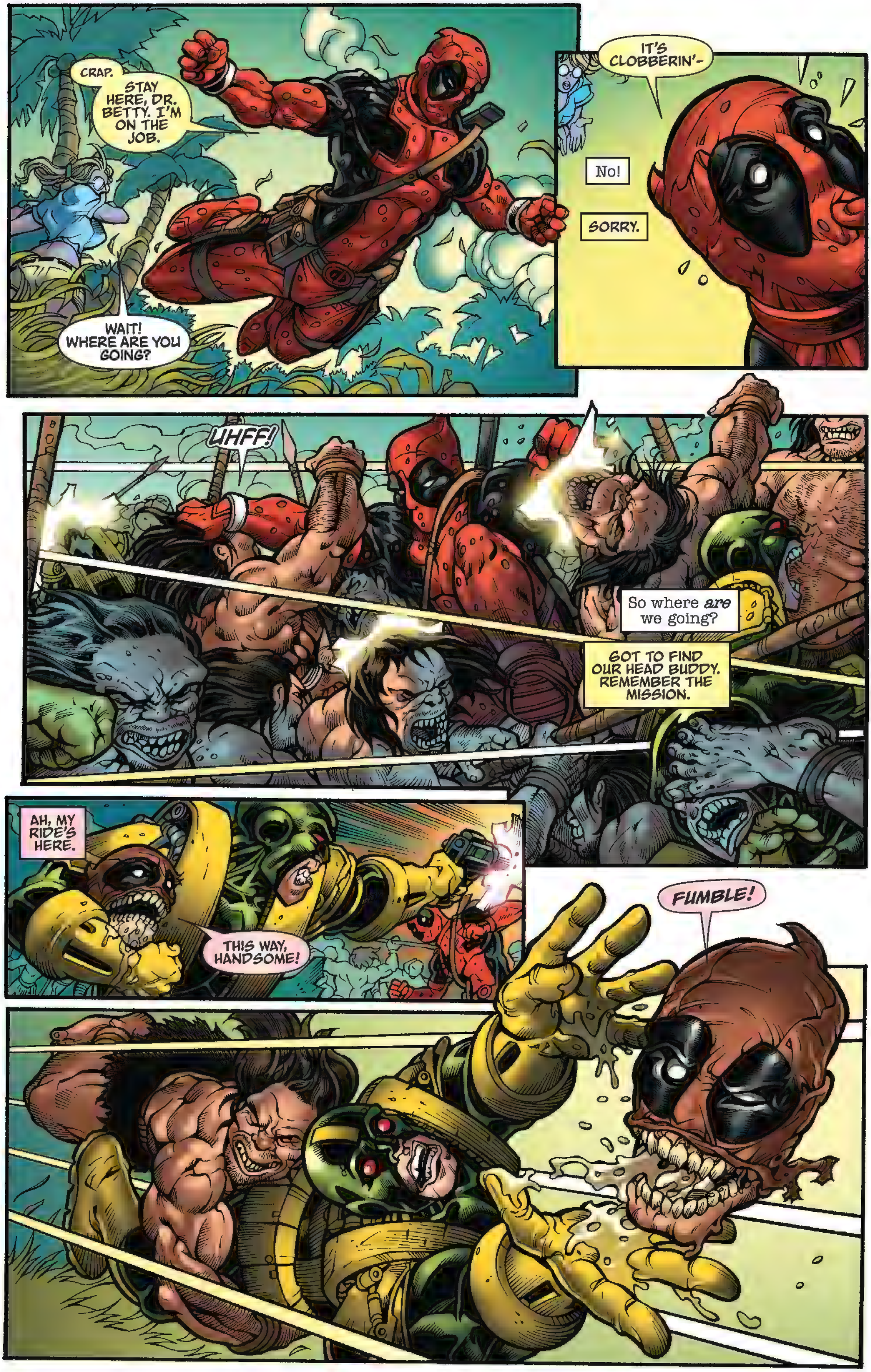

AND THE MOST MEANWHILE OF ALL...
SHE'S OVERDUE TO REPORT, SIR.
PERHAPS THEY'VE RUN INTO COMPLICATIONS. WE'LL BE PATIENT.
WITH RESPECT, SIR. WAS IT RIGHT FOR US TO PUT SO MUCH FAITH IN WILSON?
I DON'T RECALL ASKING FOR YOUR OPINION, MR. ...UH... MR. ...DAMN STUPID HELMETS. WHICH ONE ARE YOU AGAIN?
ASHCROFT, SIR. IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE PICKED UP SO MUCH HYDRA ACTIVITY IN THE SECTOR.
WHISKEY
THERE'S ALWAYS THE PROMETHEUS OPTION, MR. ASHCROFT.
NEVER FORGET PROMETHEUS.

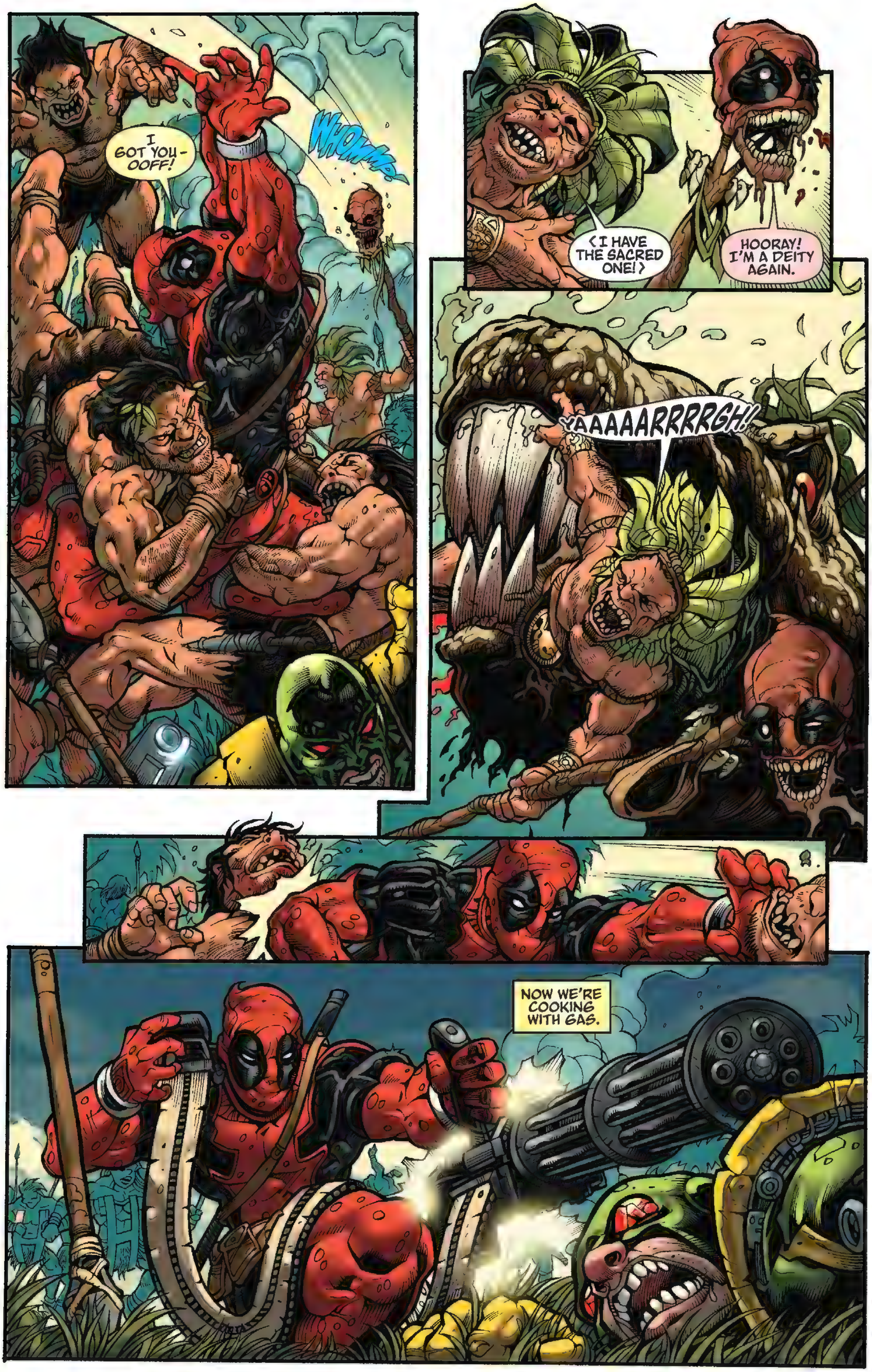

WELL, MY LITTLE VIRUS-INFECTED FRIEND. NOW IT'S TIME TO GET YOU BACK TO HYDRA LABORATORIES TO GET WEAPONIZED.
HOW 'BOUT I WEAPONIZE YOU THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY?
HEY!
GIMMEE SOME OF THAT SWEET MEAT, GREEN BOY.
SNAPP
COMMANDER, WE HAVE AN INCOMING EMERGENCY SITUATION.
I'D HARDLY CALL A GUY IN A LOINCLOTH AND AN OVERGROWN KITTY AN EMERGENCY, TROOPER. JUST SHOOT THEM.
NOT THEM, SIR. I'M TALKING ABOUT...
...THAT!

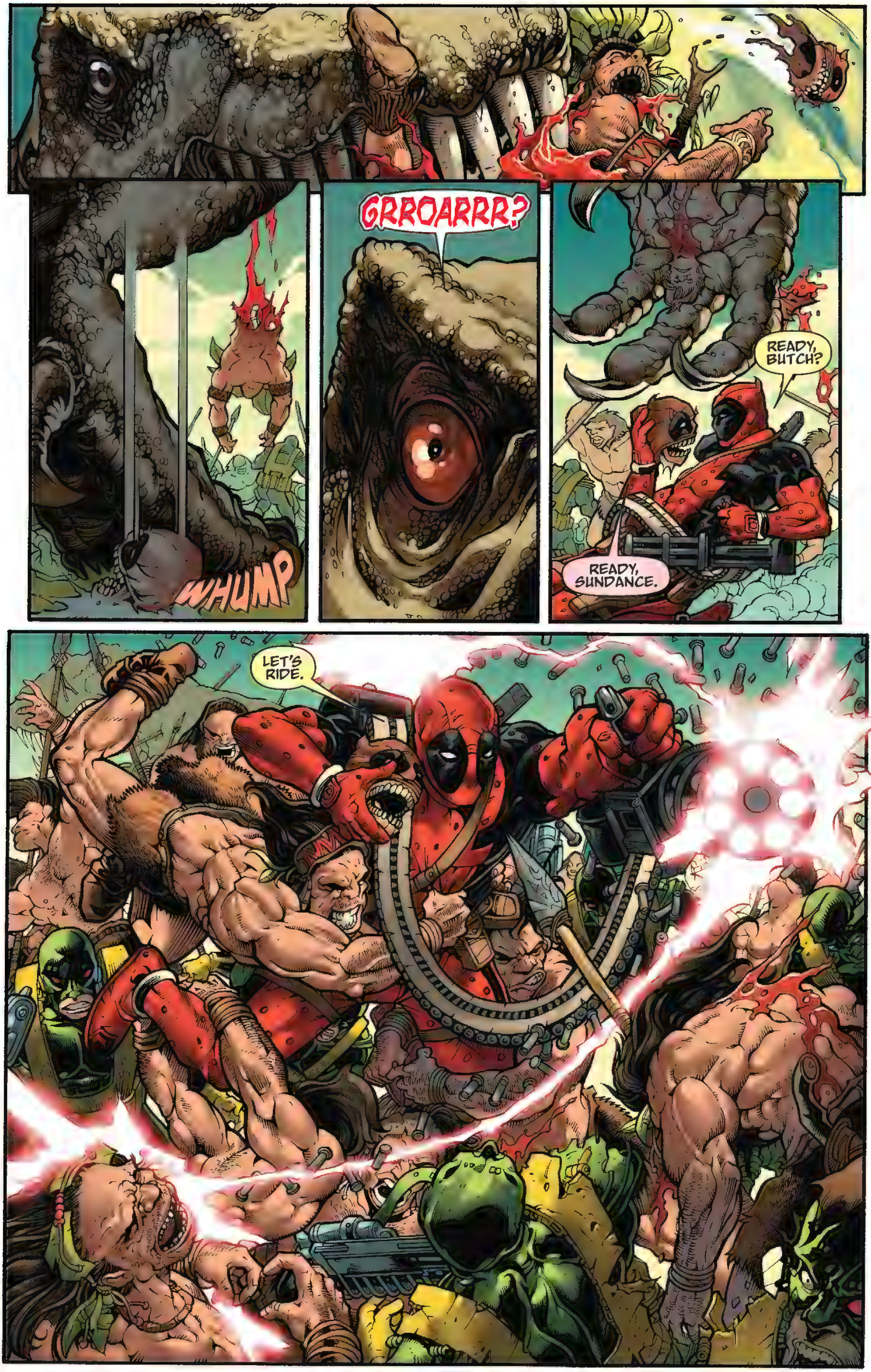

AARRRRGH!
CHARGE!
SQUAD ONE, ENGAGE THE DINOSAUR! SQUAD TWO, FORM A PERIMETER AND REPEL THOSE ATTACKERS!
DID YOU EVER THINK IN A MILLION YEARS YOU'D ISSUE THE ORDER "ENGAGE THE DINOSAUR"?
SHUT UP!
EAT LEAD, NEANDERTHAL CHUMPS!

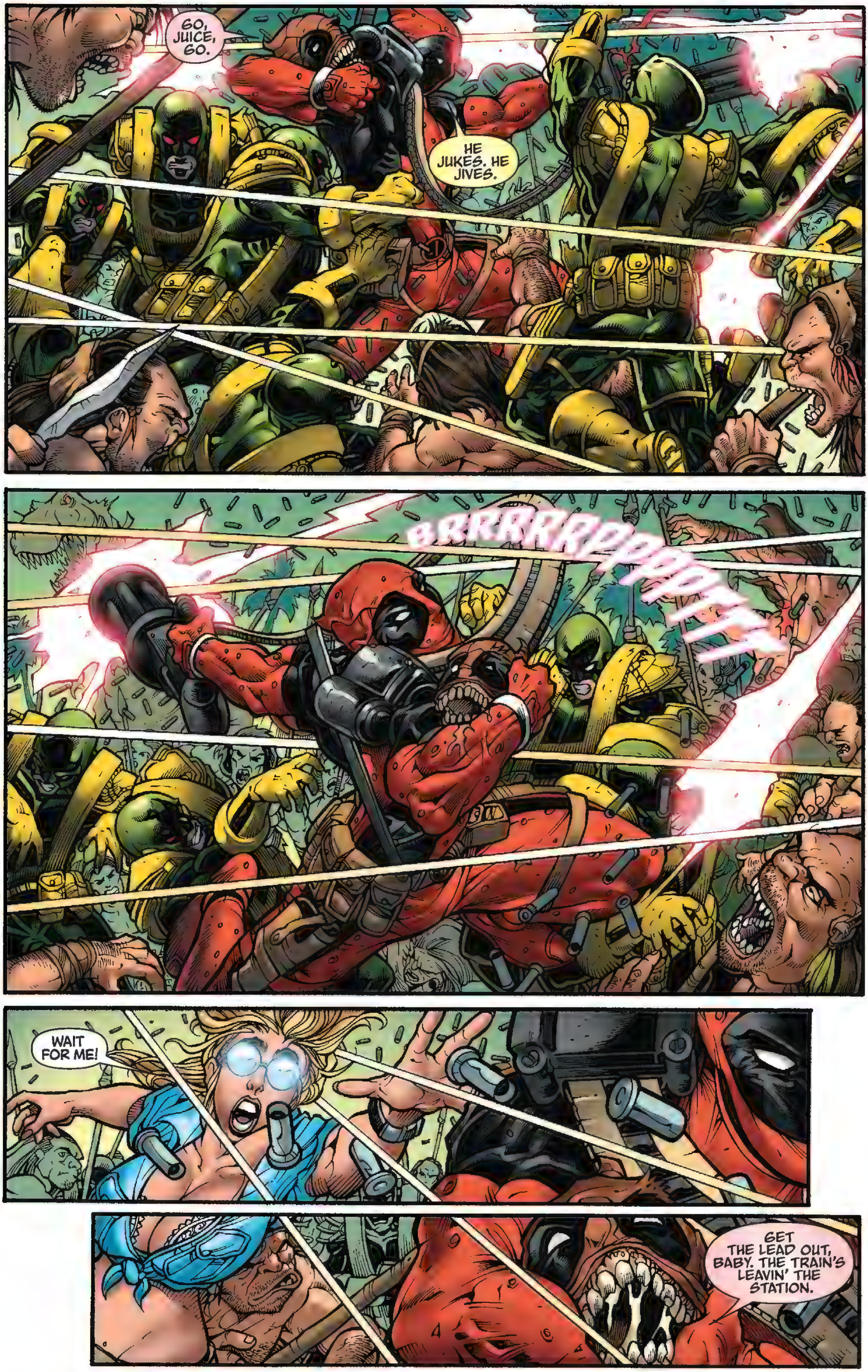

YIKES.
PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD. PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD. PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD.
⊰GROAN⊱
SO WE WERE ZAPPED *AND* SHOT?
We have double ouchies.
GET YOUR #$*% ASS UP AND #$*% #$*% SAVE ME, OR I'LL RIP YOUR ARM OFF AGAIN AND SHOVE IT #$*% #$*% UNTIL YOU CAN SCRATCH YOUR OWN BRAIN!
Yeah, she digs us.
AM I MISSING SOME-THING?
ARE YOU MISSING SOME-THING!?

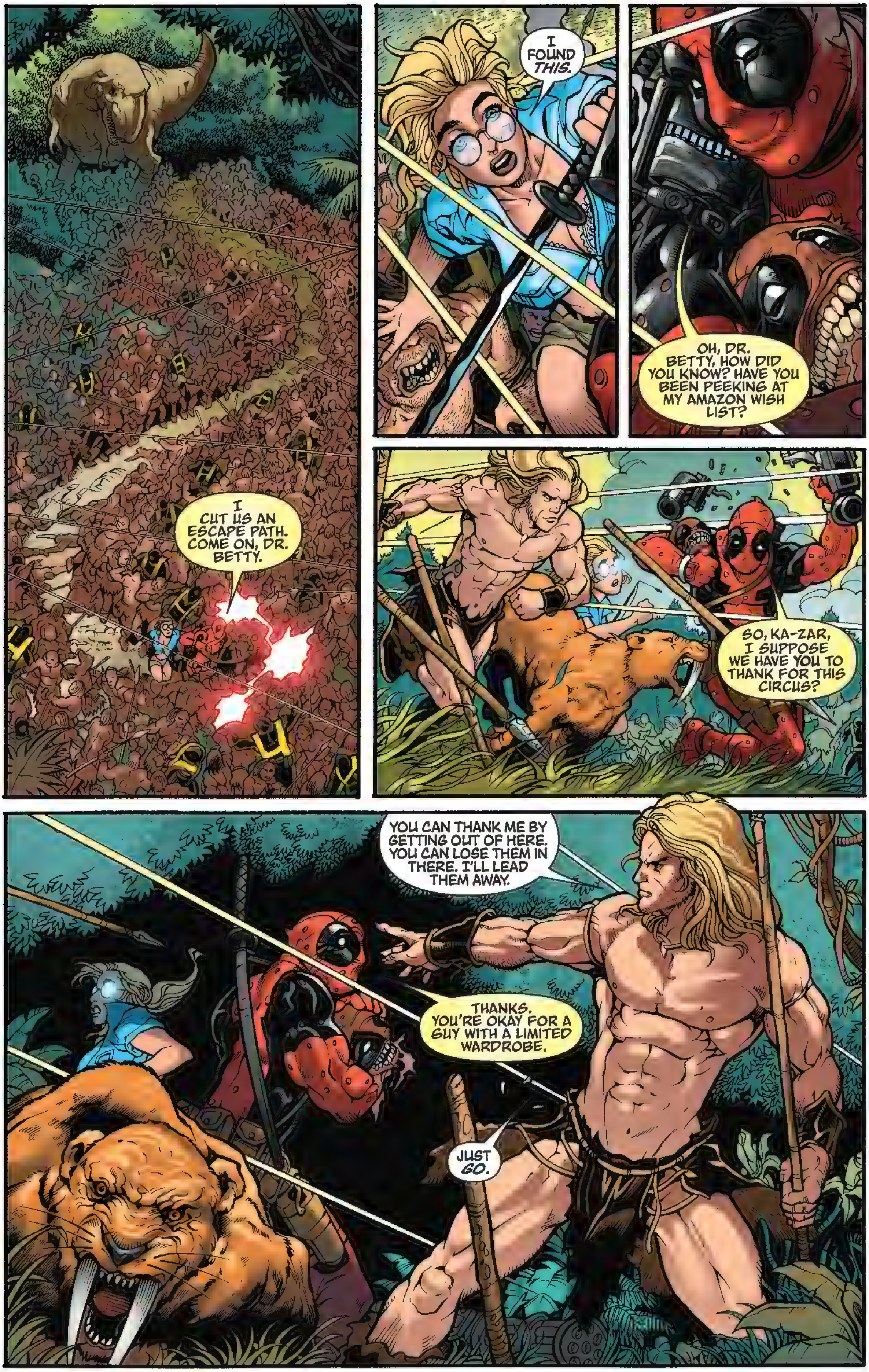

SO WHERE'S WALDO?
YOU'RE MISSING *EVERYTHING!*

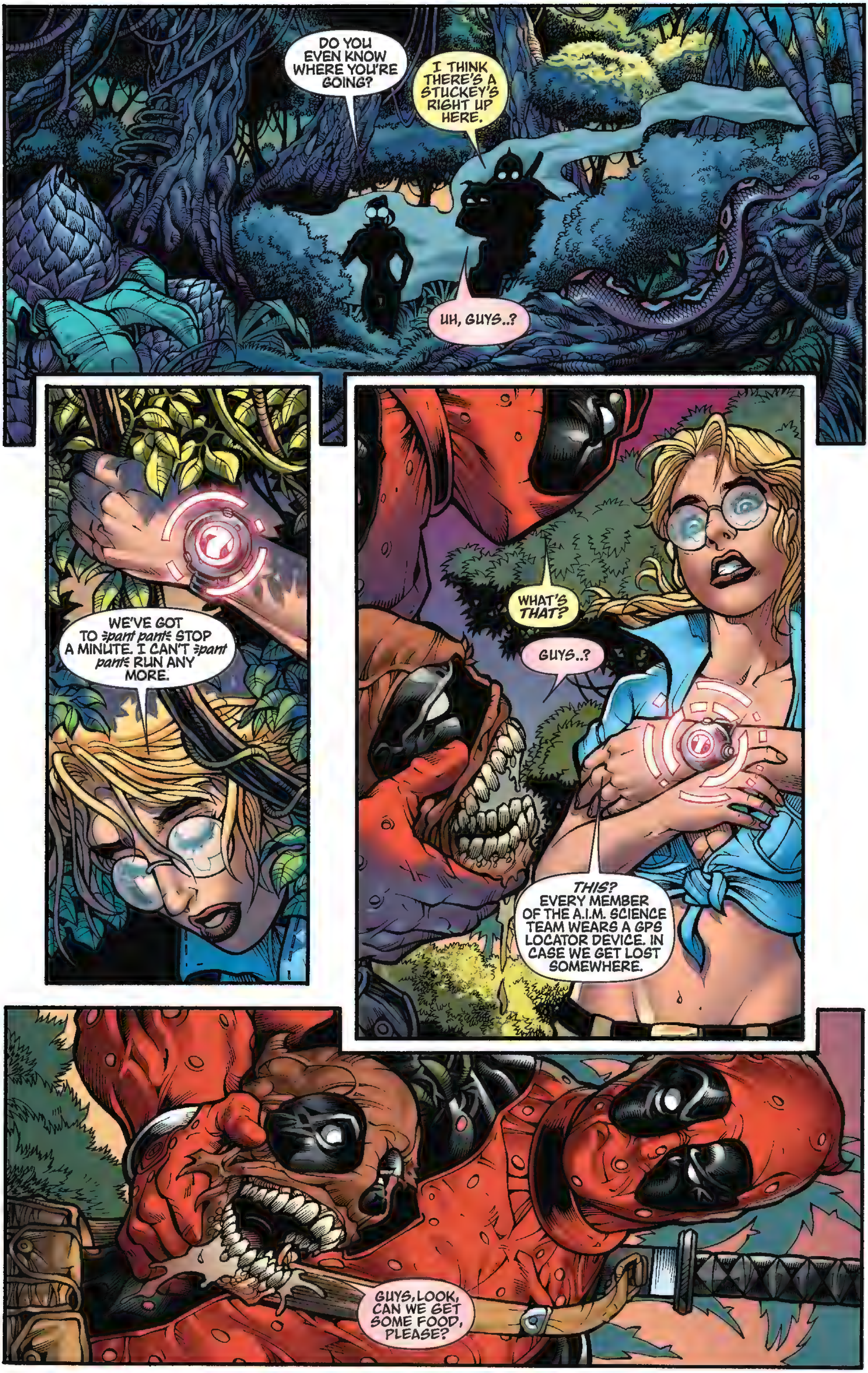

CRAP.
STAY HERE, DR. BETTY. I'M ON THE JOB.
WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
IT'S CLOBBERIN'-
No!
SORRY.
UHFF!
So where *are* we going?
GOT TO FIND OUR HEAD BUDDY. REMEMBER THE MISSION.
AH, MY RIDE'S HERE.
THIS WAY, HANDSOME!
FUMBLE!

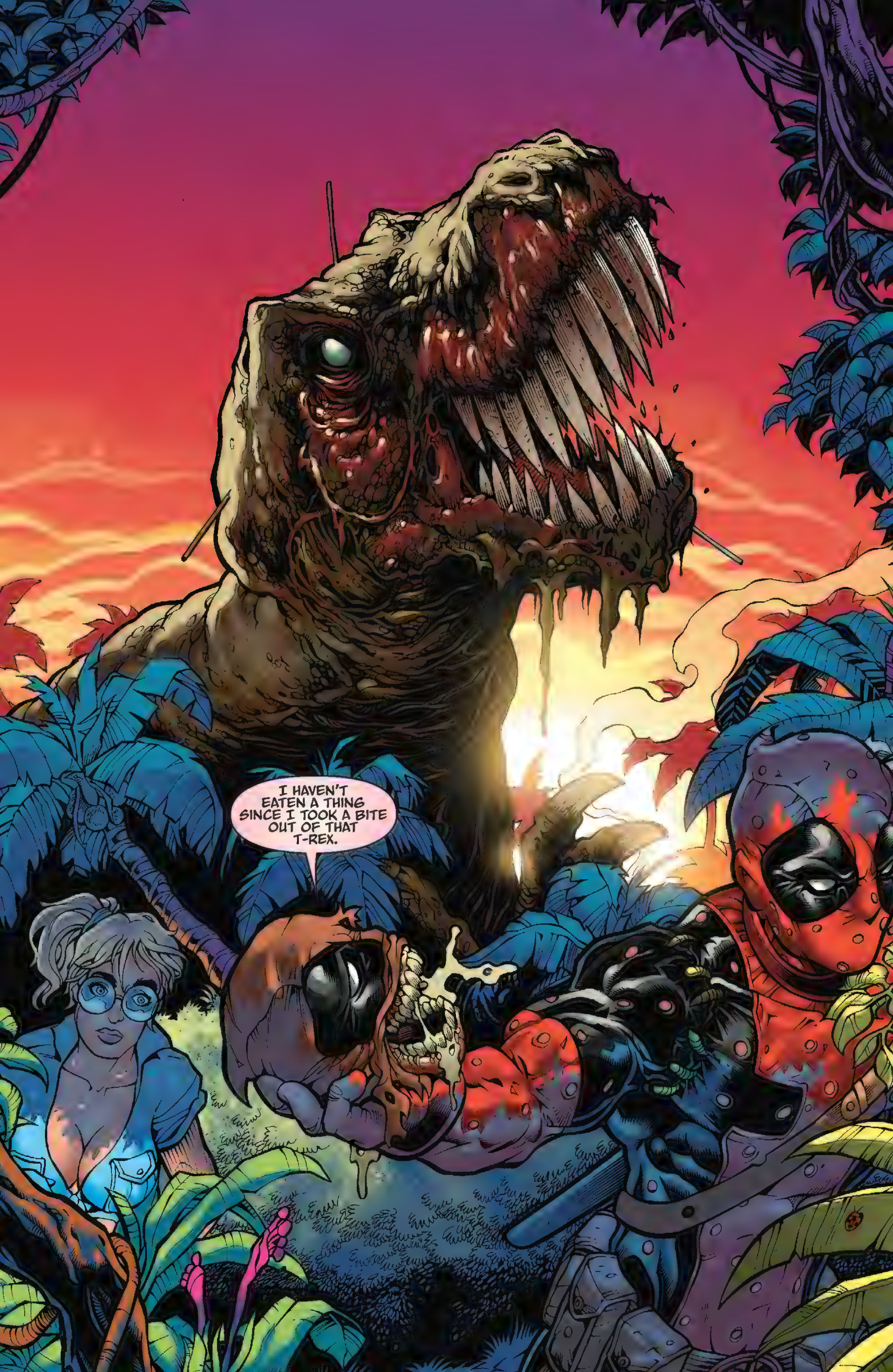

I GOT YOU— OOFF!
WHOMMP
<I HAVE THE SACRED ONE!>
HOORAY! I'M A DEITY AGAIN.
YAAAAARRRRGH!
NOW WE'RE COOKING WITH GAS.

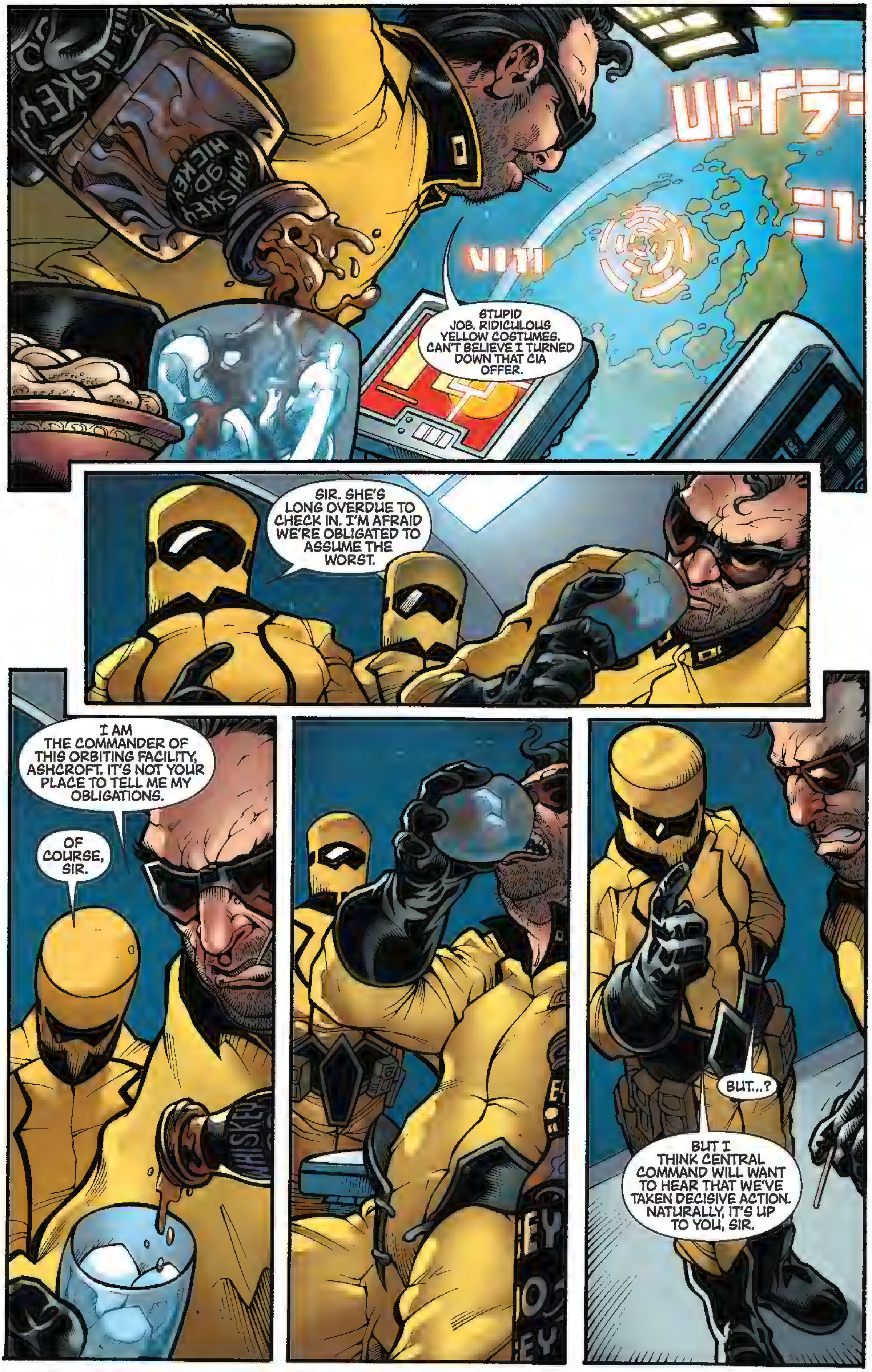

WHUMP
GRROARRR?
READY, BUTCH?
READY, SUNDANCE.
LET'S RIDE.

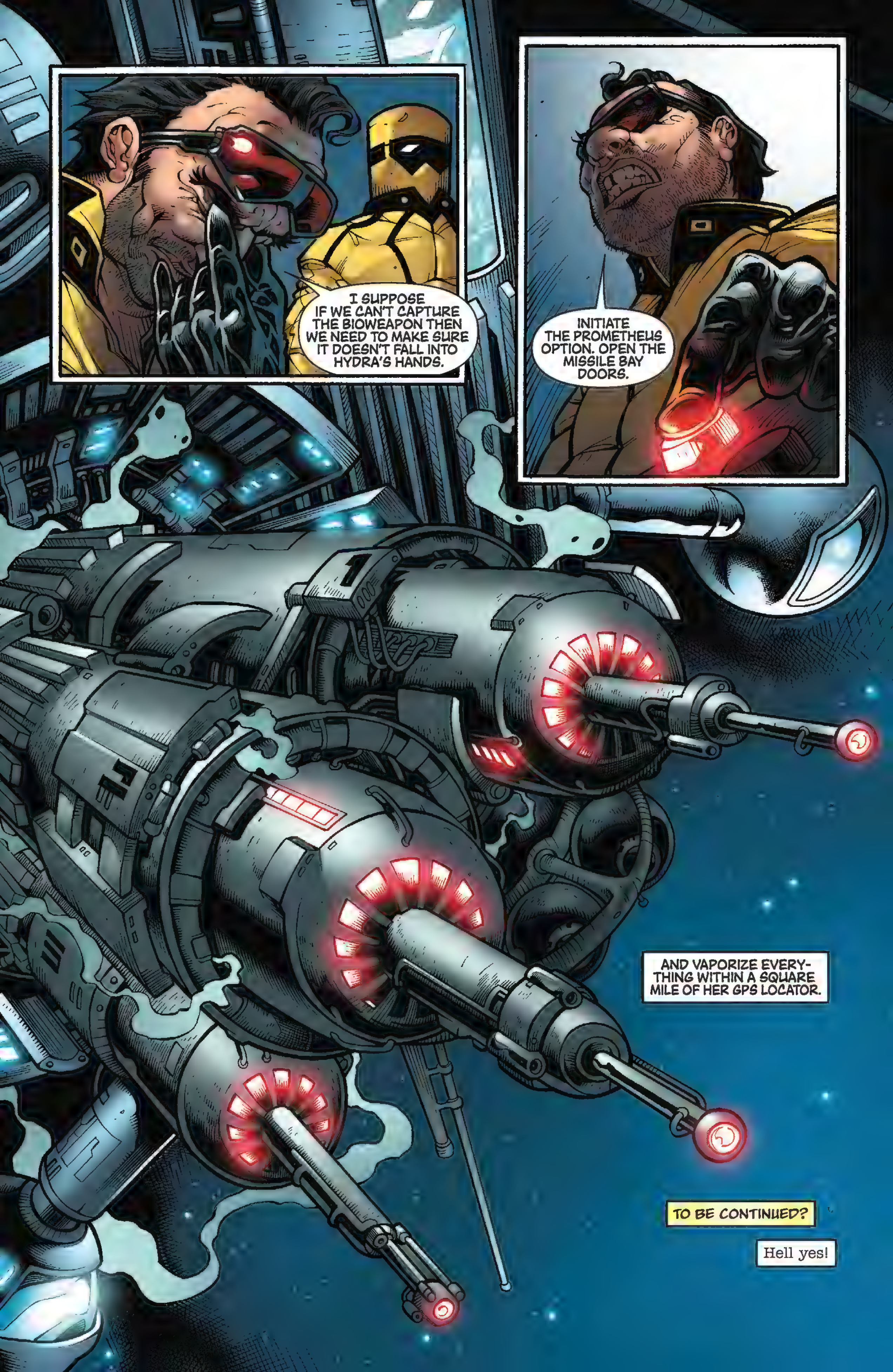

GO, JUICE, GO.
HE JUKES. HE JIVES.
BRRRRRRRPPPPPTTT
WAIT FOR ME!
GET THE LEAD OUT, BABY. THE TRAIN'S LEAVIN' THE STATION.


I CUT US AN ESCAPE PATH. COME ON, DR. BETTY.
I FOUND *THIS.*
OH, DR. BETTY, HOW DID YOU KNOW? HAVE YOU BEEN PEEKING AT MY AMAZON WISH LIST?
SO, KA-ZAR, I SUPPOSE WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THIS CIRCUS?
YOU CAN THANK ME BY GETTING OUT OF HERE. YOU CAN LOSE THEM IN THERE. I'LL LEAD THEM AWAY.
THANKS. YOU'RE OKAY FOR A GUY WITH A LIMITED WARDROBE.
JUST *GO.*


DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
I THINK THERE'S A STUCKEY'S RIGHT UP HERE.
UH, GUYS..?
WE'VE GOT TO =pant pant= STOP A MINUTE. I CAN'T =pant pant= RUN ANY MORE.
WHAT'S *THAT?*
GUYS..?
THIS? EVERY MEMBER OF THE A.I.M. SCIENCE TEAM WEARS A GPS LOCATOR DEVICE. IN CASE WE GET LOST SOMEWHERE.
GUYS, LOOK, CAN WE GET SOME FOOD, PLEASE?

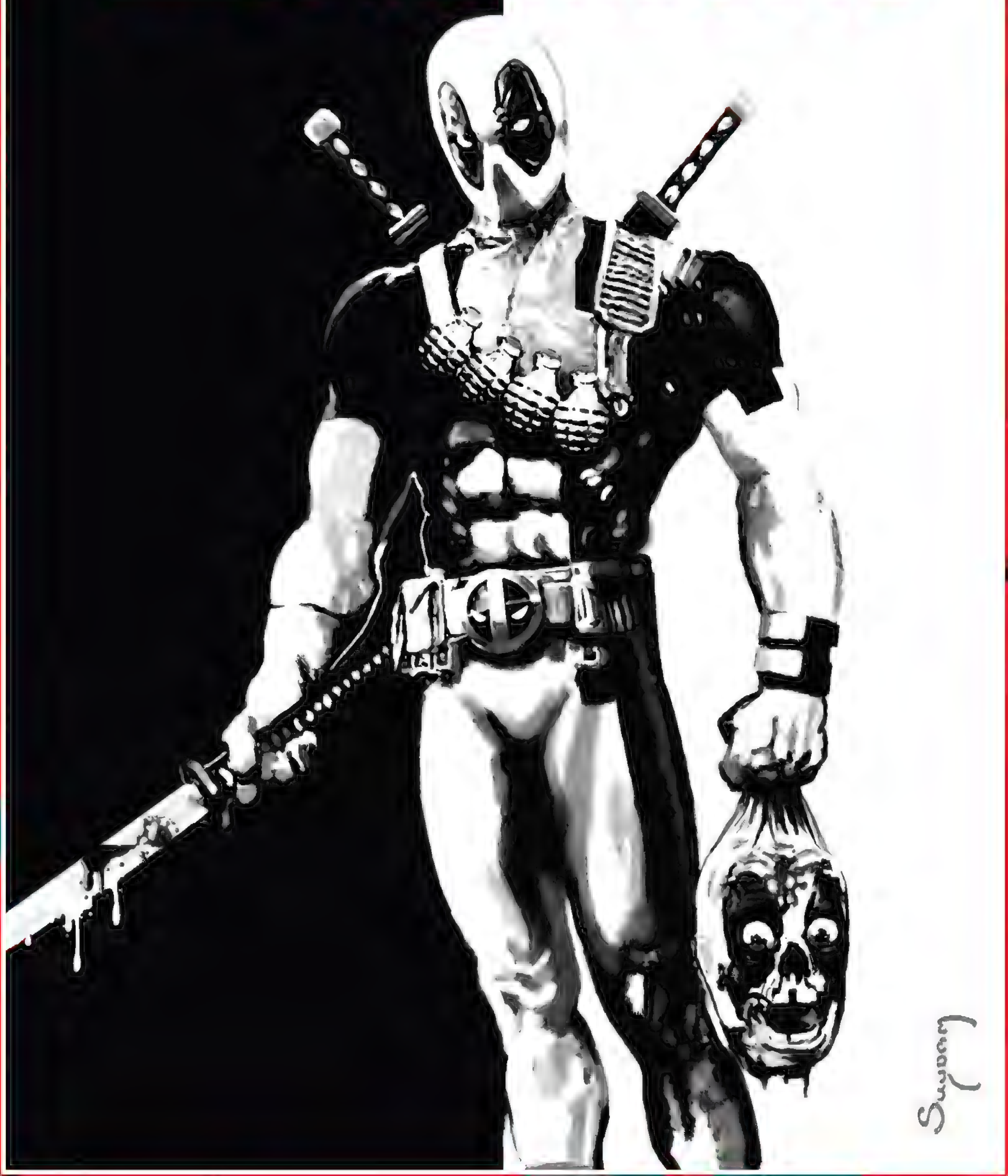

I HAVEN'T EATEN A THING SINCE I TOOK A BITE OUT OF THAT T-REX.


STUPID JOB. RIDICULOUS YELLOW COSTUMES. CAN'T BELIEVE I TURNED DOWN THAT CIA OFFER.
SIR. SHE'S LONG OVERDUE TO CHECK IN. I'M AFRAID WE'RE OBLIGATED TO ASSUME THE WORST.
I AM THE COMMANDER OF THIS ORBITING FACILITY, ASHCROFT. IT'S NOT YOUR PLACE TO TELL ME MY OBLIGATIONS.
OF COURSE, SIR.
BUT...?
BUT I THINK CENTRAL COMMAND WILL WANT TO HEAR THAT WE'VE TAKEN DECISIVE ACTION. NATURALLY, IT'S UP TO YOU, SIR.


I SUPPOSE IF WE CAN'T CAPTURE THE BIOWEAPON THEN WE NEED TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T FALL INTO HYDRA'S HANDS.
INITIATE THE PROMETHEUS OPTION. OPEN THE MISSILE BAY DOORS.
AND VAPORIZE EVERYTHING WITHIN A SQUARE MILE OF HER GPS LOCATOR.
TO BE CONTINUED?
Hell yes!

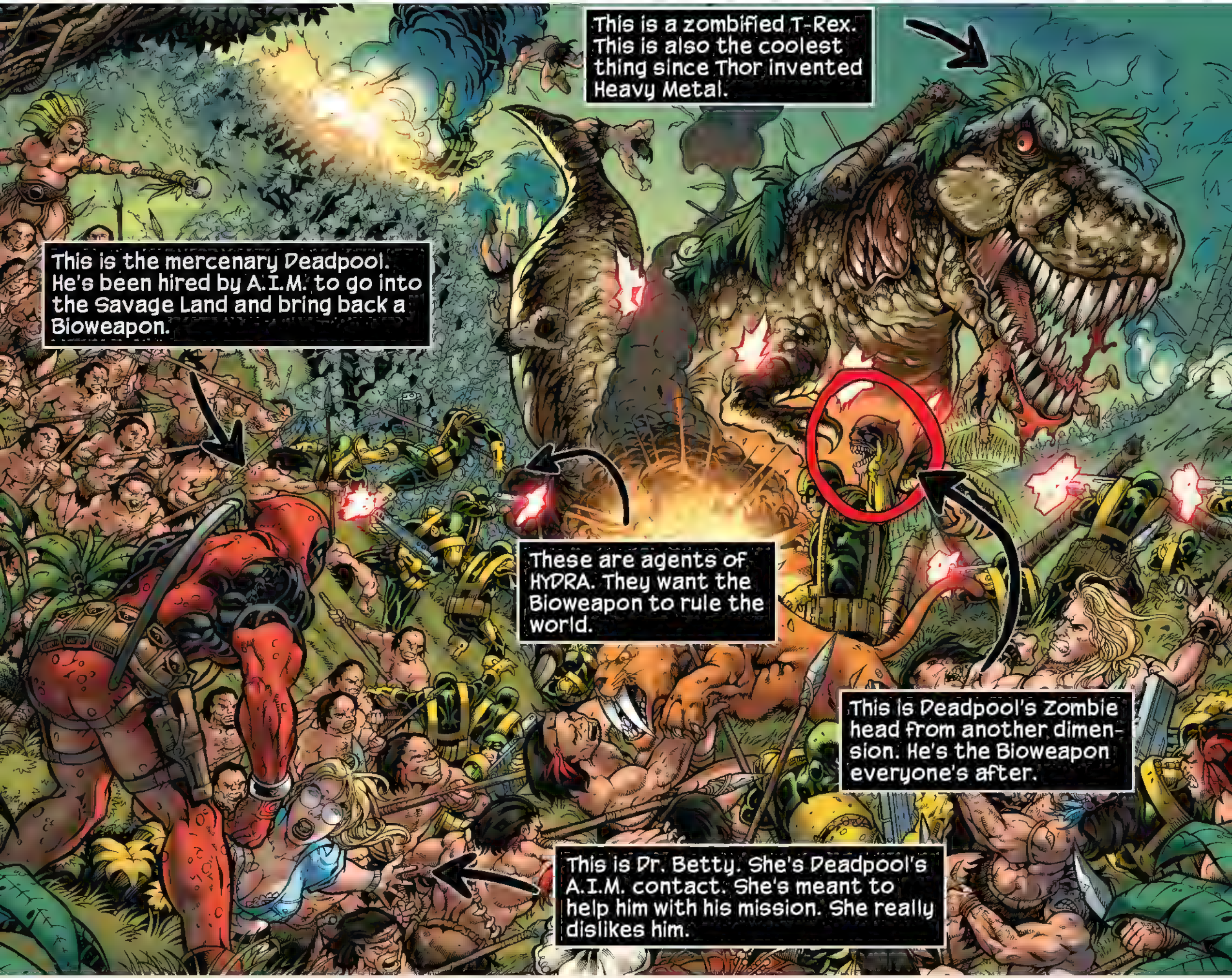
#4

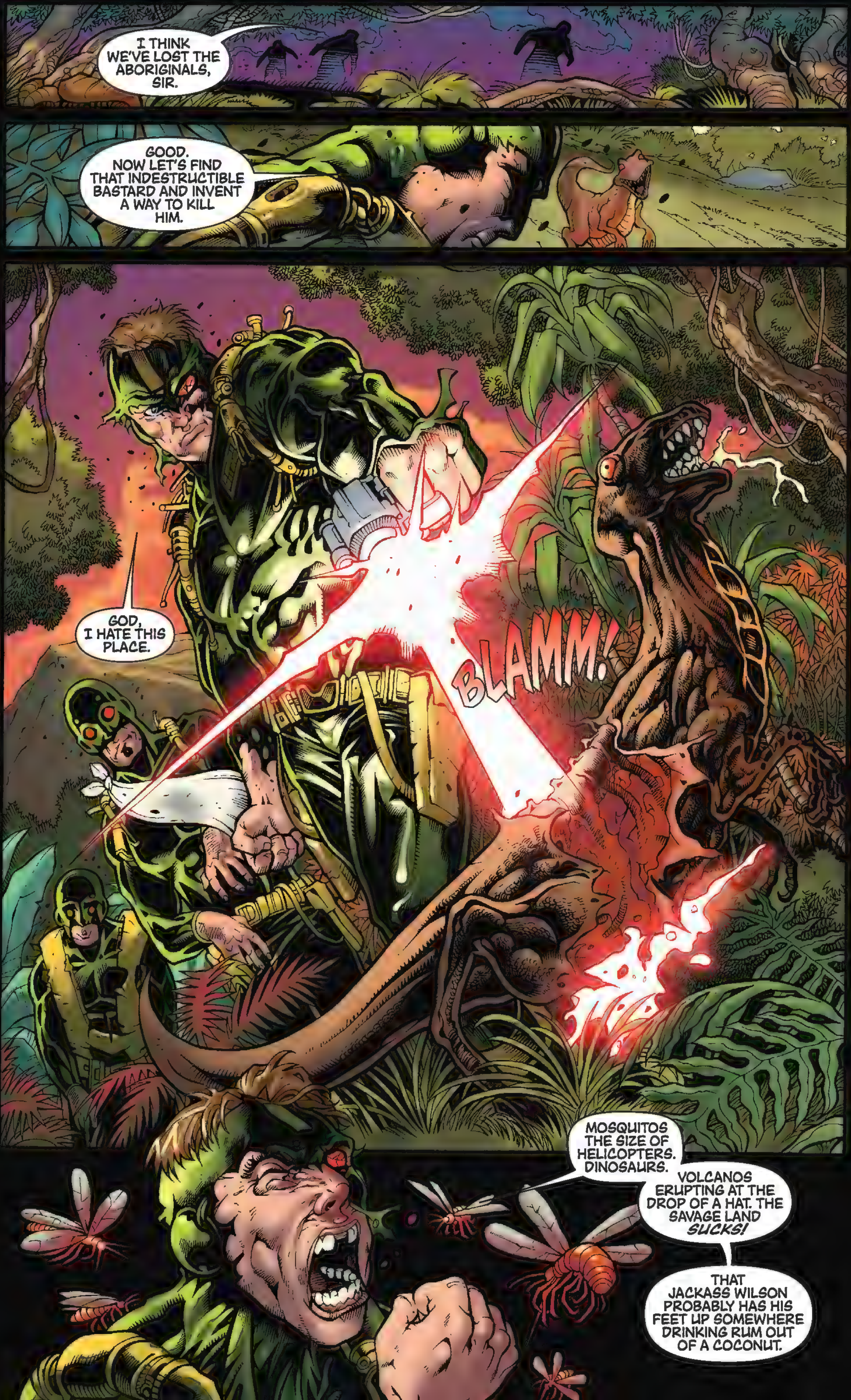
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH

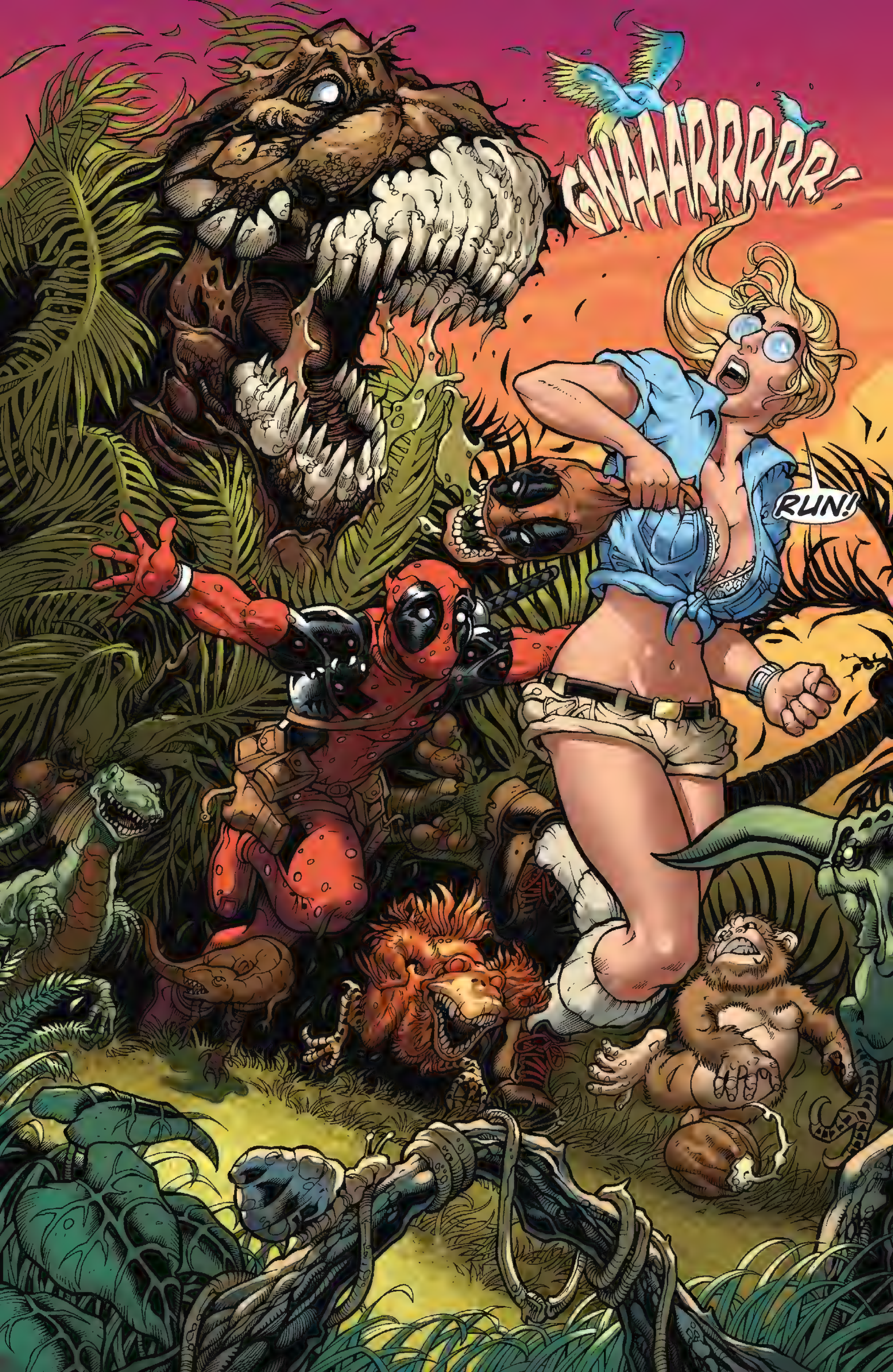


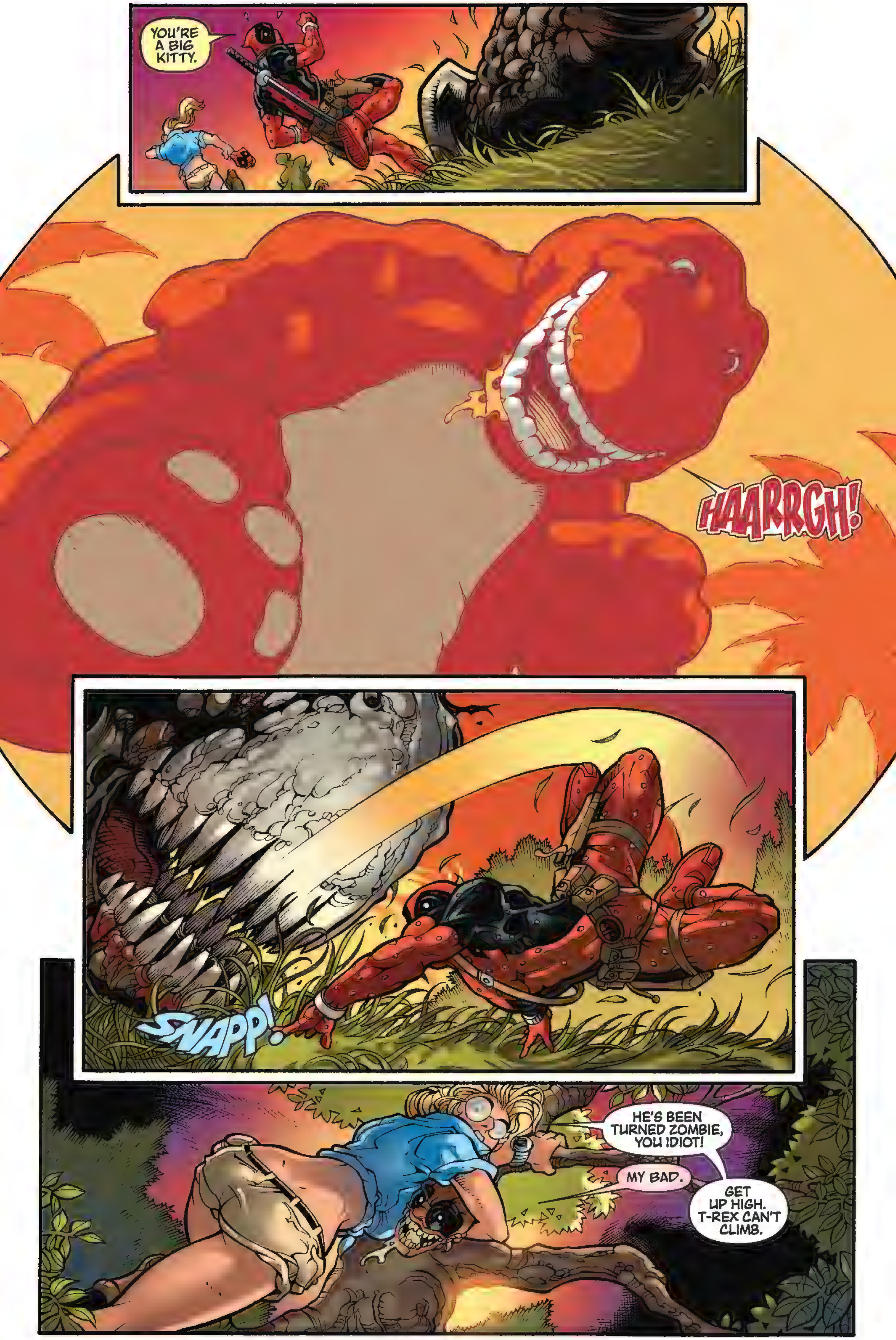
DEADPOOL

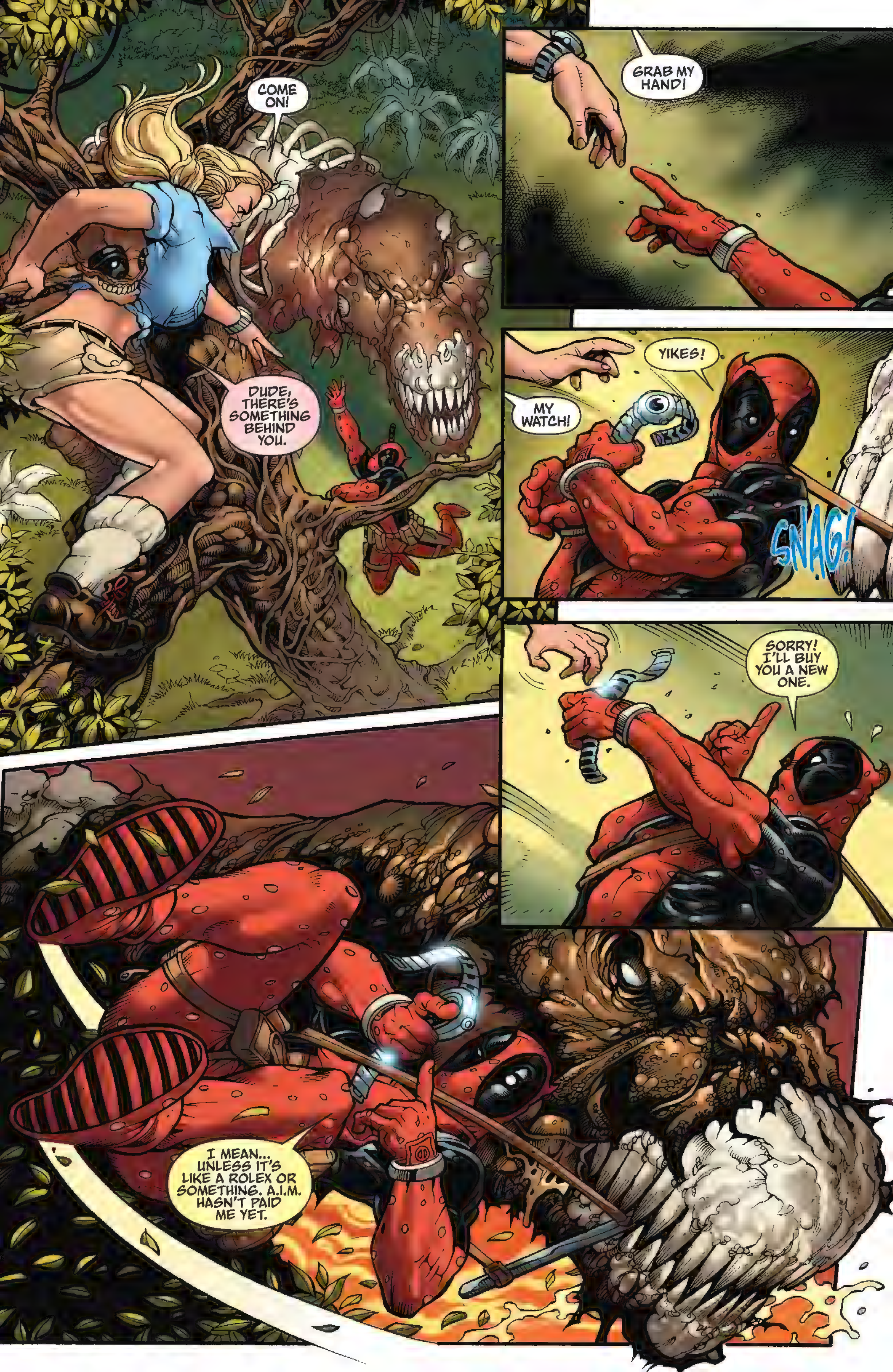
MERC WITH A MOUTH

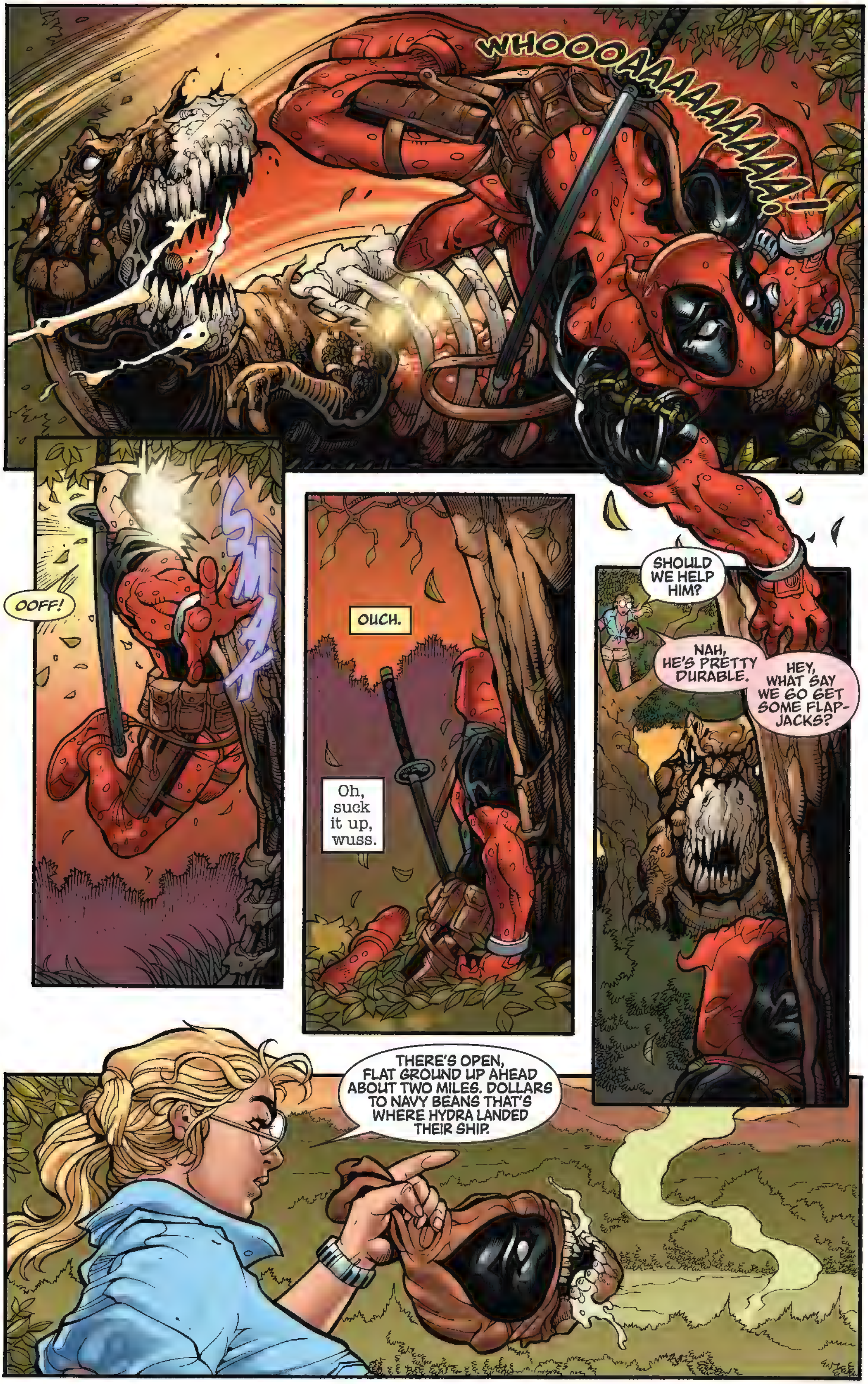

This is a zombified T-Rex. This is also the coolest thing since Thor invented Heavy Metal.
This is the mercenary Deadpool. He's been hired by A.I.M. to go into the Savage Land and bring back a Bioweapon.
These are agents of HYDRA. They want the Bioweapon to rule the world.
This is Deadpool's zombie head from another dimension. He's the Bioweapon everyone's after.
This is Dr. Betty. She's Deadpool's A.I.M. contact. She's meant to help him with his mission. She really dislikes him.

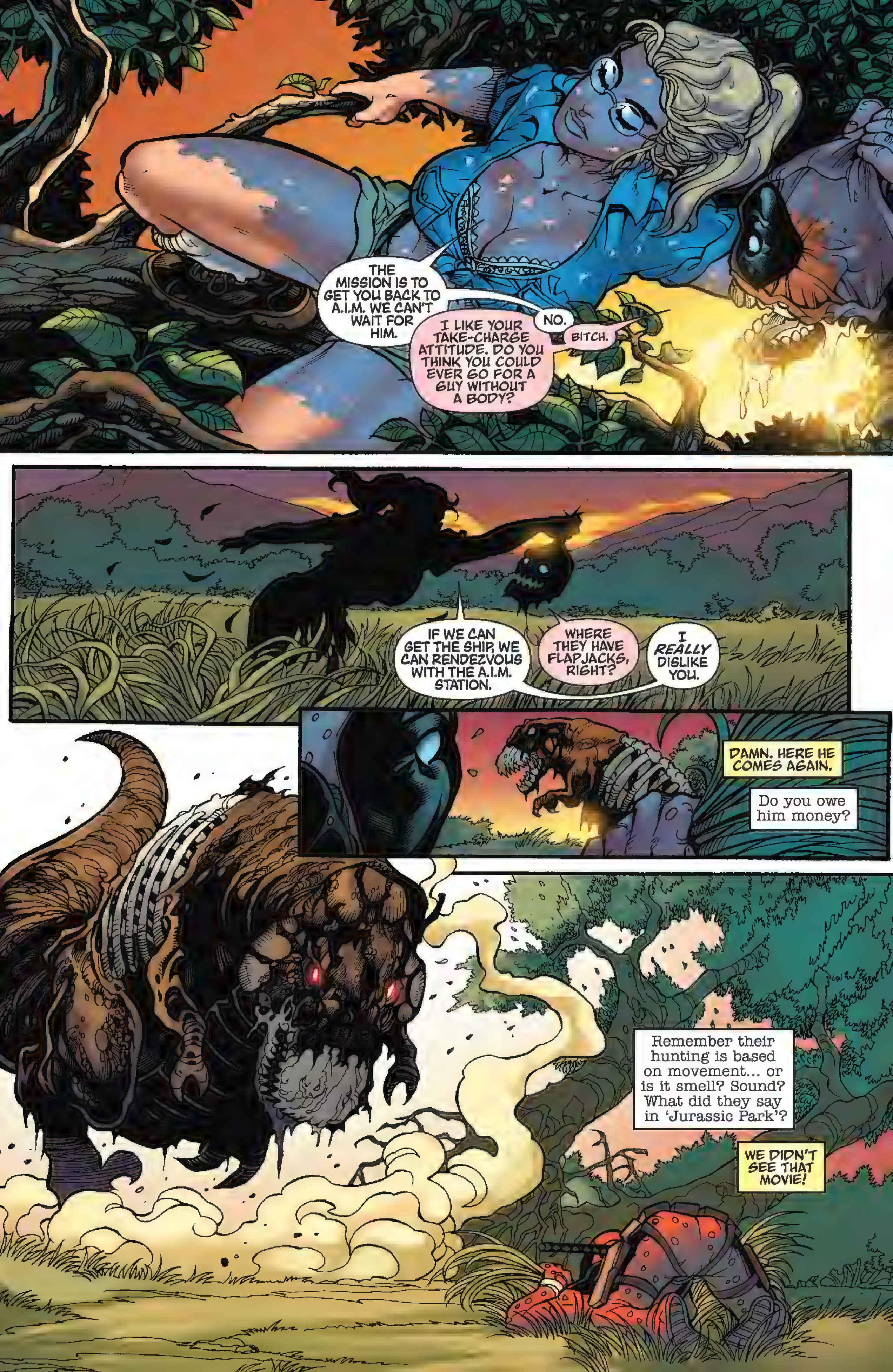

I THINK WE'VE LOST THE ABORIGINALS, SIR.
GOOD. NOW LET'S FIND THAT INDESTRUCTIBLE BASTARD AND INVENT A WAY TO KILL HIM.
GOD, I HATE THIS PLACE.
BLAMM!
MOSQUITOS THE SIZE OF HELICOPTERS. DINOSAURS.
VOLCANOS ERUPTING AT THE DROP OF A HAT. THE SAVAGE LAND *SUCKS!*
THAT JACKASS WILSON PROBABLY HAS HIS FEET UP SOMEWHERE DRINKING RUM OUT OF A COCONUT.

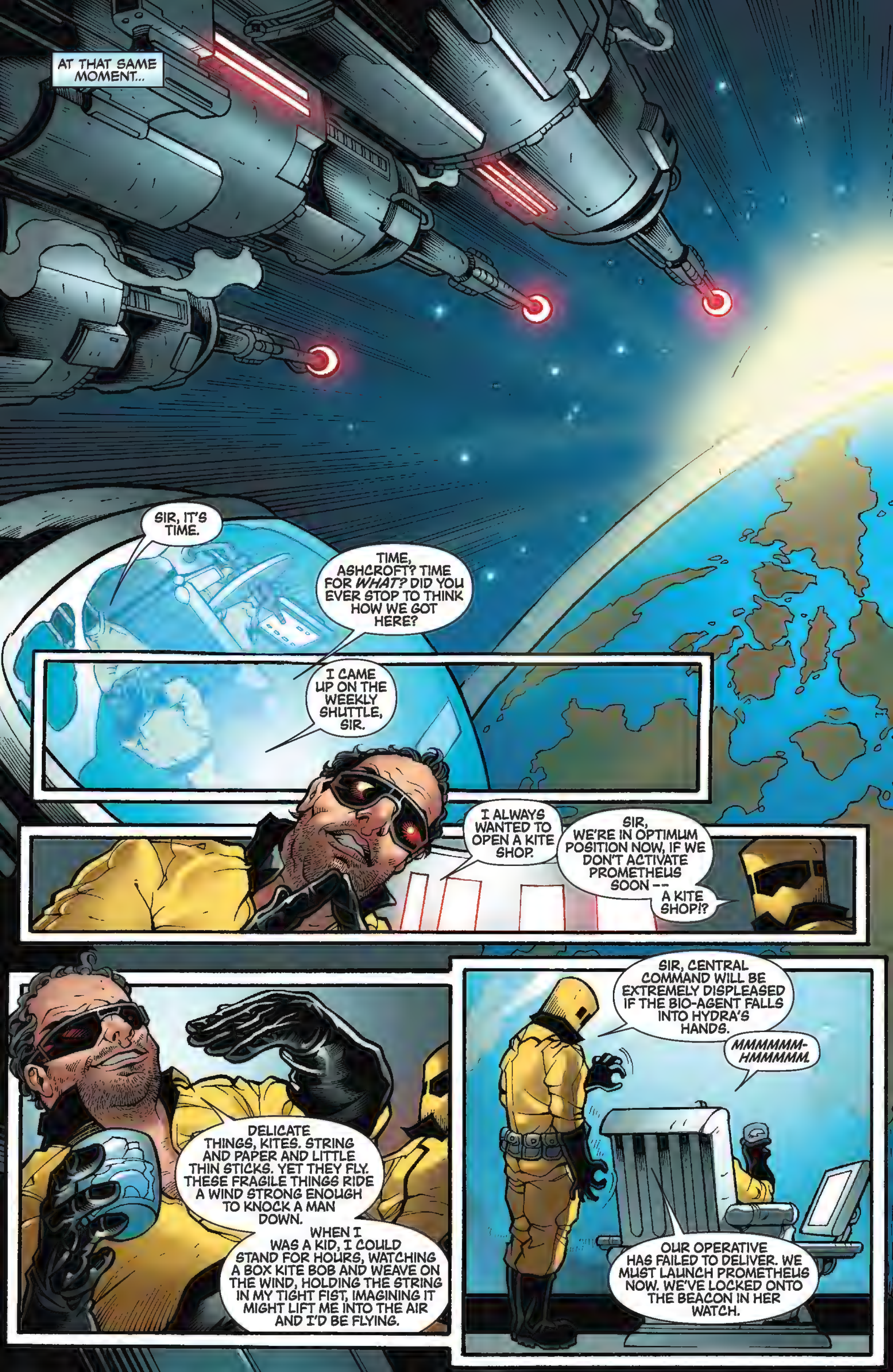

GWAAARRRRR!
RUN!

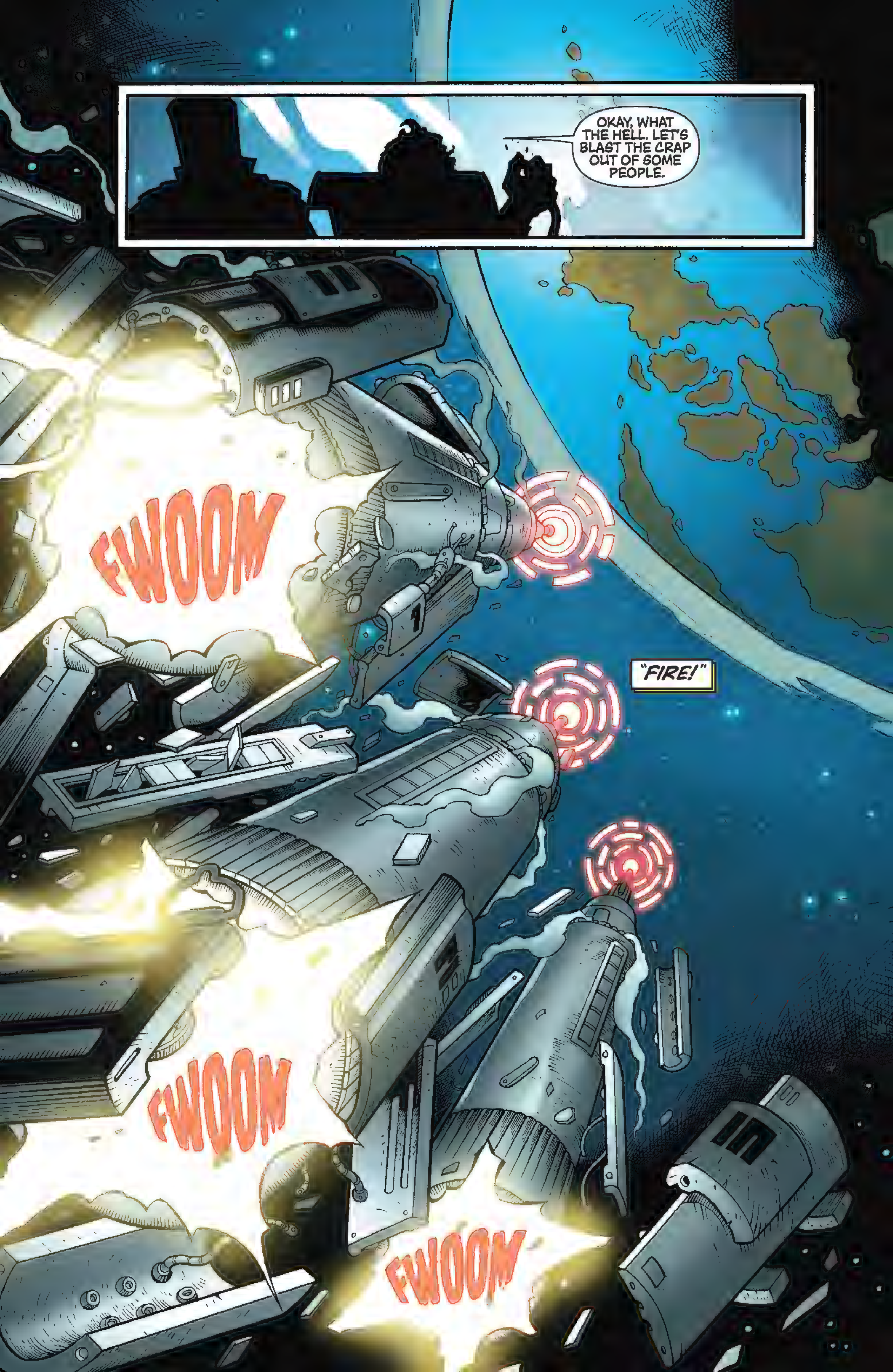

YOU'RE A BIG KITTY.
HAARRGH!
SNAPP!
HE'S BEEN TURNED ZOMBIE, YOU IDIOT!
MY BAD.
GET UP HIGH. T-REX CAN'T CLIMB.

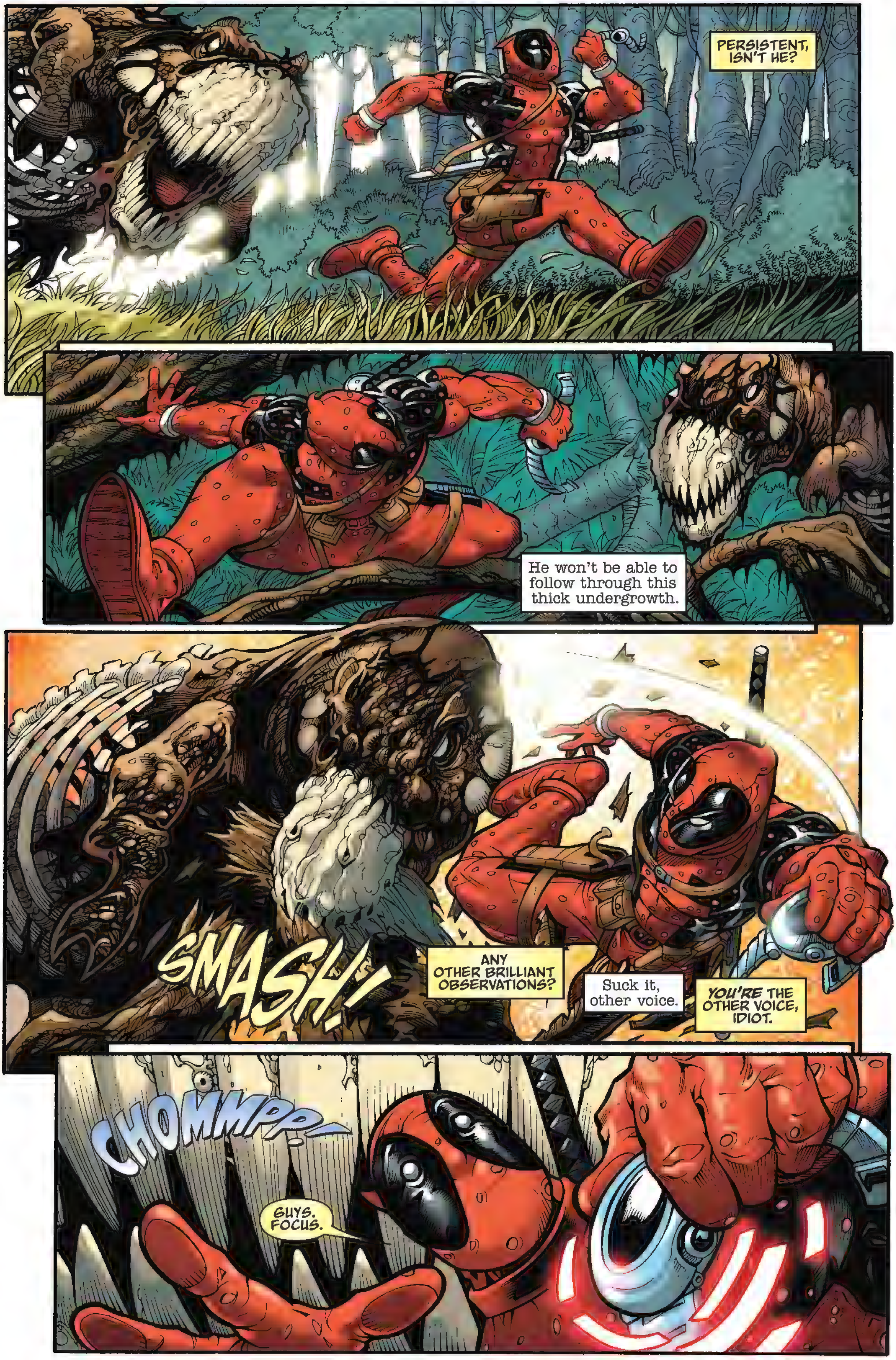

COME ON!
DUDE, THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND YOU.
GRAB MY HAND!
YIKES!
MY WATCH!
SNAG!
SORRY! I'LL BUY YOU A NEW ONE.
I MEAN... UNLESS IT'S LIKE A ROLEX OR SOMETHING. A.I.M. HASN'T PAID ME YET.

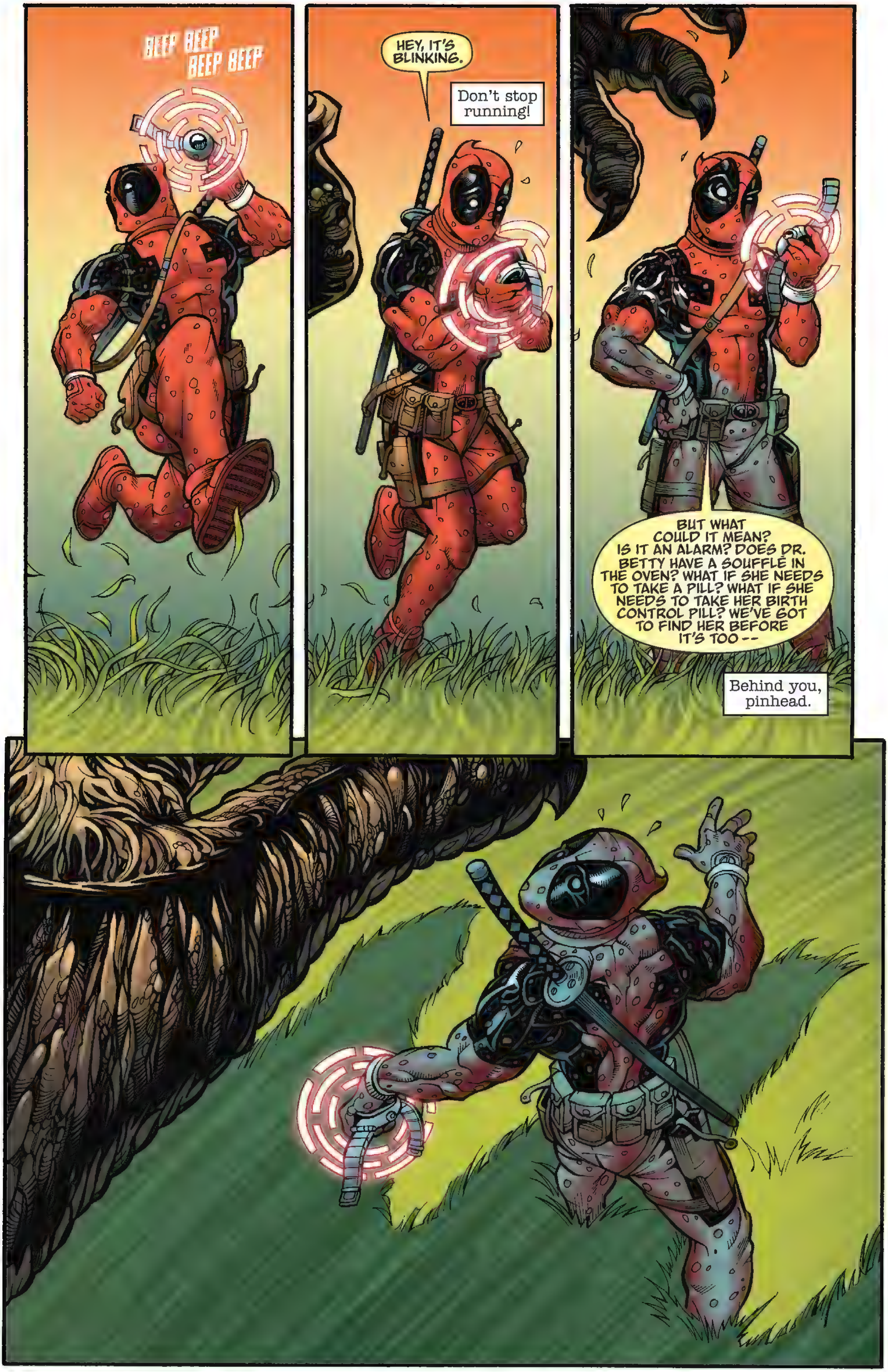

WHOOOAAAAAAAAAA!
OOFF!
SMAK
OUCH.
Oh, suck it up, wuss.
SHOULD WE HELP HIM?
NAH, HE'S PRETTY DURABLE.
HEY, WHAT SAY WE GO GET SOME FLAPJACKS?
THERE'S OPEN, FLAT GROUND UP AHEAD ABOUT TWO MILES. DOLLARS TO NAVY BEANS THAT'S WHERE HYDRA LANDED THEIR SHIP.

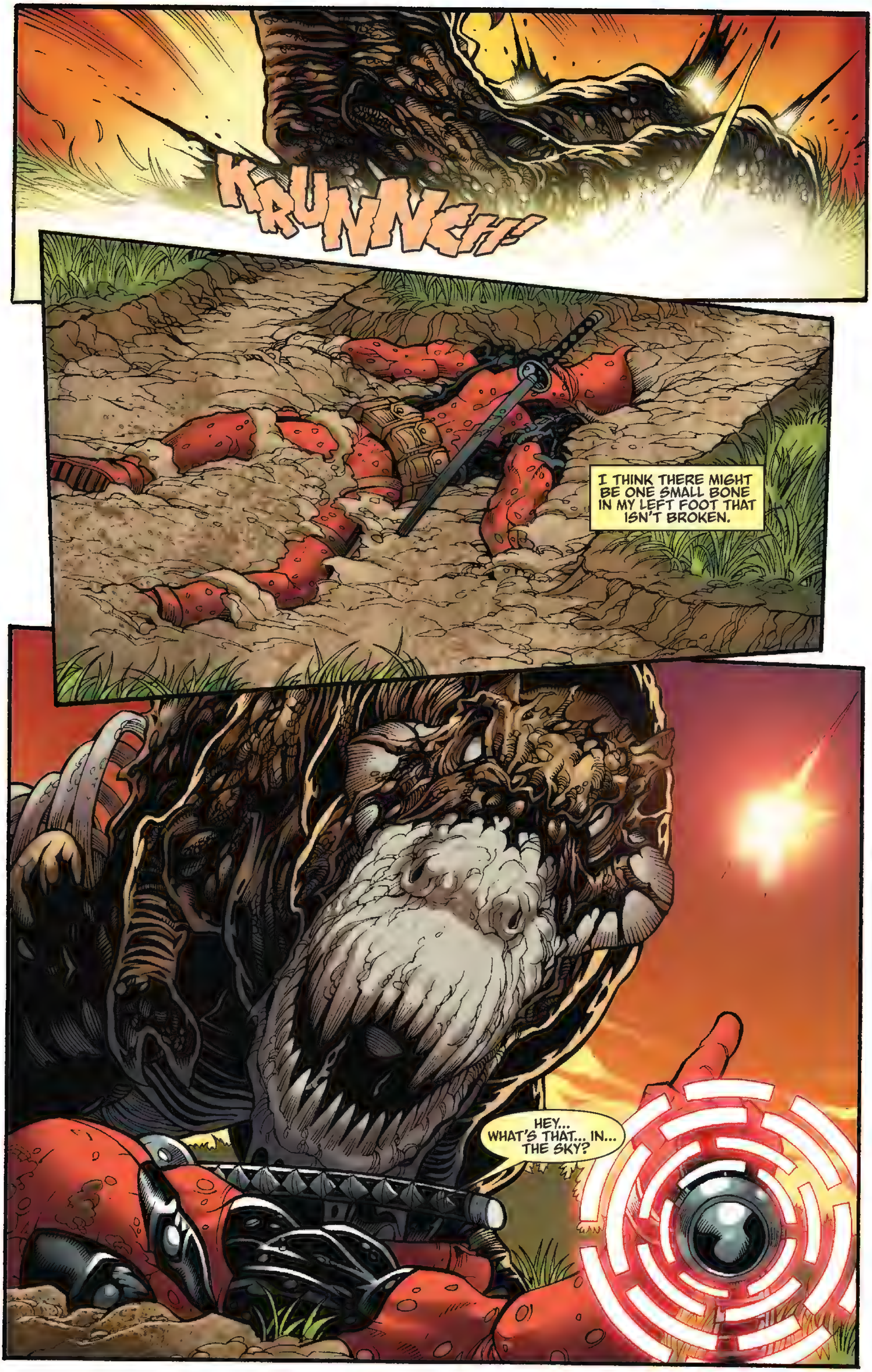

THE MISSION IS TO GET YOU BACK TO A.I.M. WE CAN'T WAIT FOR HIM.
NO.
I LIKE YOUR TAKE-CHARGE ATTITUDE. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD EVER GO FOR A GUY WITHOUT A BODY?
BITCH.
IF WE CAN GET THE SHIP, WE CAN RENDEZVOUS WITH THE A.I.M. STATION.
WHERE THEY HAVE FLAPJACKS, RIGHT?
I *REALLY* DISLIKE YOU.
DAMN. HERE HE COMES AGAIN.
Do you owe him money?
Remember their hunting is based on movement... or is it smell? Sound? What did they say in 'Jurassic Park'?
WE DIDN'T SEE THAT MOVIE!

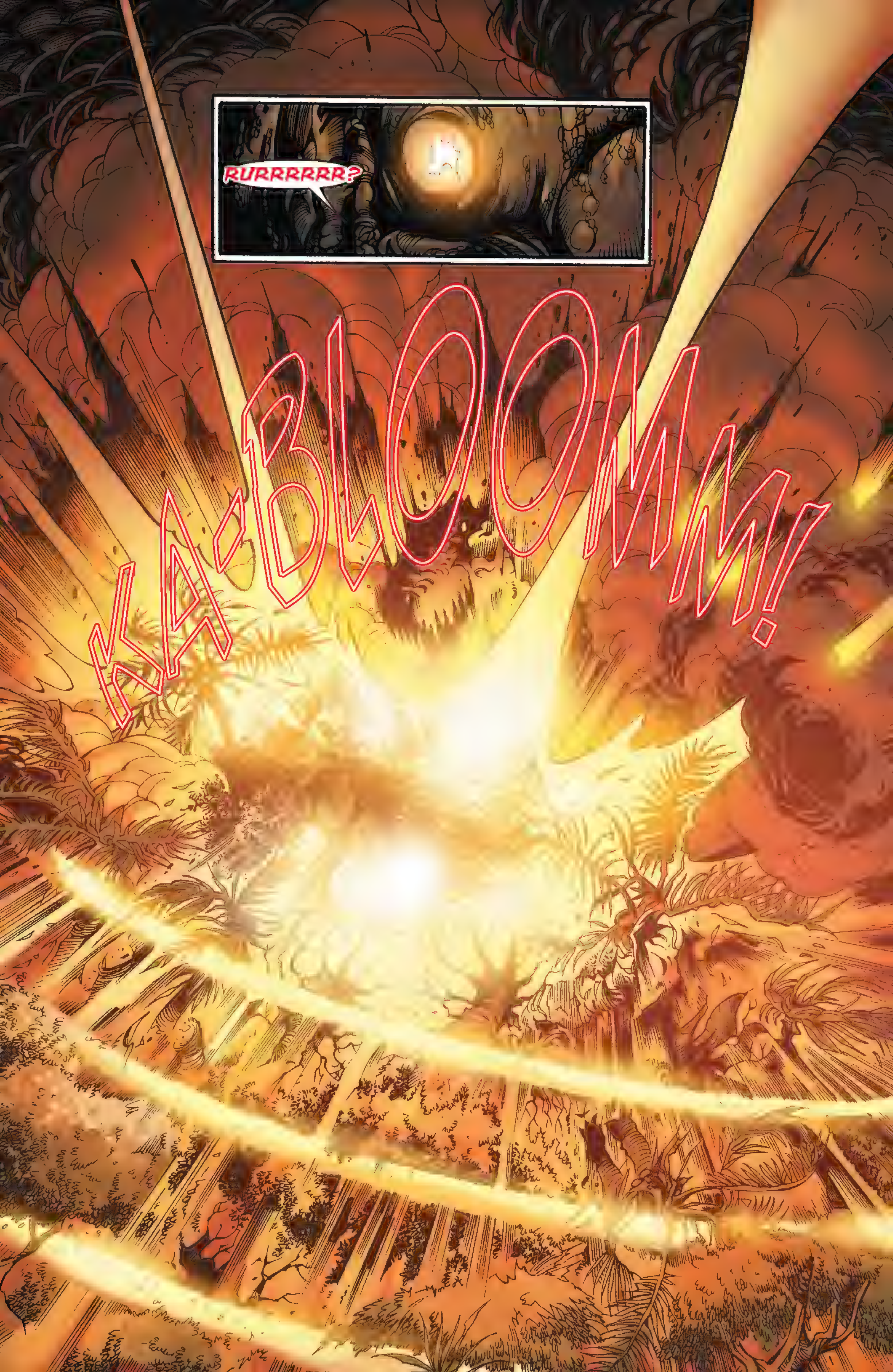

AT THAT SAME MOMENT...
SIR, IT'S TIME.
TIME, ASHCROFT? TIME FOR *WHAT?* DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK HOW WE GOT HERE?
I CAME UP ON THE WEEKLY SHUTTLE, SIR.
I ALWAYS WANTED TO OPEN A KITE SHOP.
SIR, WE'RE IN OPTIMUM POSITION NOW, IF WE DON'T ACTIVATE PROMETHEUS SOON --
A KITE SHOP!?
DELICATE THINGS, KITES. STRING AND PAPER AND LITTLE THIN STICKS. YET THEY FLY. THESE FRAGILE THINGS RIDE A WIND STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOCK A MAN DOWN.
WHEN I WAS A KID, I COULD STAND FOR HOURS, WATCHING A BOX KITE BOB AND WEAVE ON THE WIND, HOLDING THE STRING IN MY TIGHT FIST, IMAGINING IT MIGHT LIFT ME INTO THE AIR AND I'D BE FLYING.
SIR, CENTRAL COMMAND WILL BE EXTREMELY DISPLEASED IF THE BIO-AGENT FALLS INTO HYDRA'S HANDS.
MMMMMM-HMMMMM.
OUR OPERATIVE HAS FAILED TO DELIVER. WE MUST LAUNCH PROMETHEUS NOW. WE'VE LOCKED ONTO THE BEACON IN HER WATCH.

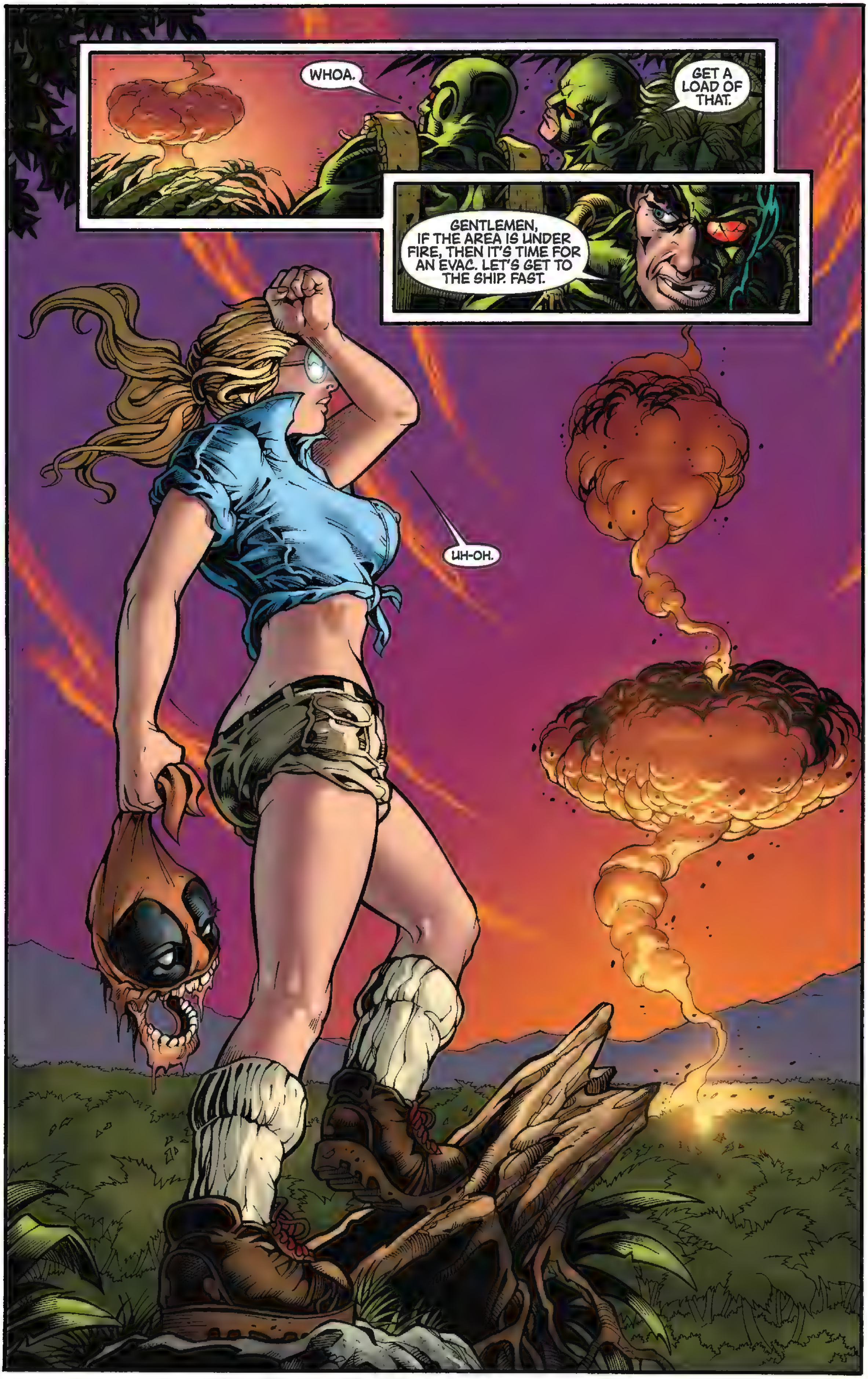

OKAY, WHAT THE HELL. LET'S BLAST THE CRAP OUT OF SOME PEOPLE.
FWOOM
"FIRE!"
FWOOM
FWOOM

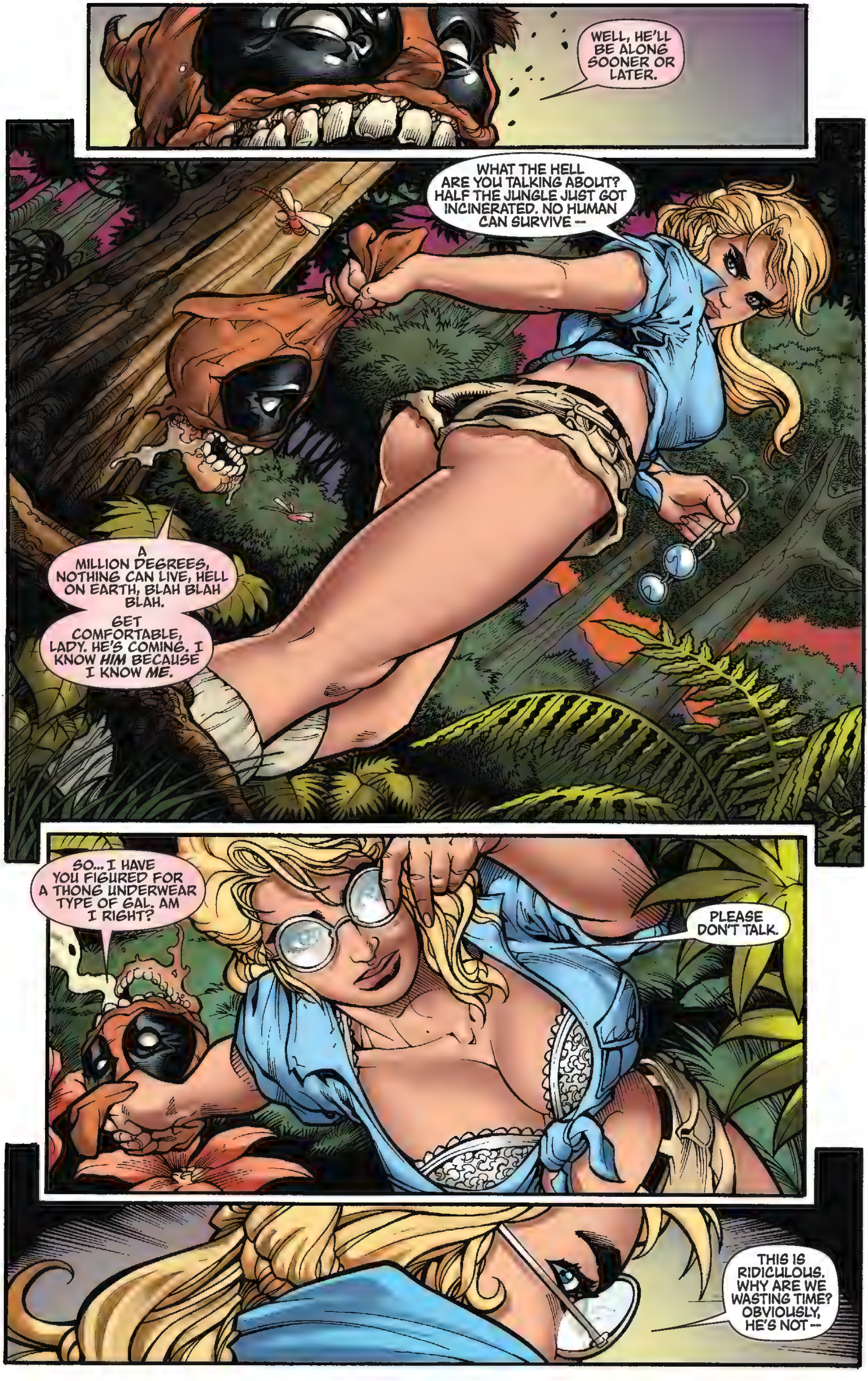

PERSISTENT, ISN'T HE?
He won't be able to follow through this thick undergrowth.
SMASH!
ANY OTHER BRILLIANT OBSERVATIONS?
Suck it, other voice.
YOU'RE THE OTHER VOICE, IDIOT.
CHOMMPP!
GUYS. FOCUS.

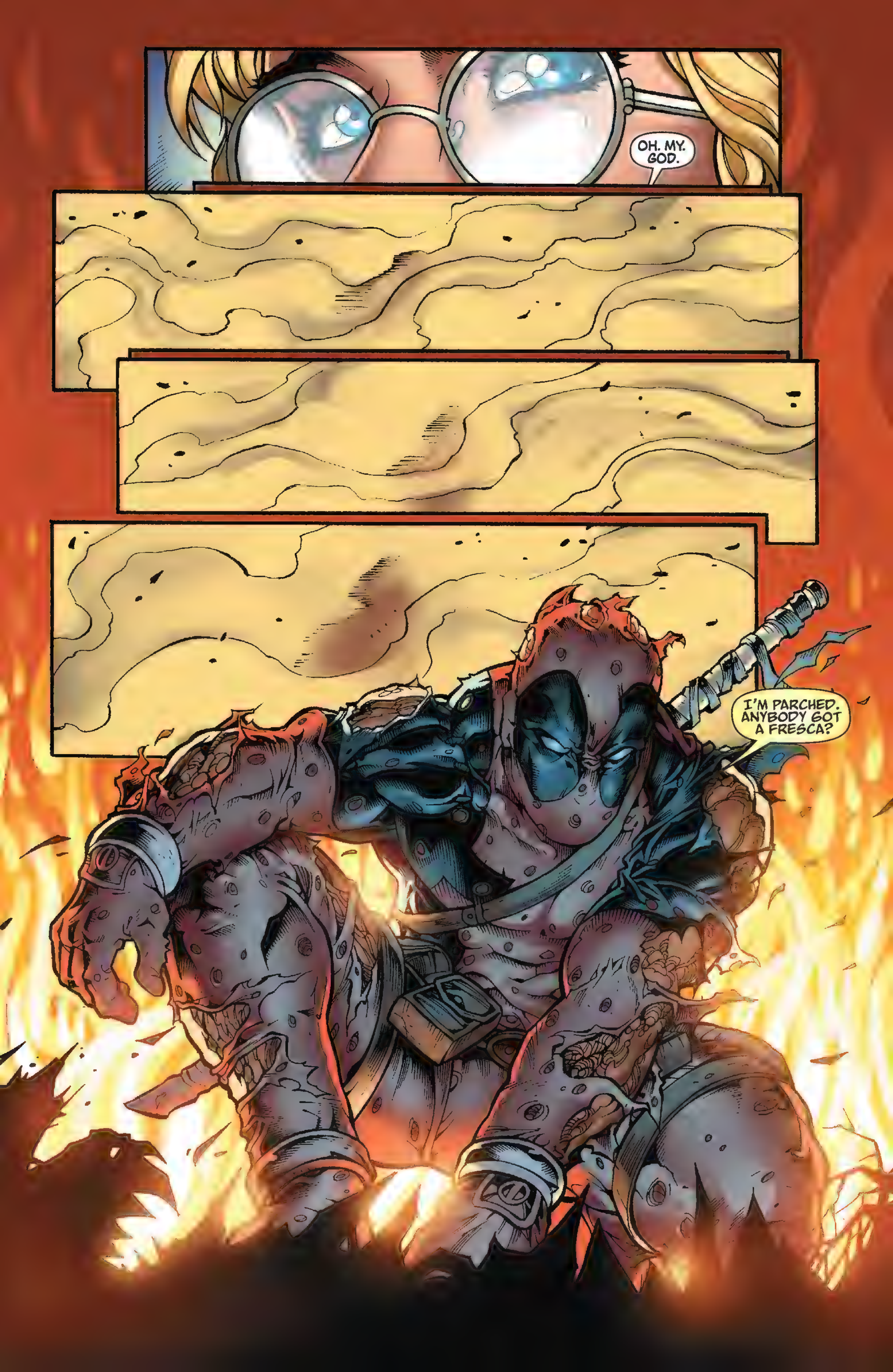

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
HEY, IT'S BLINKING.
Don't stop running!
BUT WHAT COULD IT MEAN? IS IT AN ALARM? DOES DR. BETTY HAVE A SOUFFLÉ IN THE OVEN? WHAT IF SHE NEEDS TO TAKE A PILL? WHAT IF SHE NEEDS TO TAKE HER BIRTH CONTROL PILL? WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE IT'S TOO --
Behind you, pinhead.

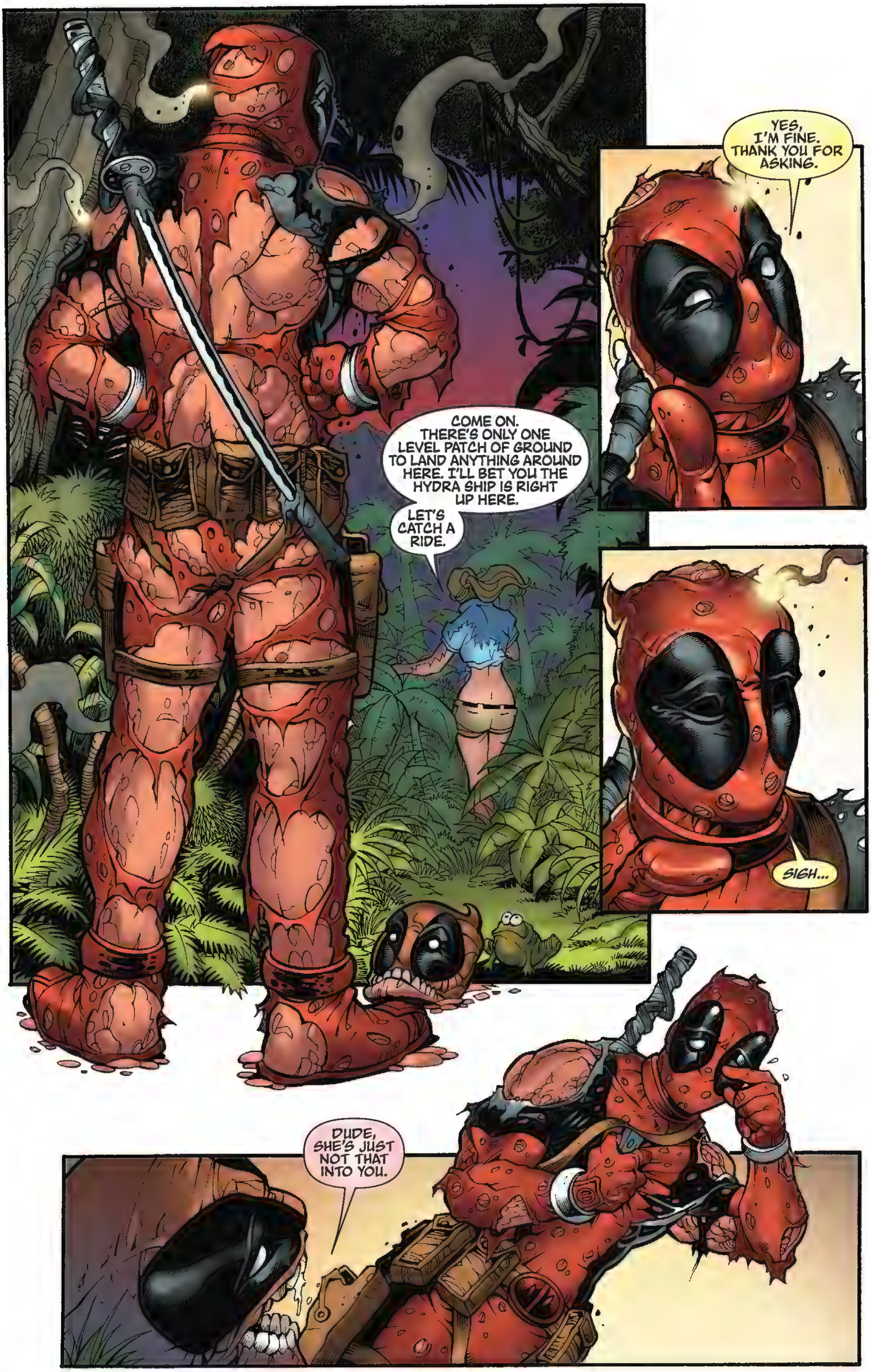

KRUNNCH!
I THINK THERE MIGHT BE ONE SMALL BONE IN MY LEFT FOOT THAT ISN'T BROKEN.
HEY... WHAT'S THAT... IN... THE SKY?

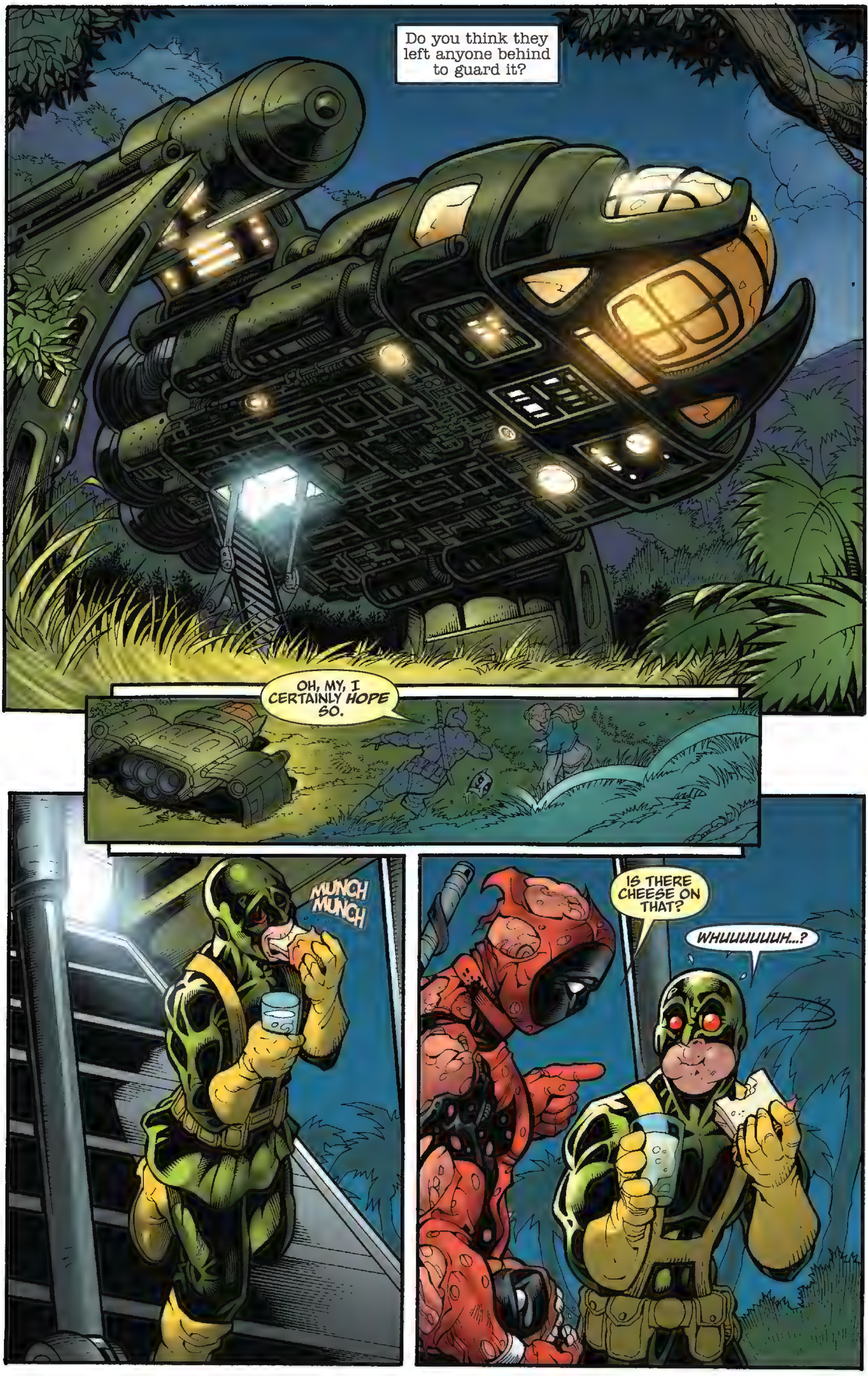

RURRRRRR?
KA-BLOOMM!

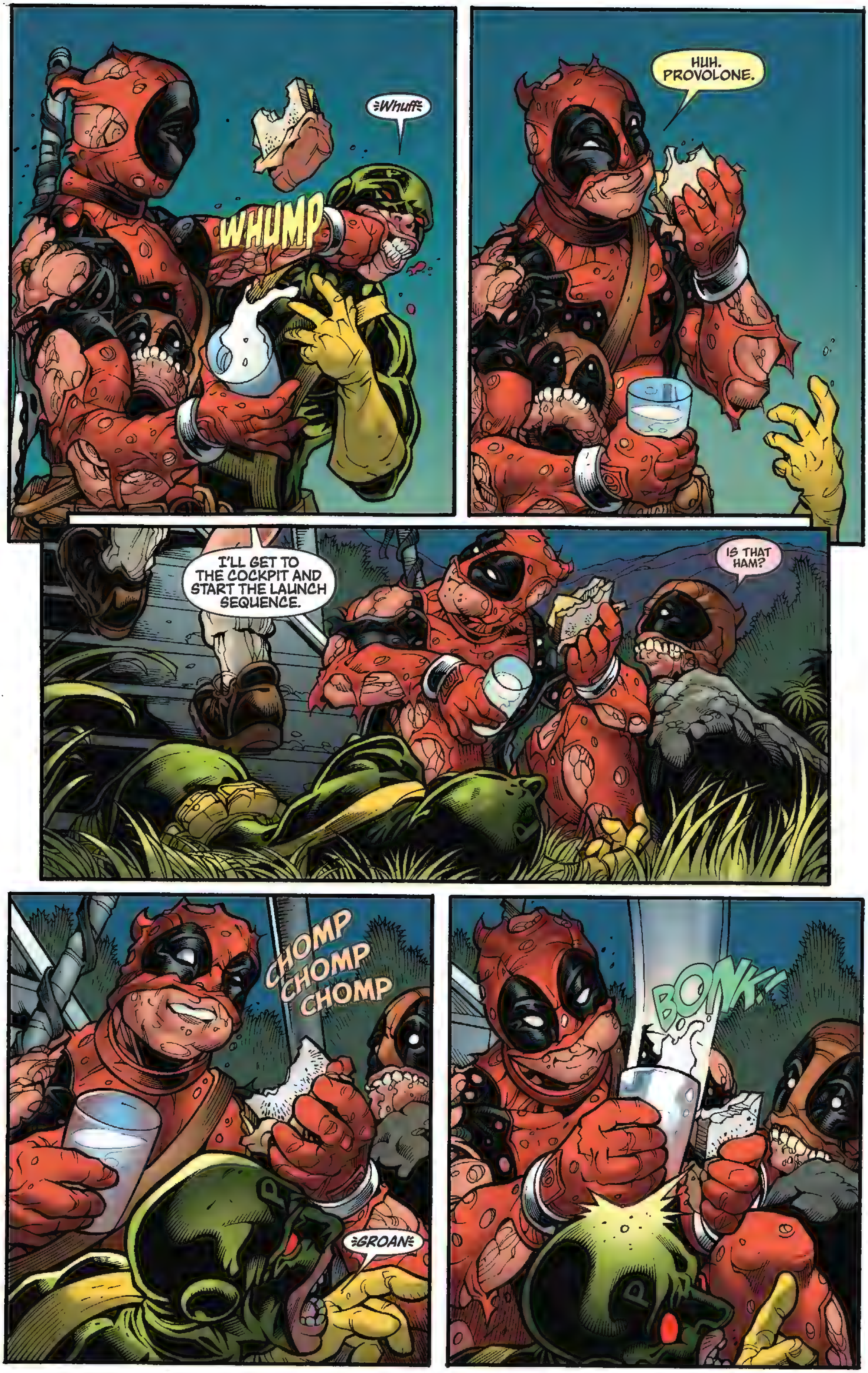

WHOA.
GET A LOAD OF THAT.
GENTLEMEN, IF THE AREA IS UNDER FIRE, THEN IT'S TIME FOR AN EVAC. LET'S GET TO THE SHIP. FAST.
UH-OH.

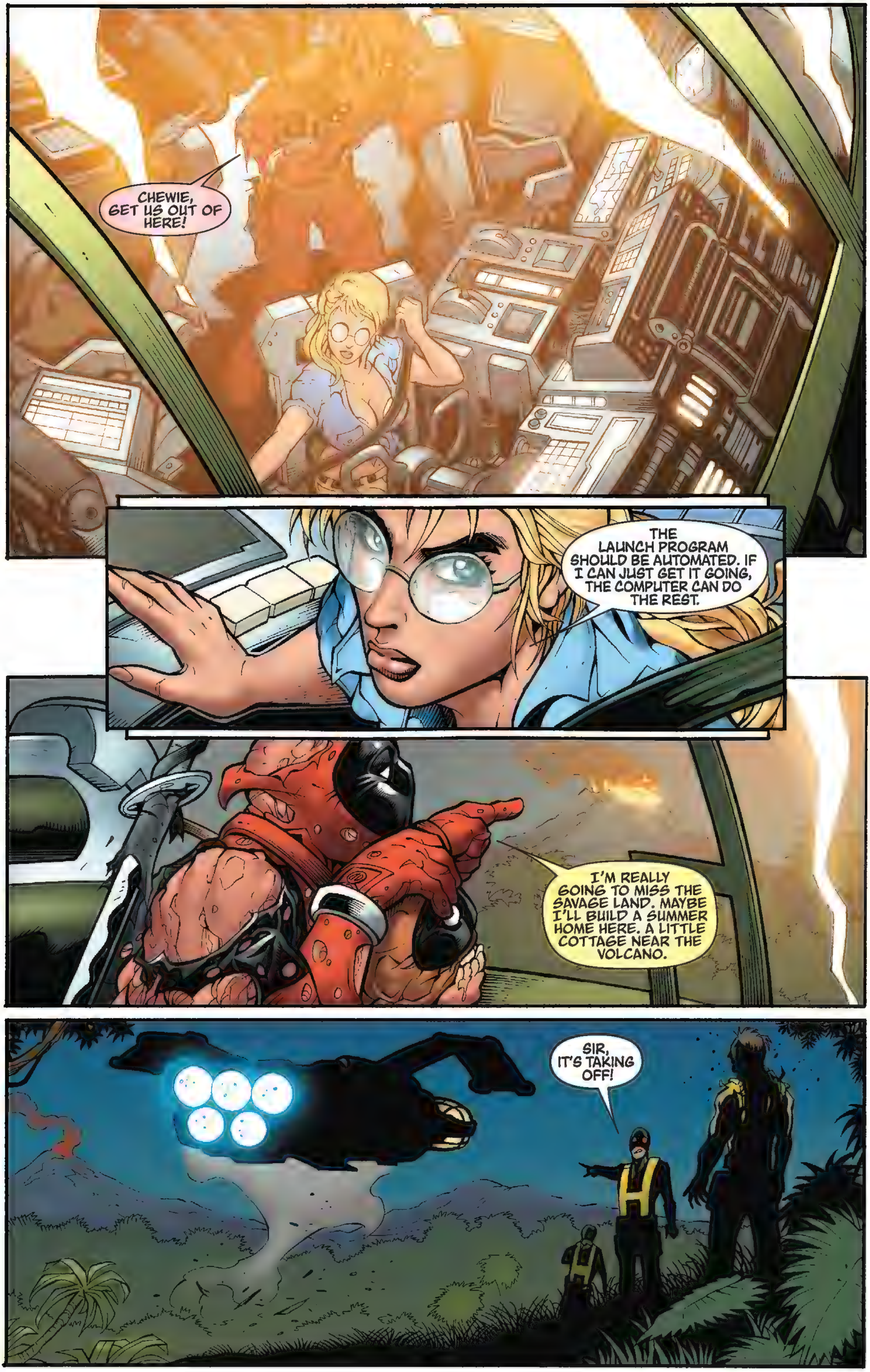

WELL, HE'LL BE ALONG SOONER OR LATER.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HALF THE JUNGLE JUST GOT INCINERATED. NO HUMAN CAN SURVIVE --
A MILLION DEGREES, NOTHING CAN LIVE, HELL ON EARTH, BLAH BLAH BLAH.
GET COMFORTABLE, LADY. HE'S COMING. I KNOW *HIM* BECAUSE I KNOW *ME*.
SO... I HAVE YOU FIGURED FOR A THONG UNDERWEAR TYPE OF GAL. AM I RIGHT?
PLEASE DON'T TALK.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME? OBVIOUSLY, HE'S NOT --

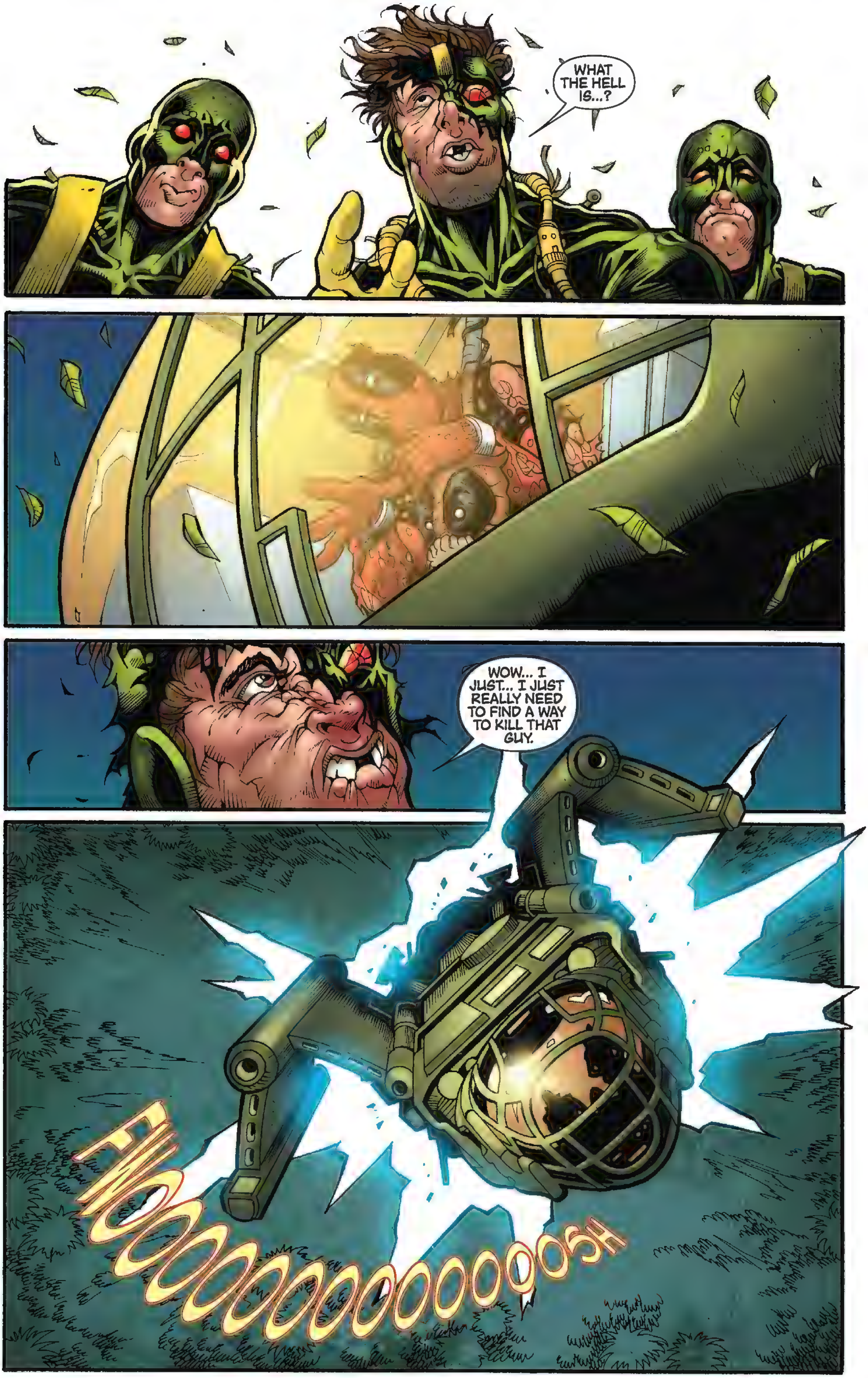

OH. MY. GOD.
I'M PARCHED. ANYBODY GOT A FRESCA?

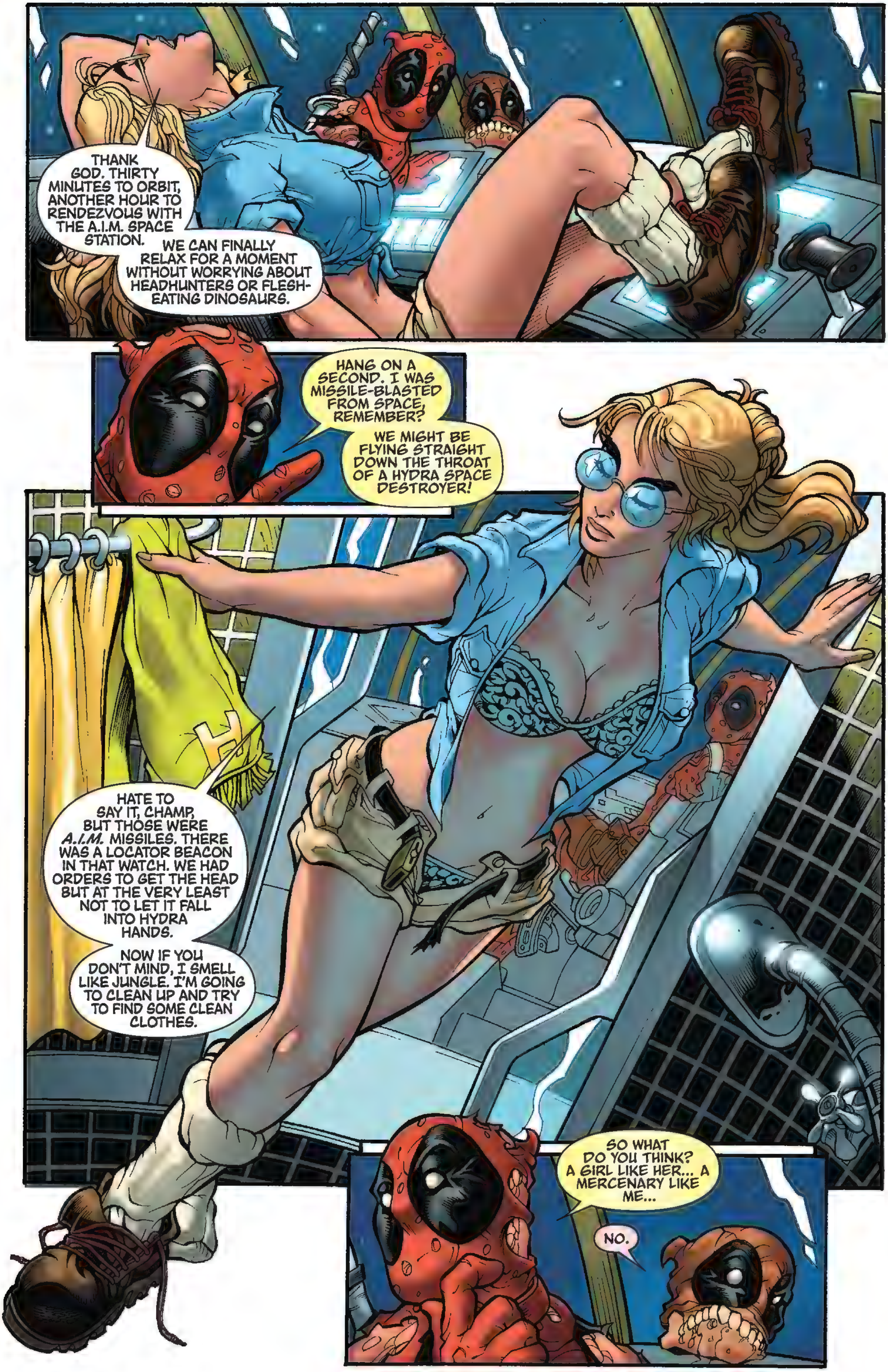

COME ON. THERE'S ONLY ONE LEVEL PATCH OF GROUND TO LAND ANYTHING AROUND HERE. I'LL BET YOU THE HYDRA SHIP IS RIGHT UP HERE.
LET'S CATCH A RIDE.
YES, I'M FINE. THANK YOU FOR ASKING.
SIGH...
DUDE, SHE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU.

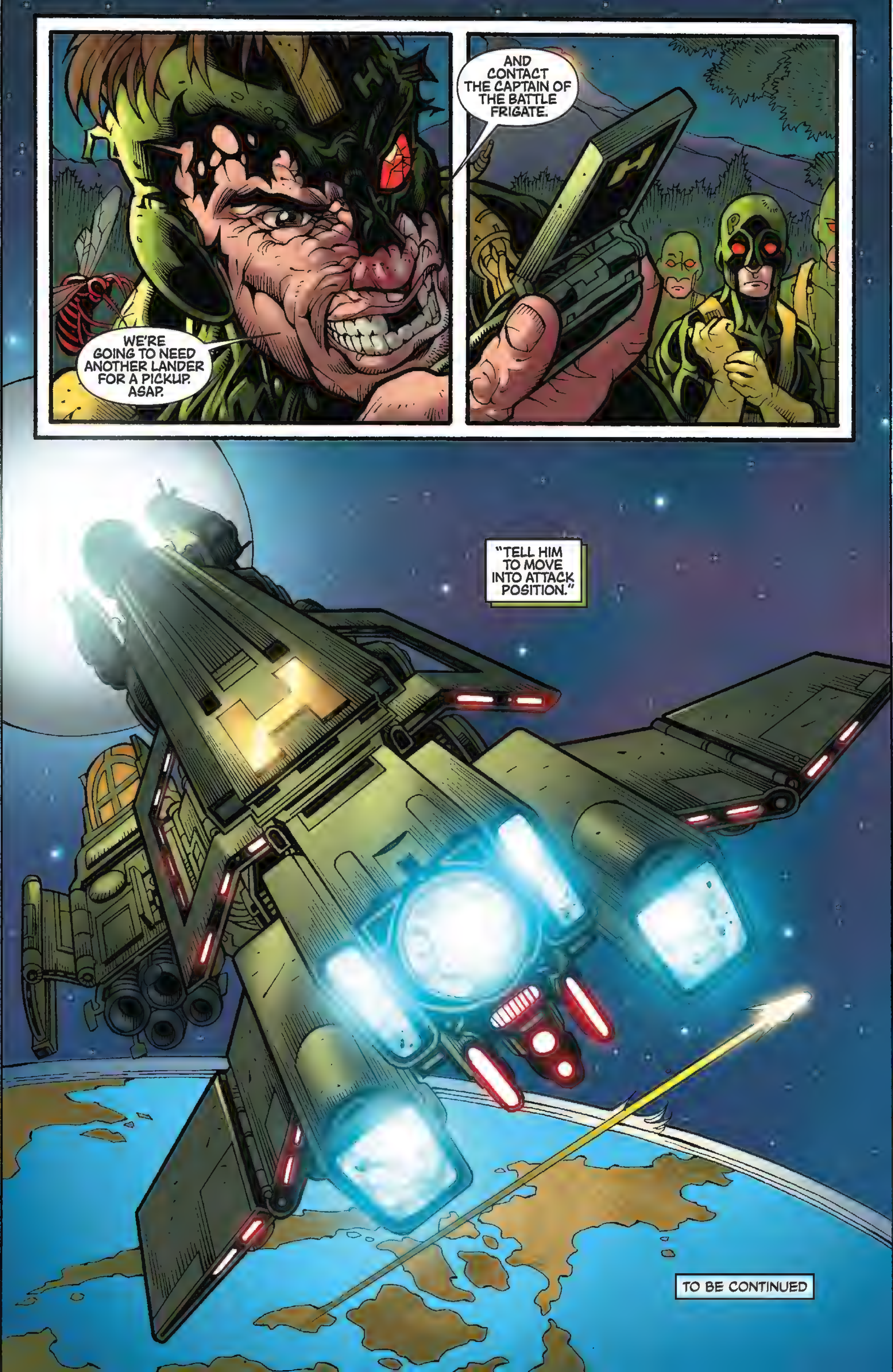

Do you think they left anyone behind to guard it?
OH, MY, I CERTAINLY *HOPE* SO.
MUNCH MUNCH
IS THERE CHEESE ON THAT?
WHUUUUUUH...?

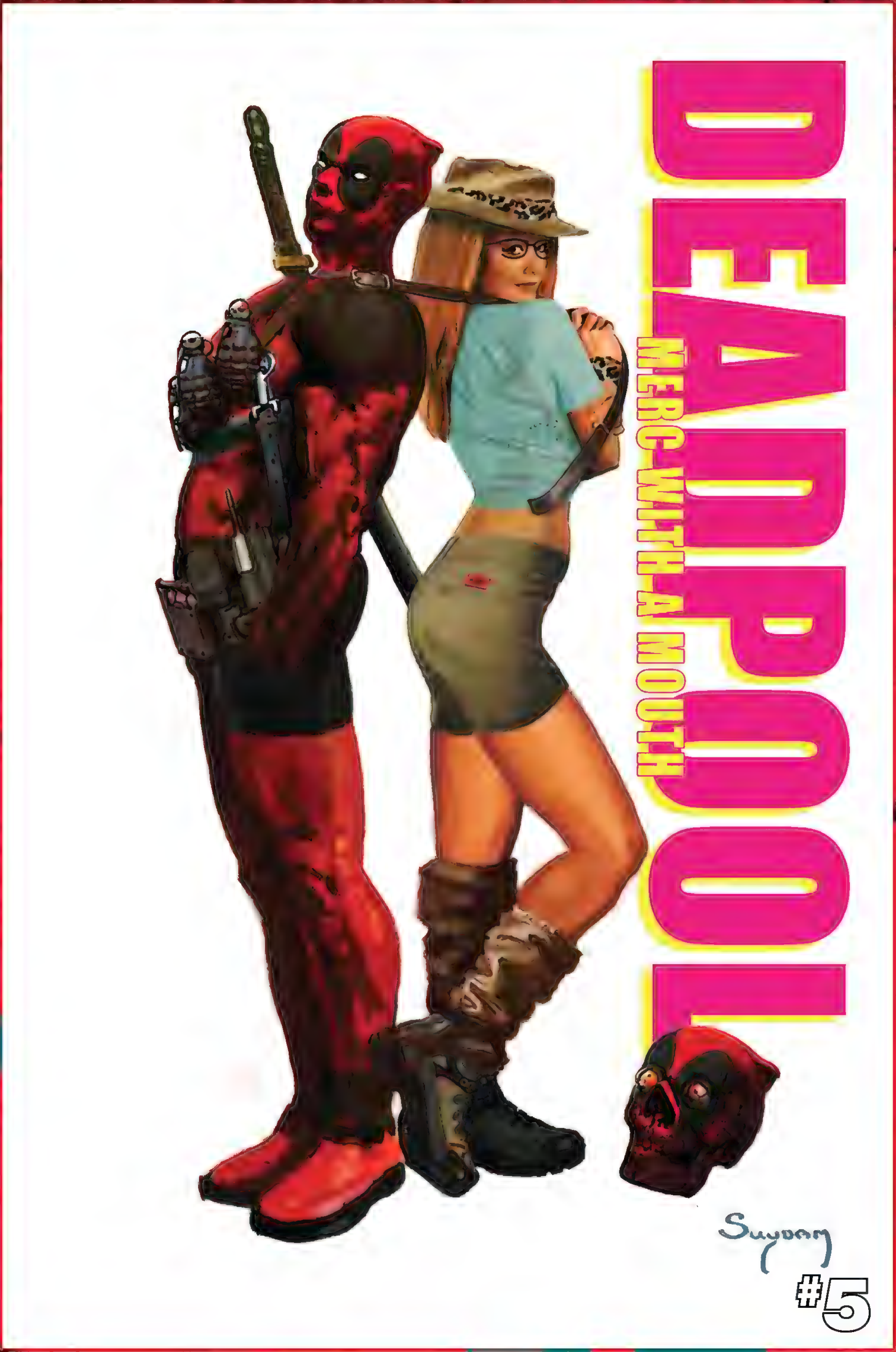

Whuff
WHUMP
HUH. PROVOLONE.
I'LL GET TO THE COCKPIT AND START THE LAUNCH SEQUENCE.
IS THAT HAM?
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
GROAN
BONK!


CHEWIE, GET US OUT OF HERE!
THE LAUNCH PROGRAM SHOULD BE AUTOMATED. IF I CAN JUST GET IT GOING, THE COMPUTER CAN DO THE REST.
I'M REALLY GOING TO MISS THE SAVAGE LAND. MAYBE I'LL BUILD A SUMMER HOME HERE. A LITTLE COTTAGE NEAR THE VOLCANO.
SIR, IT'S TAKING OFF!


WHAT THE HELL IS...?
WOW... I JUST... I JUST REALLY NEED TO FIND A WAY TO KILL THAT GUY.
FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH


THANK GOD. THIRTY MINUTES TO ORBIT, ANOTHER HOUR TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE A.I.M. SPACE STATION.
WE CAN FINALLY RELAX FOR A MOMENT WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT HEADHUNTERS OR FLESH-EATING DINOSAURS.
HANG ON A SECOND. I WAS MISSILE-BLASTED FROM SPACE, REMEMBER?
WE MIGHT BE FLYING STRAIGHT DOWN THE THROAT OF A HYDRA SPACE DESTROYER!
HATE TO SAY IT, CHAMP, BUT THOSE WERE *A.I.M.* MISSILES. THERE WAS A LOCATOR BEACON IN THAT WATCH. WE HAD ORDERS TO GET THE HEAD BUT AT THE VERY LEAST NOT TO LET IT FALL INTO HYDRA HANDS.
NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I SMELL LIKE JUNGLE. I'M GOING TO CLEAN UP AND TRY TO FIND SOME CLEAN CLOTHES.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? A GIRL LIKE HER... A MERCENARY LIKE ME...
NO.


WE'RE GOING TO NEED ANOTHER LANDER FOR A PICKUP. ASAP.
AND CONTACT THE CAPTAIN OF THE BATTLE FRIGATE.
"TELL HIM TO MOVE INTO ATTACK POSITION."
TO BE CONTINUED


DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Suydam
#5

DEADPOOL

MERC WITH A MOUTH

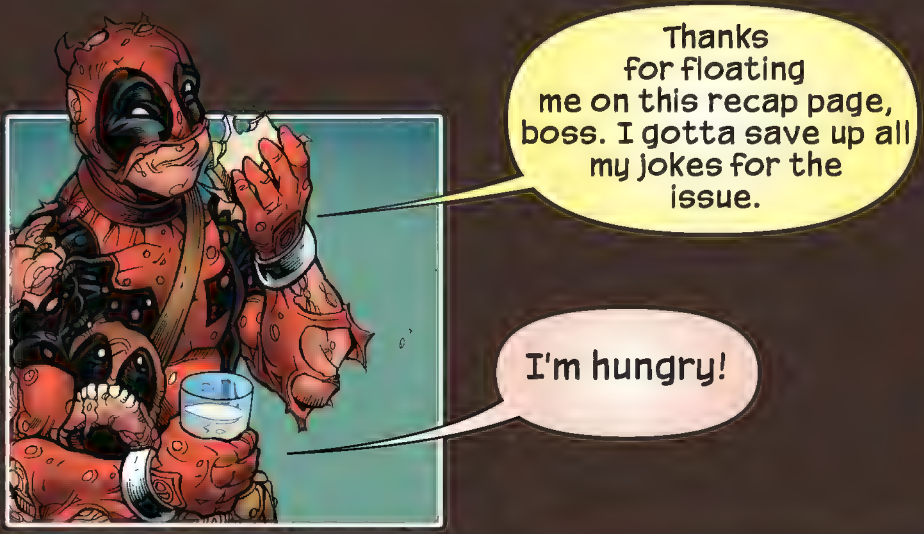
Boring ol' recap page

The mercenary Deadpool has been hired by the evil organization A.I.M to find a secret bioweapon in the Savage Land.

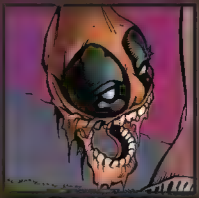
Deadpool and Dr. Betty Swanson, his A.I.M. contact, find the weapon. It turns out to be Deadpool's own zombified head, which came from an alternate dimension.

Pursued by Cavemen, Dinosaurs and agents of HYDRA, who want to claim the head for their own nefarious purpose, Deadpool, Dr. Betty and the Head make their way through the jungle and steal a HYDRA spaceship to return to the A.I.M. mothership orbiting Earth.

Little do they know that a HYDRA Battle Frigate is waiting to intercept them.

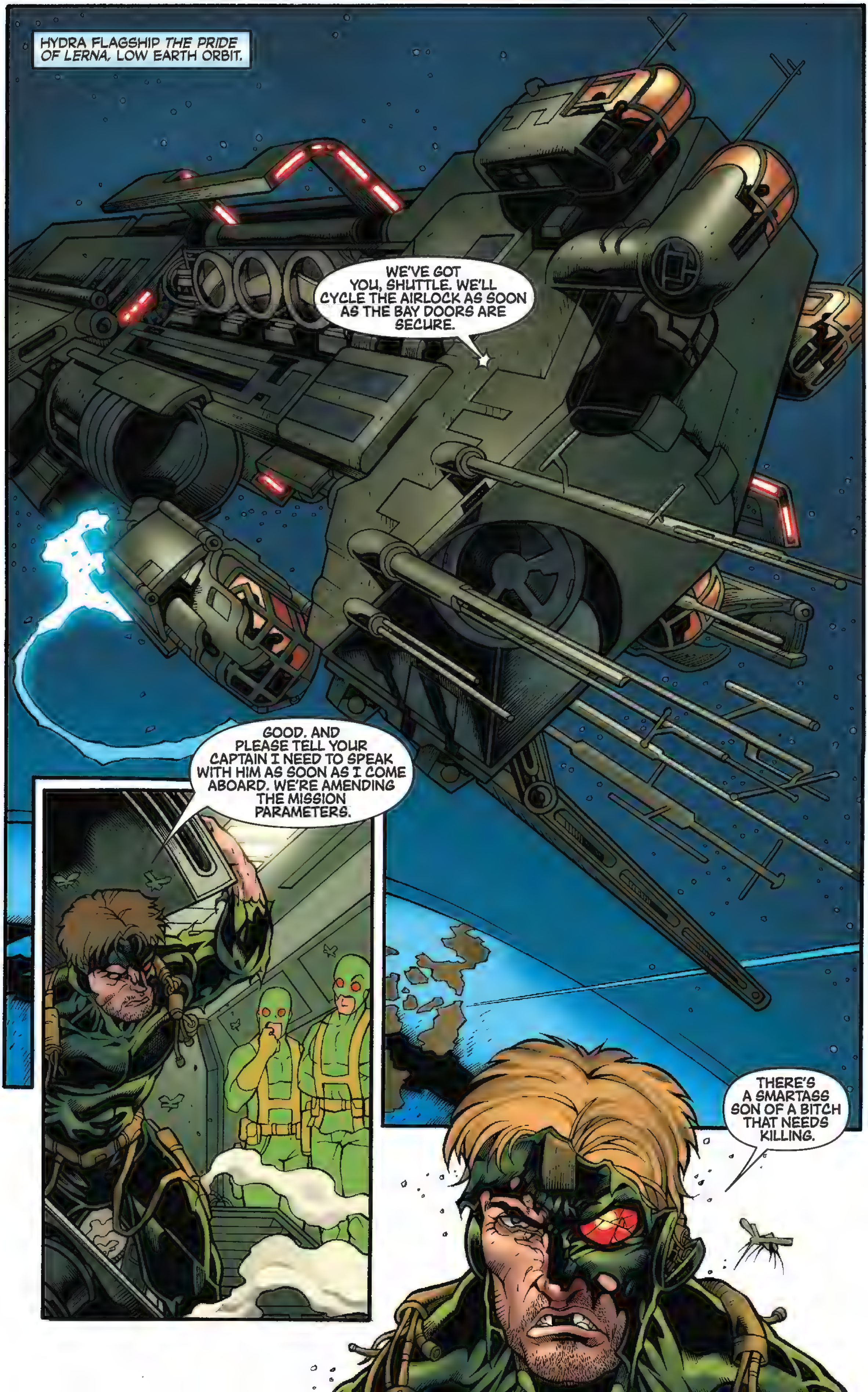

Thanks for floating me on this recap page, boss. I gotta save up all my jokes for the issue.
I'm hungry!

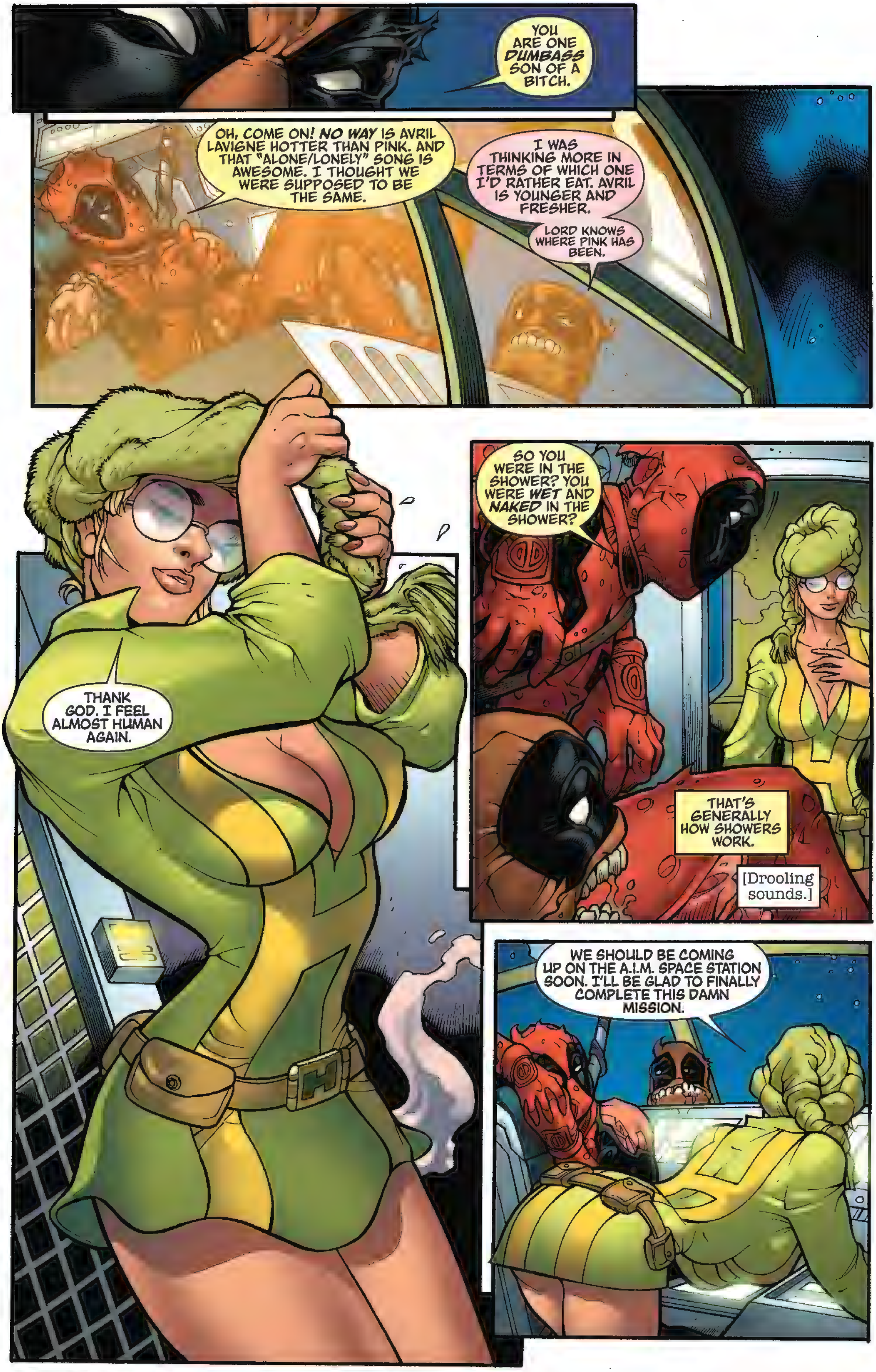
DEADPOOL
very insane

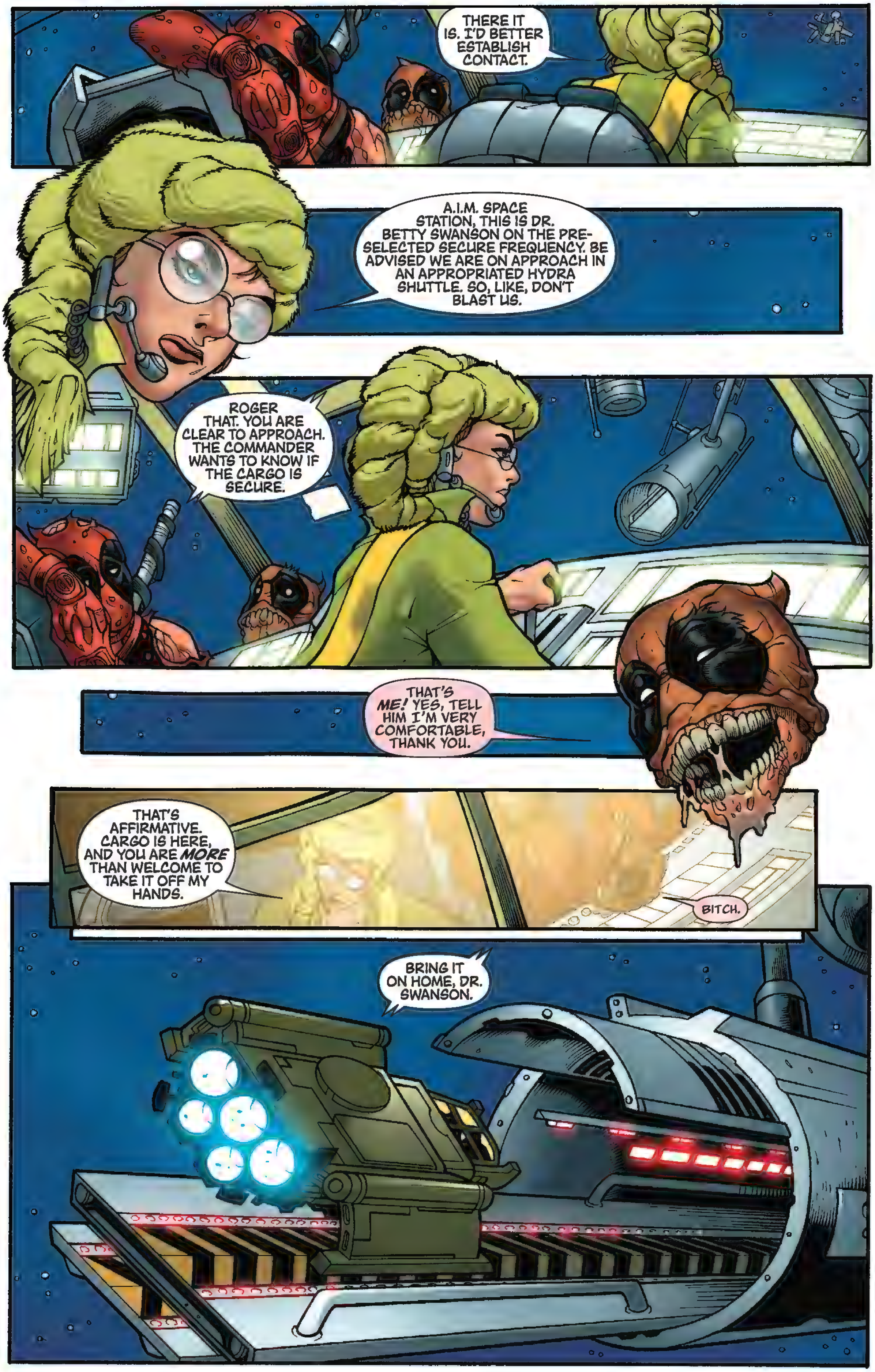

ZOMBIE DEADPOOL
very hungry

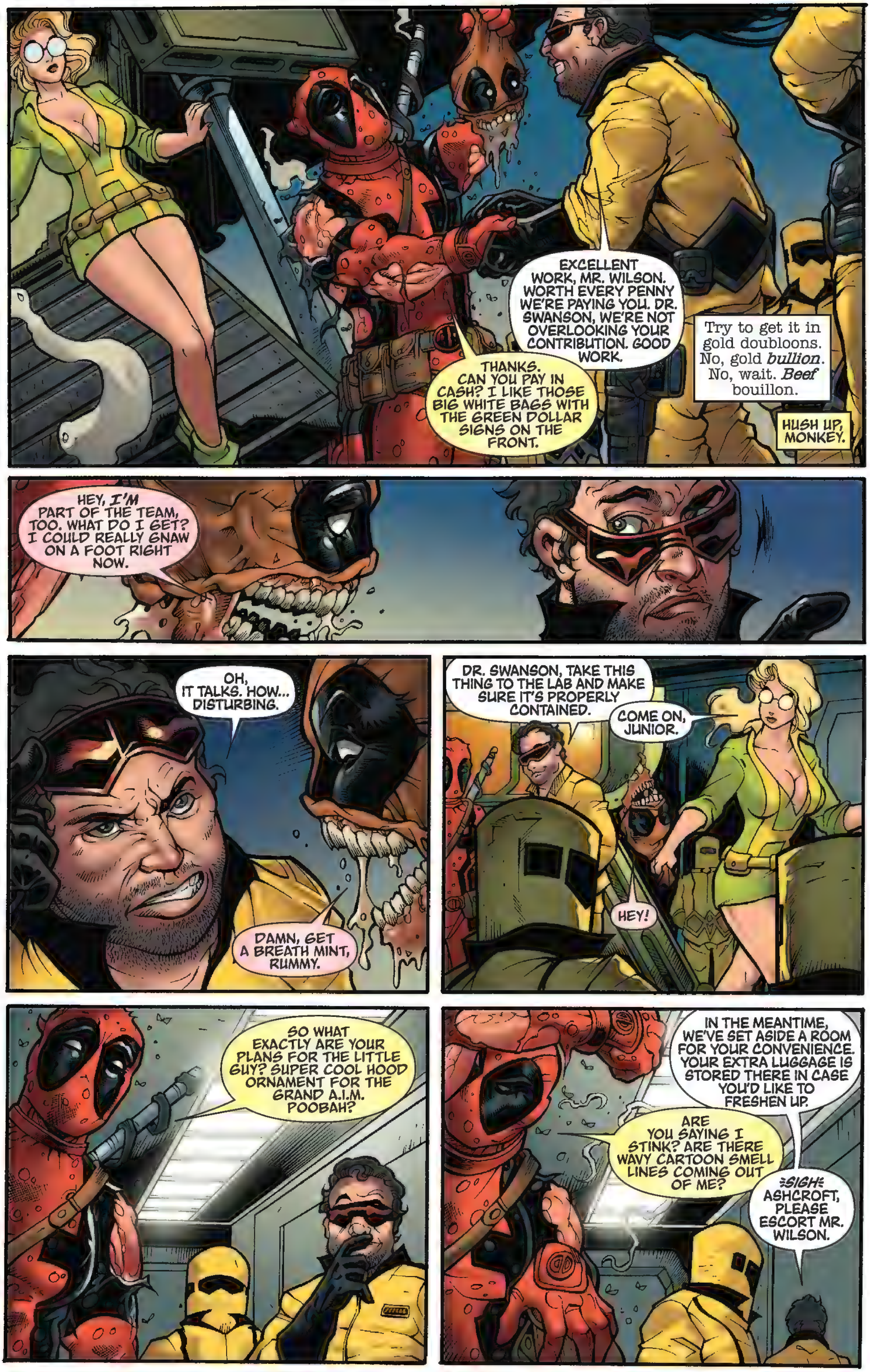
DR. BETTY
very hot

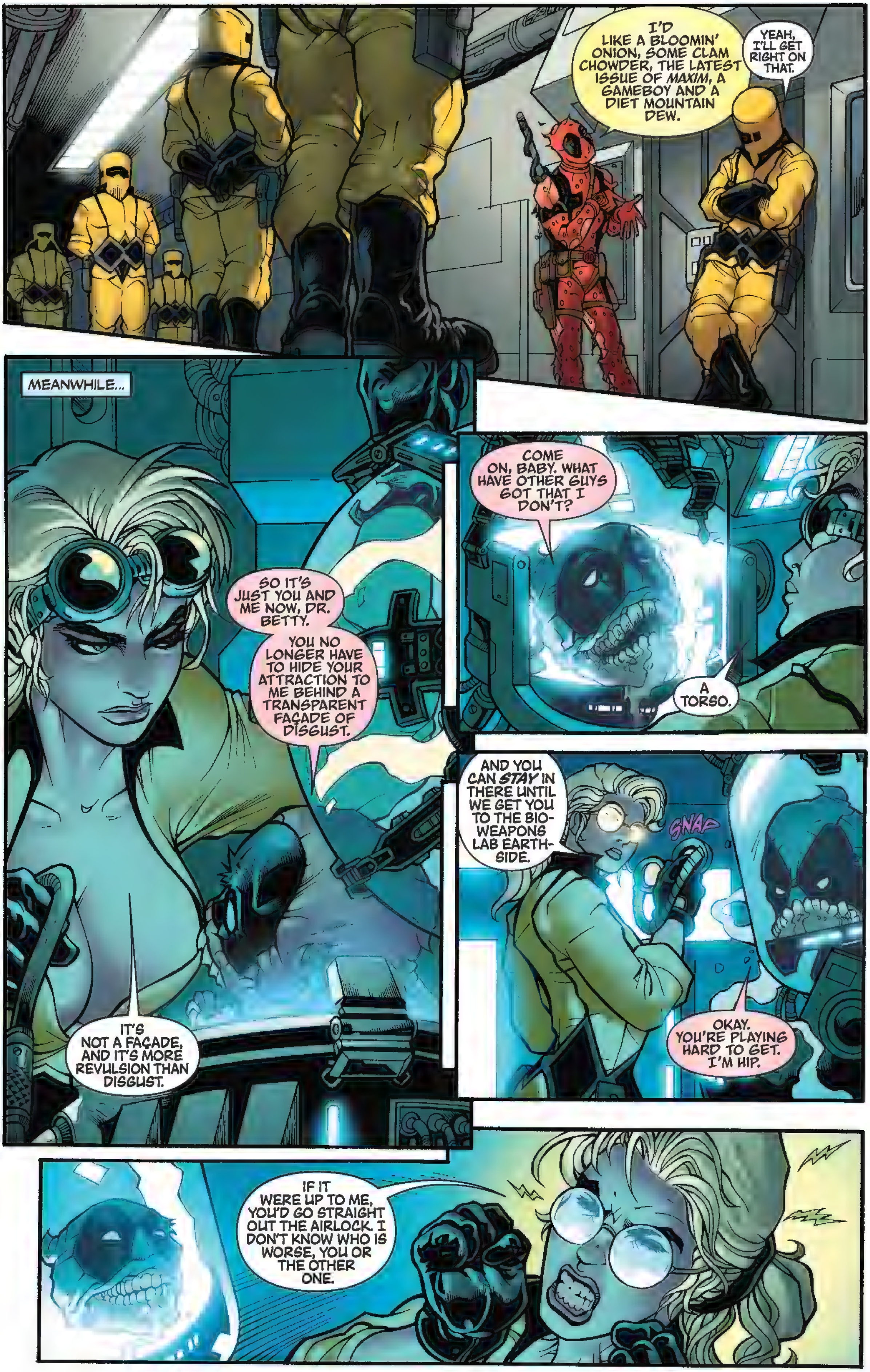
HYDRA
very colorful

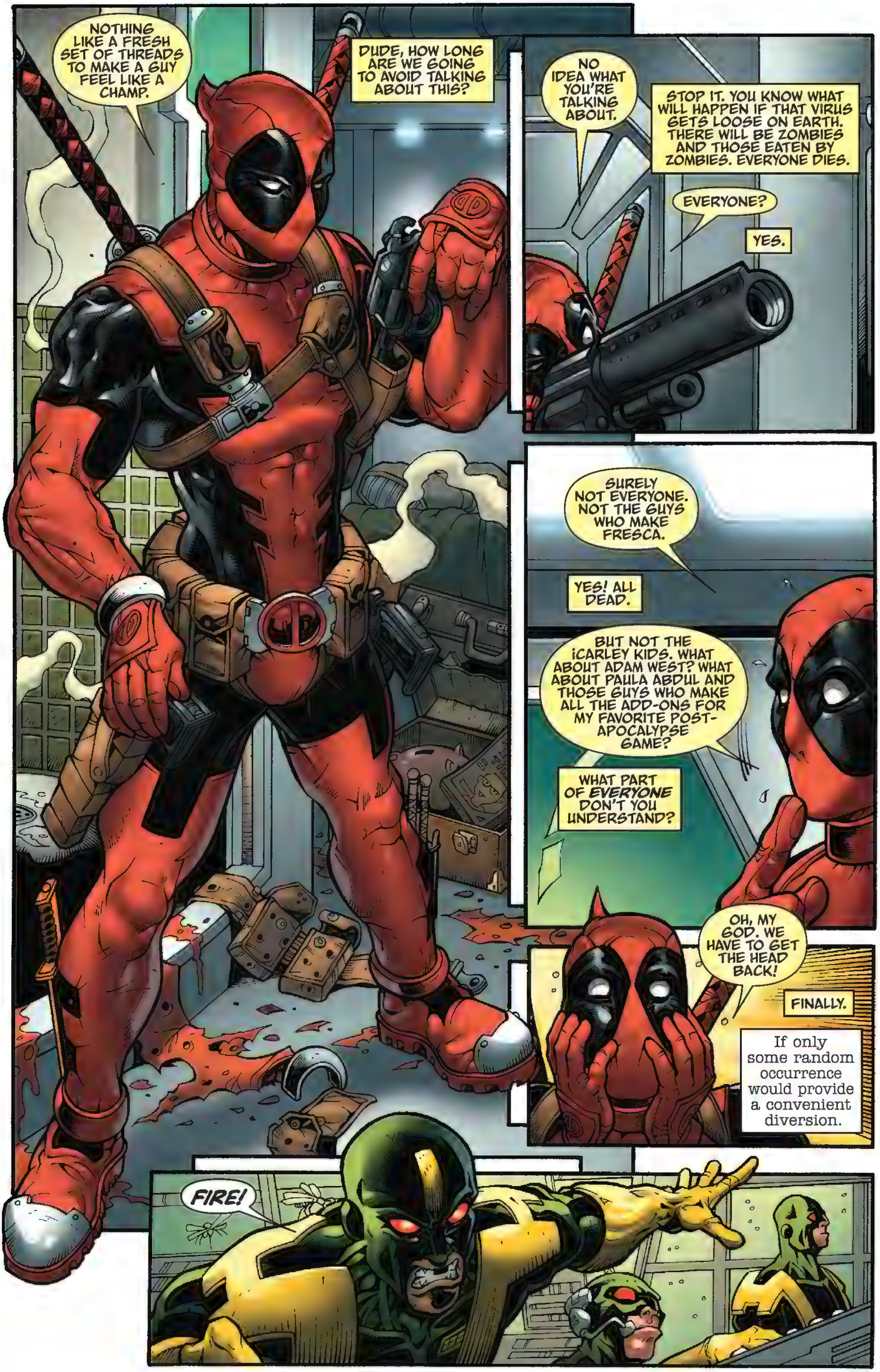

HYDRA FLAGSHIP *THE PRIDE OF LERNA*, LOW EARTH ORBIT.
WE'VE GOT YOU, SHUTTLE. WE'LL CYCLE THE AIRLOCK AS SOON AS THE BAY DOORS ARE SECURE.
GOOD. AND PLEASE TELL YOUR CAPTAIN I NEED TO SPEAK WITH HIM AS SOON AS I COME ABOARD. WE'RE AMENDING THE MISSION PARAMETERS.
THERE'S A SMARTASS SON OF A BITCH THAT NEEDS KILLING.

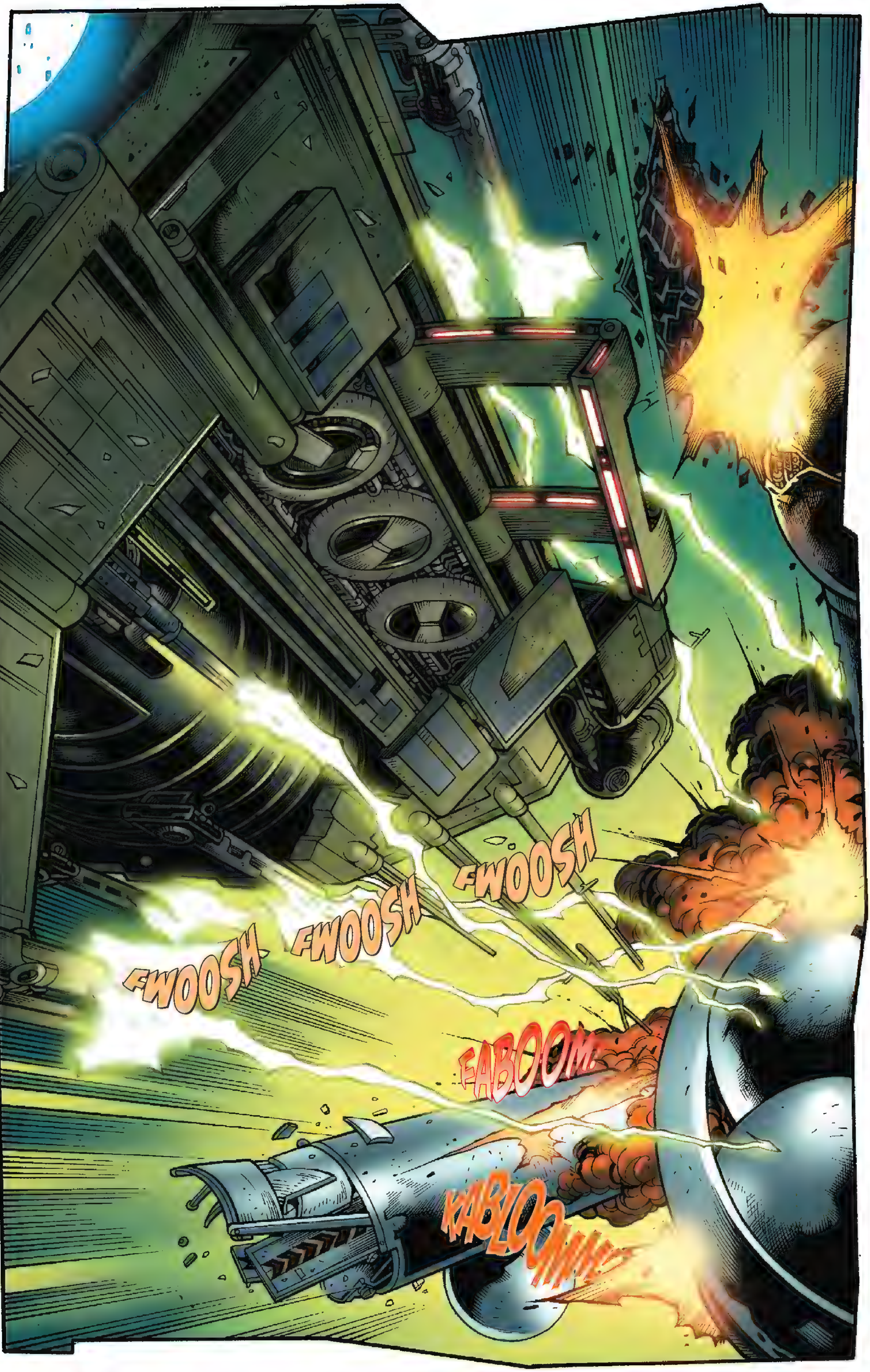

YOU ARE ONE *DUMBASS* SON OF A BITCH.
OH, COME ON! *NO WAY* IS AVRIL LAVIGNE HOTTER THAN PINK. AND THAT "ALONE/LONELY" SONG IS AWESOME. I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SAME.
I WAS THINKING MORE IN TERMS OF WHICH ONE I'D RATHER EAT. AVRIL IS YOUNGER AND FRESHER.
LORD KNOWS WHERE PINK HAS BEEN.
THANK GOD. I FEEL ALMOST HUMAN AGAIN.
SO YOU WERE IN THE SHOWER? YOU WERE *WET* AND *NAKED* IN THE SHOWER?
THAT'S GENERALLY HOW SHOWERS WORK.
[Drooling sounds.]
WE SHOULD BE COMING UP ON THE A.I.M. SPACE STATION SOON. I'LL BE GLAD TO FINALLY COMPLETE THIS DAMN MISSION.

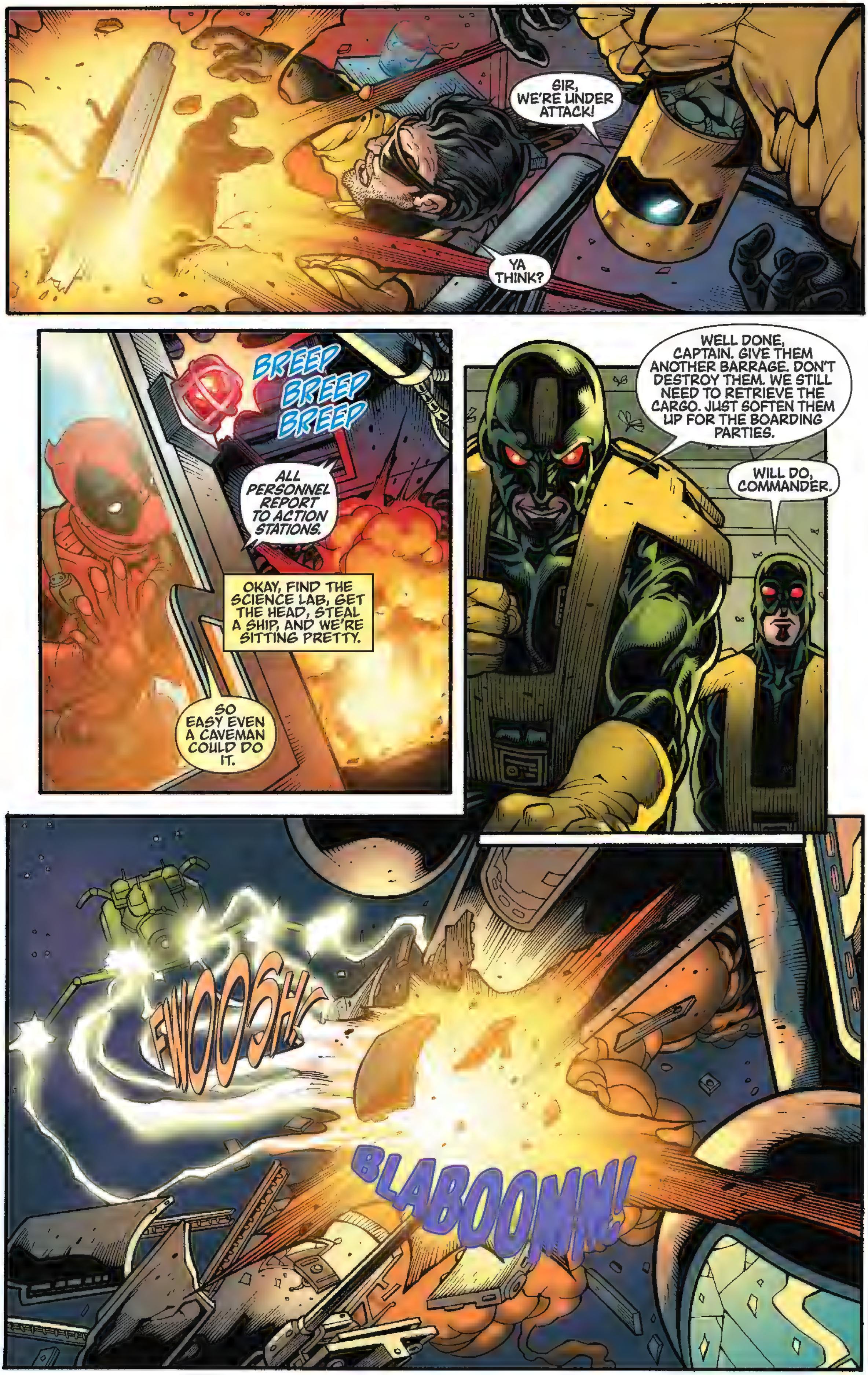

THERE IT IS. I'D BETTER ESTABLISH CONTACT.
A.I.M. SPACE STATION, THIS IS DR. BETTY SWANSON ON THE PRE-SELECTED SECURE FREQUENCY. BE ADVISED WE ARE ON APPROACH IN AN APPROPRIATED HYDRA SHUTTLE. SO, LIKE, DON'T BLAST US.
ROGER THAT. YOU ARE CLEAR TO APPROACH. THE COMMANDER WANTS TO KNOW IF THE CARGO IS SECURE.
THAT'S *ME!* YES, TELL HIM I'M VERY COMFORTABLE, THANK YOU.
THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE. CARGO IS HERE, AND YOU ARE *MORE* THAN WELCOME TO TAKE IT OFF MY HANDS.
BITCH.
BRING IT ON HOME, DR. SWANSON.

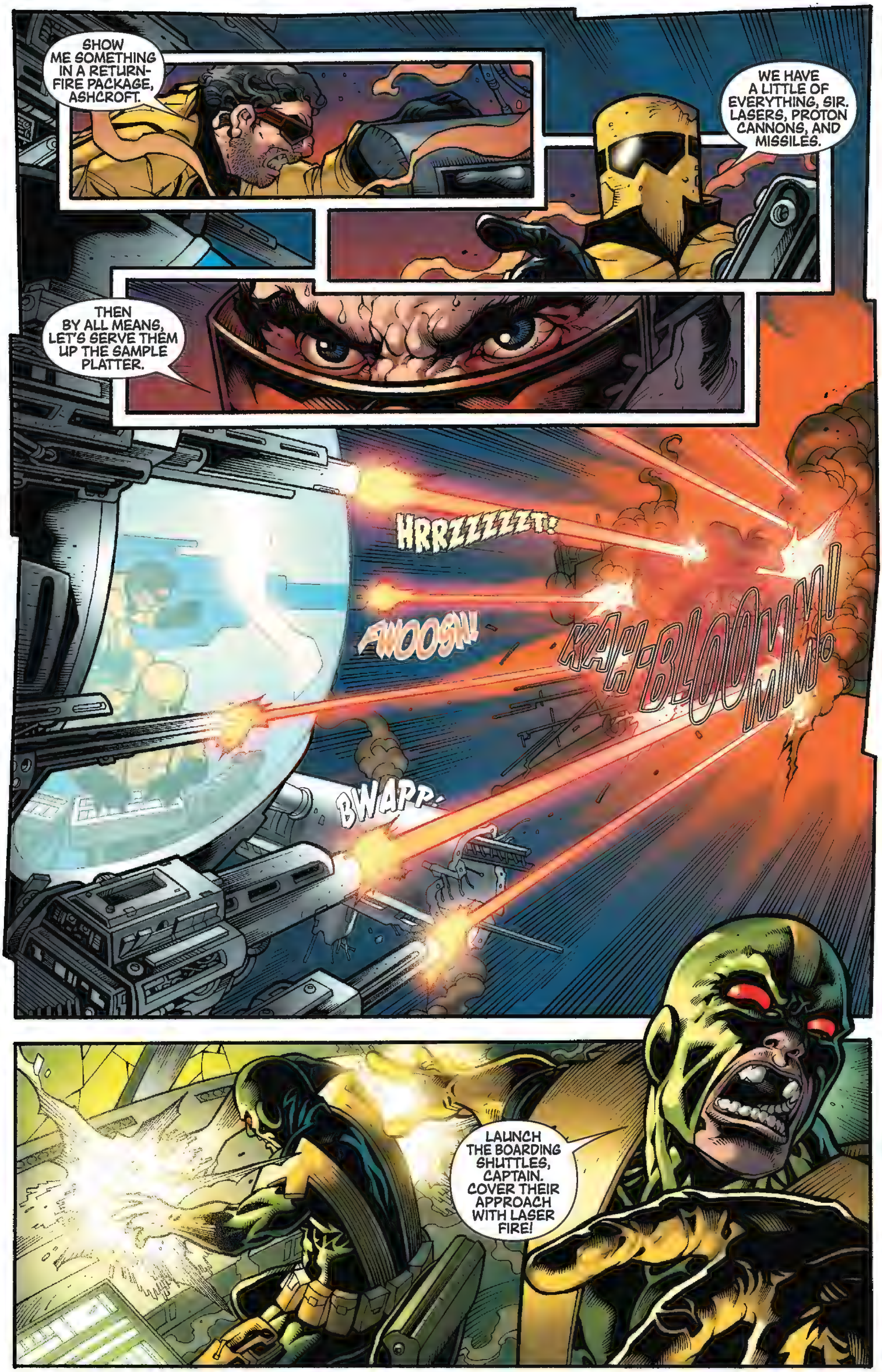

EXCELLENT WORK, MR. WILSON. WORTH EVERY PENNY WE'RE PAYING YOU. DR. SWANSON, WE'RE NOT OVERLOOKING YOUR CONTRIBUTION. GOOD WORK.
THANKS. CAN YOU PAY IN CASH? I LIKE THOSE BIG WHITE BAGS WITH THE GREEN DOLLAR SIGNS ON THE FRONT.
Try to get it in gold doubloons. No, gold *bullion*. No, wait. *Beef* bouillon.
HUSH UP, MONKEY.
HEY, *I'M* PART OF THE TEAM, TOO. WHAT DO I GET? I COULD REALLY GNAW ON A FOOT RIGHT NOW.
OH, IT TALKS. HOW... DISTURBING.
DAMN, GET A BREATH MINT, RUMMY.
DR. SWANSON, TAKE THIS THING TO THE LAB AND MAKE SURE IT'S PROPERLY CONTAINED.
COME ON, JUNIOR.
HEY!
SO WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE LITTLE GUY? SUPER COOL HOOD ORNAMENT FOR THE GRAND A.I.M. POOBAH?
IN THE MEANTIME, WE'VE SET ASIDE A ROOM FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. YOUR EXTRA LUGGAGE IS STORED THERE IN CASE YOU'D LIKE TO FRESHEN UP.
ARE YOU SAYING I STINK? ARE THERE WAVY CARTOON SMELL LINES COMING OUT OF ME?
SIGH ASHCROFT, PLEASE ESCORT MR. WILSON.

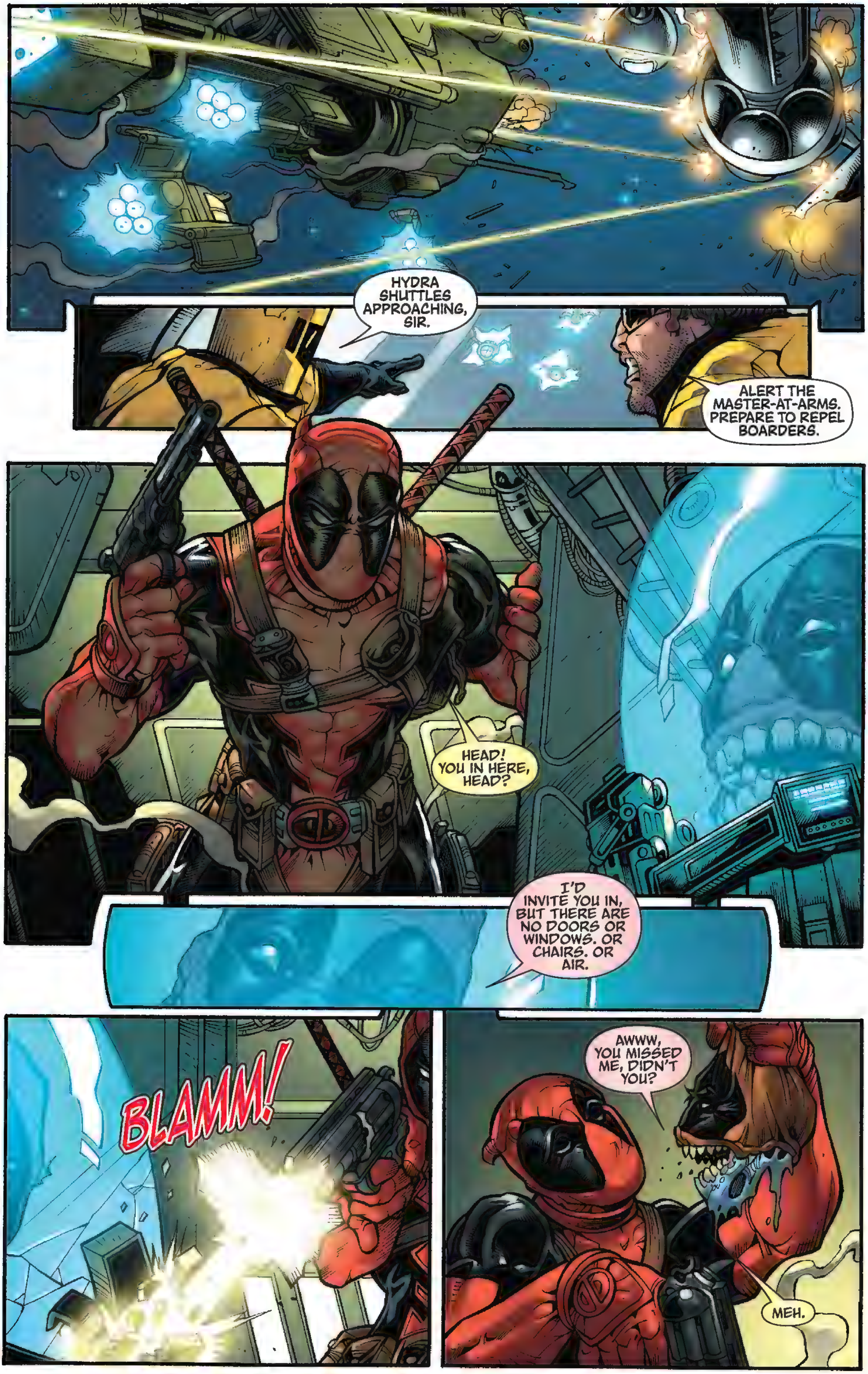

I'D LIKE A BLOOMIN' ONION, SOME CLAM CHOWDER, THE LATEST ISSUE OF *MAXIM*, A GAMEBOY AND A DIET MOUNTAIN DEW.
YEAH, I'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT.
MEANWHILE...
SO IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, DR. BETTY.
YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO HIDE YOUR ATTRACTION TO ME BEHIND A TRANSPARENT FAÇADE OF DISGUST.
IT'S NOT A FAÇADE, AND IT'S MORE REVULSION THAN DISGUST.
COME ON, BABY. WHAT HAVE OTHER GUYS GOT THAT I DON'T?
A TORSO.
AND YOU CAN *STAY* IN THERE UNTIL WE GET YOU TO THE BIOWEAPONS LAB EARTHSIDE.
SNAP
OKAY. YOU'RE PLAYING HARD TO GET. I'M HIP.
IF IT WERE UP TO ME, YOU'D GO STRAIGHT OUT THE AIRLOCK. I DON'T KNOW WHO IS WORSE, YOU OR THE OTHER ONE.

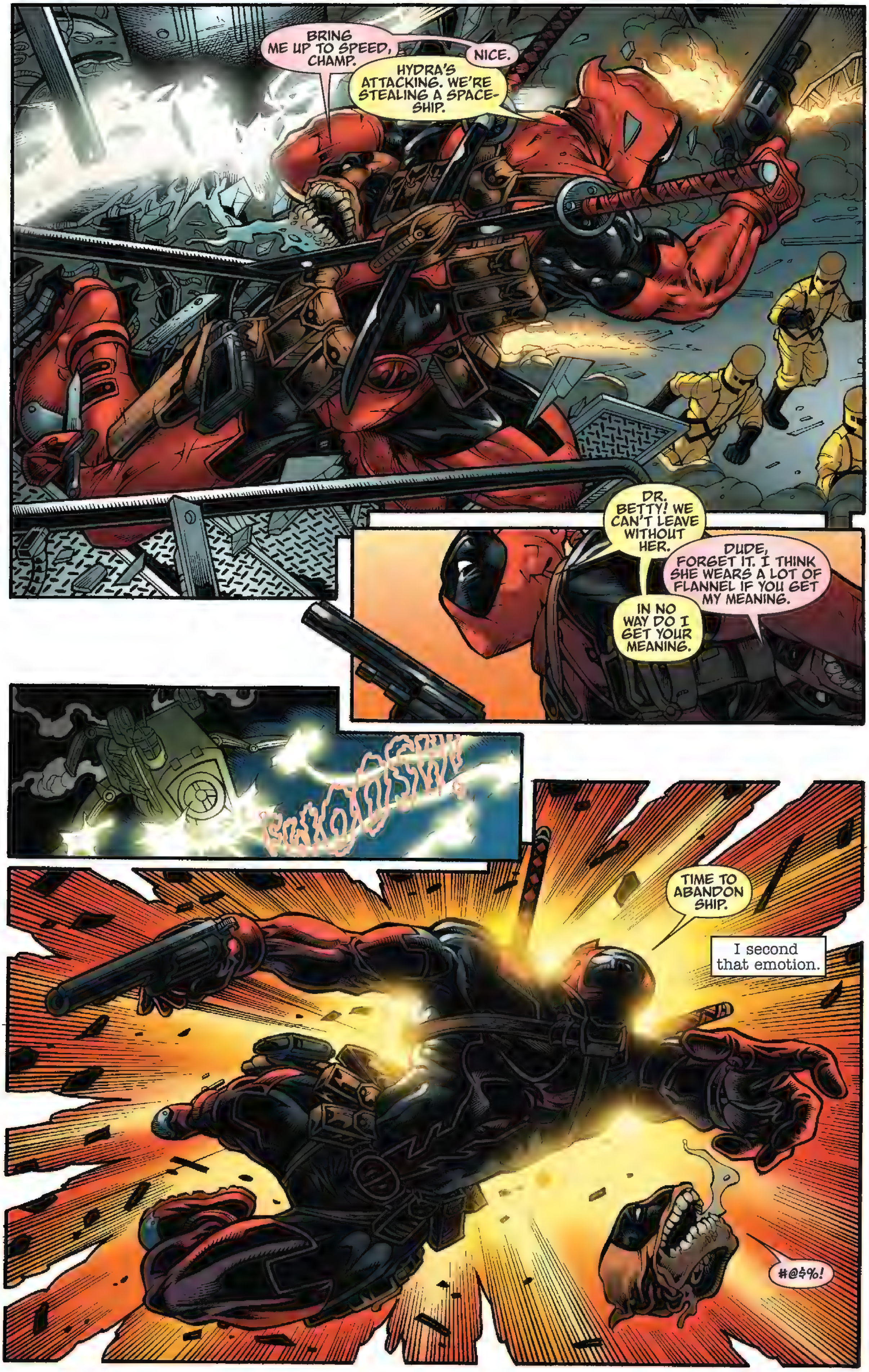

NOTHING LIKE A FRESH SET OF THREADS TO MAKE A GUY FEEL LIKE A CHAMP.
DUDE, HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO AVOID TALKING ABOUT THIS?
NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
STOP IT. YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THAT VIRUS GETS LOOSE ON EARTH. THERE WILL BE ZOMBIES AND THOSE EATEN BY ZOMBIES. EVERYONE DIES.
EVERYONE?
YES.
SURELY NOT EVERYONE. NOT THE GUYS WHO MAKE FRESCA.
YES! ALL DEAD.
BUT NOT THE iCARLEY KIDS. WHAT ABOUT ADAM WEST? WHAT ABOUT PAULA ABDUL AND THOSE GUYS WHO MAKE ALL THE ADD-ONS FOR MY FAVORITE POST-APOCALYPSE GAME?
WHAT PART OF *EVERYONE* DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
OH, MY GOD. WE HAVE TO GET THE HEAD BACK!
FINALLY.
If only some random occurrence would provide a convenient diversion.
FIRE!

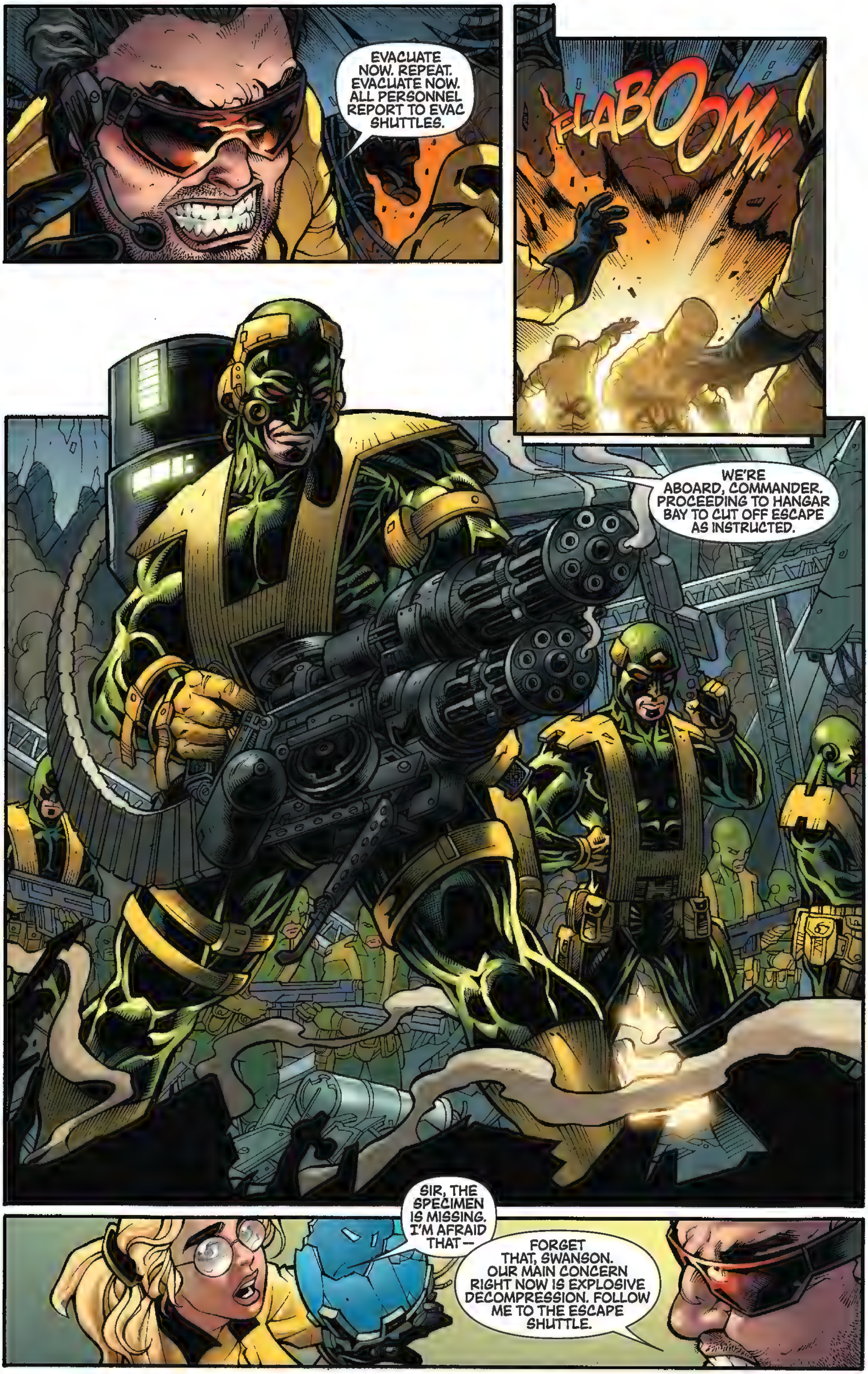

FWOOSH
FWOOSH
FWOOSH
FABOOM
KABLOOM

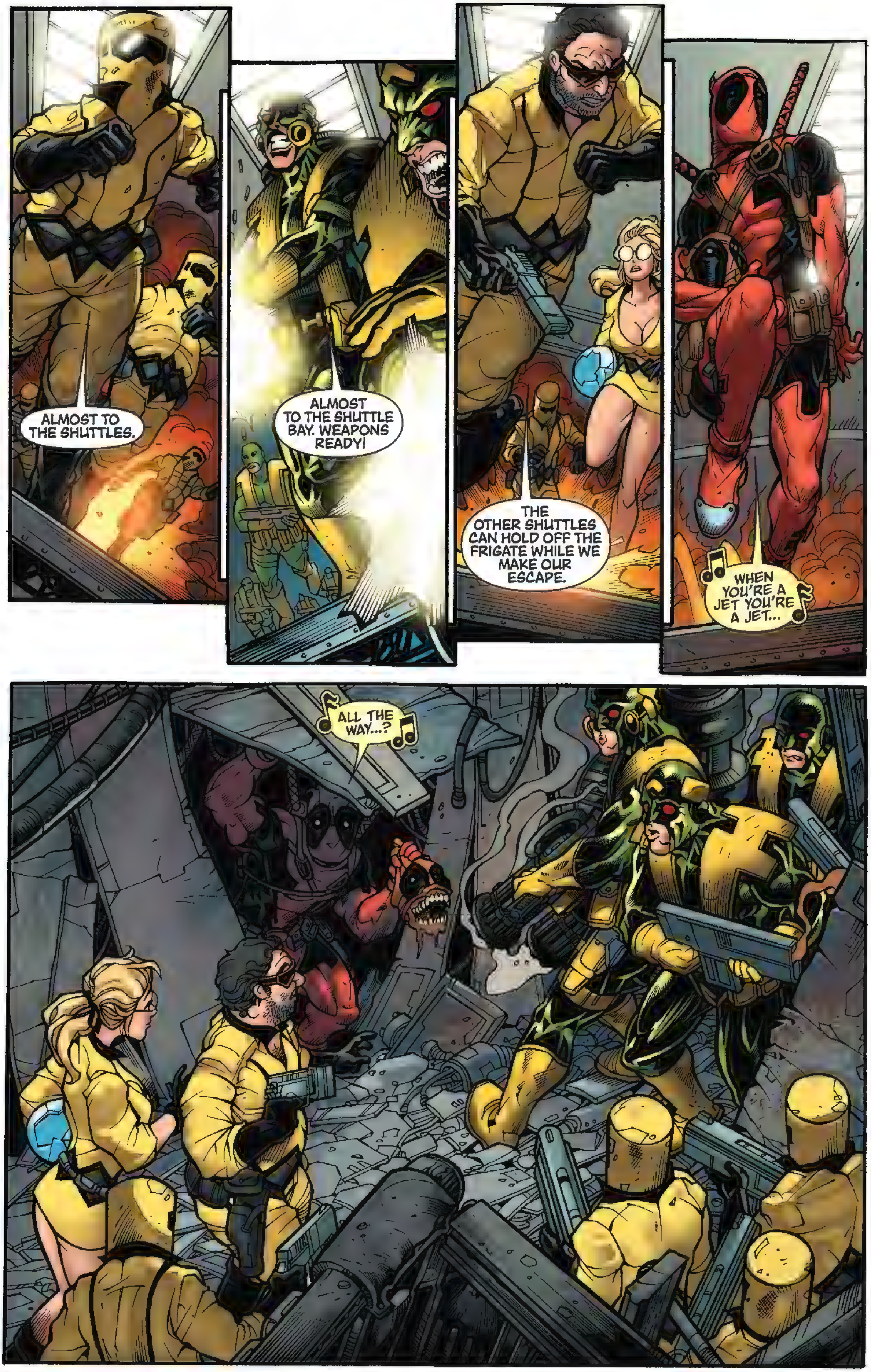

SIR, WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
YA THINK?
BREEP BREEP BREEP
ALL PERSONNEL REPORT TO ACTION STATIONS.
OKAY, FIND THE SCIENCE LAB, GET THE HEAD, STEAL A SHIP, AND WE'RE SITTING PRETTY.
SO EASY EVEN A CAVEMAN COULD DO IT.
WELL DONE, CAPTAIN. GIVE THEM ANOTHER BARRAGE. DON'T DESTROY THEM. WE STILL NEED TO RETRIEVE THE CARGO. JUST SOFTEN THEM UP FOR THE BOARDING PARTIES.
WILL DO, COMMANDER.
FWOOSH!
BLABOOMM!

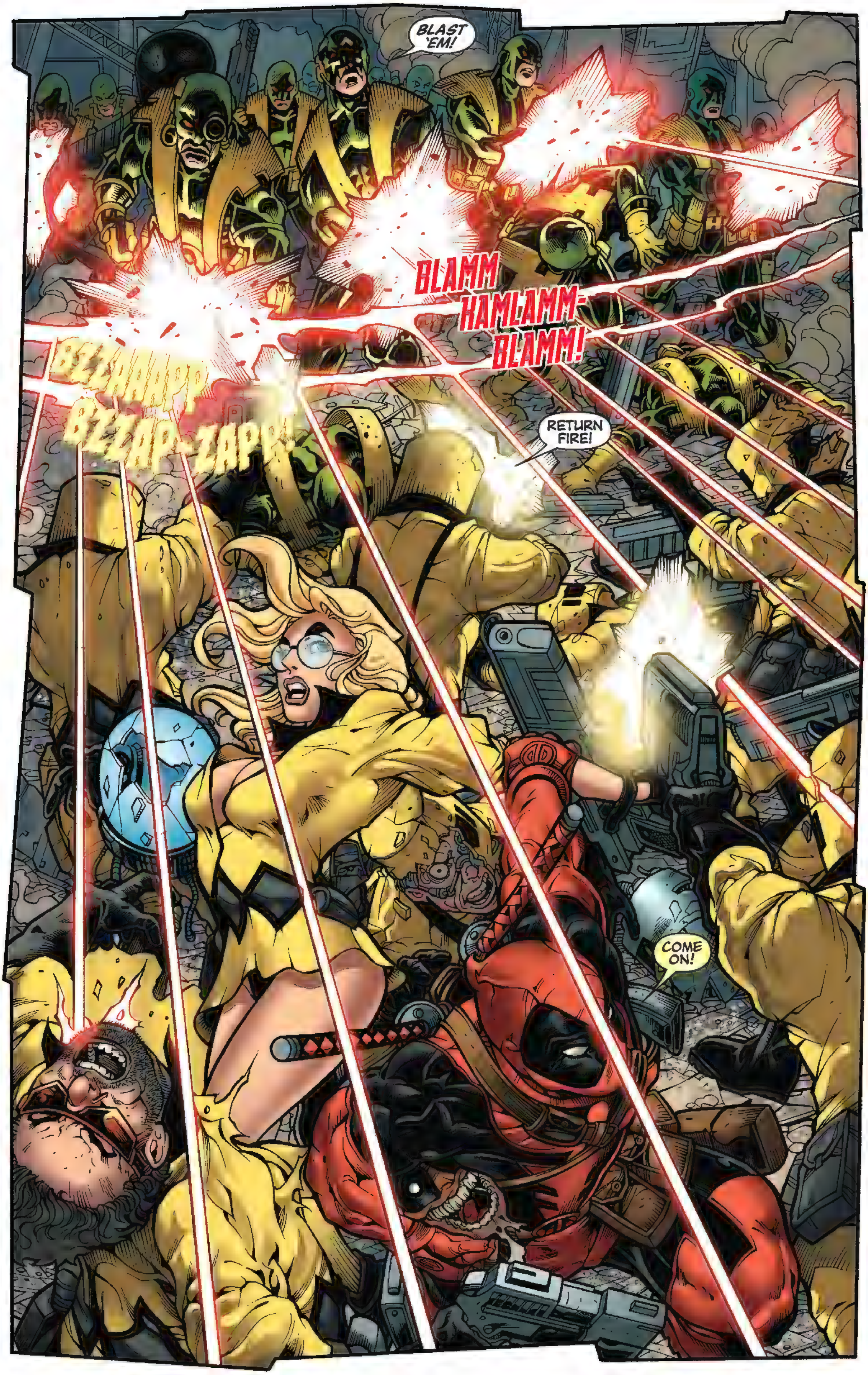

SHOW ME SOMETHING IN A RETURN-FIRE PACKAGE, ASHCROFT.
WE HAVE A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING, SIR. LASERS, PROTON CANNONS, AND MISSILES.
THEN BY ALL MEANS, LET'S SERVE THEM UP THE SAMPLE PLATTER.
HRRZZZZZZT!
FWOOSH!
KAH-BLOOOMM!
BWAPP!
LAUNCH THE BOARDING SHUTTLES, CAPTAIN. COVER THEIR APPROACH WITH LASER FIRE!

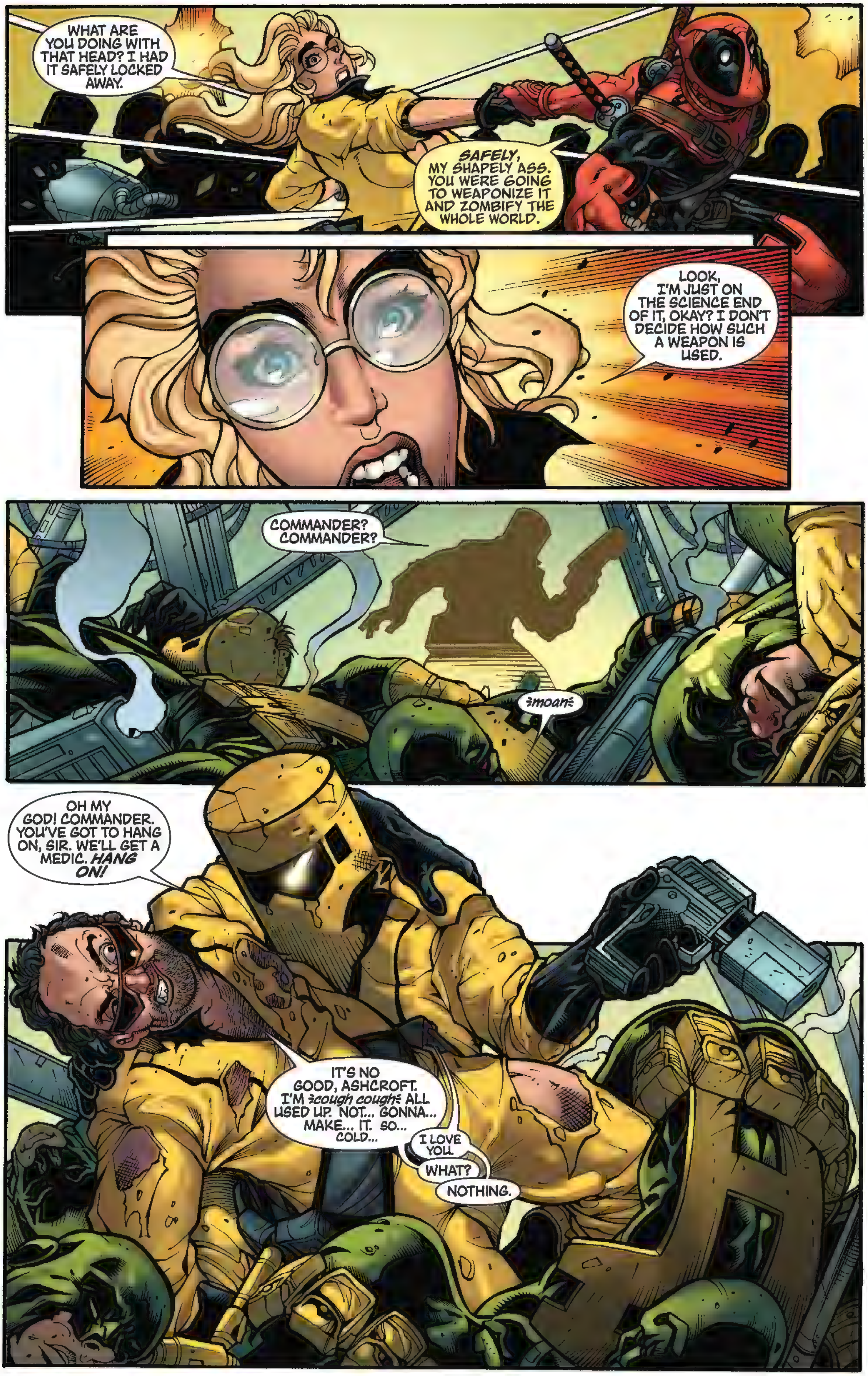

HYDRA SHUTTLES APPROACHING, SIR.
ALERT THE MASTER-AT-ARMS. PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS.
HEAD! YOU IN HERE, HEAD?
I'D INVITE YOU IN, BUT THERE ARE NO DOORS OR WINDOWS. OR CHAIRS. OR AIR.
BLAMM!
AWWW, YOU MISSED ME, DIDN'T YOU?
MEH.

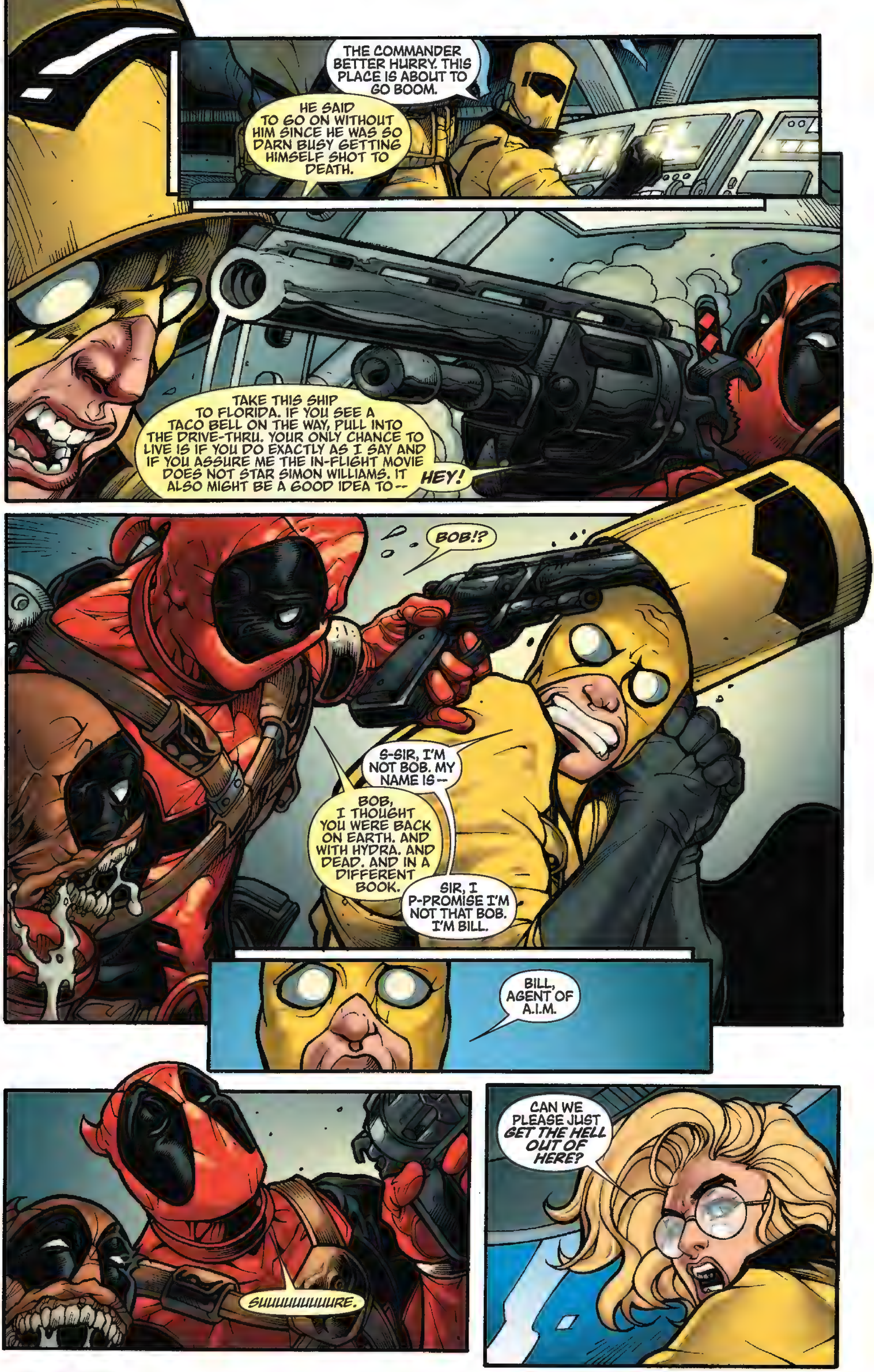

BRING ME UP TO SPEED, CHAMP.
NICE.
HYDRA'S ATTACKING. WE'RE STEALING A SPACE-SHIP.
DR. BETTY! WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HER.
DUDE, FORGET IT. I THINK SHE WEARS A LOT OF FLANNEL IF YOU GET MY MEANING.
IN NO WAY DO I GET YOUR MEANING.
TIME TO ABANDON SHIP.
I second that emotion.
#@$%!

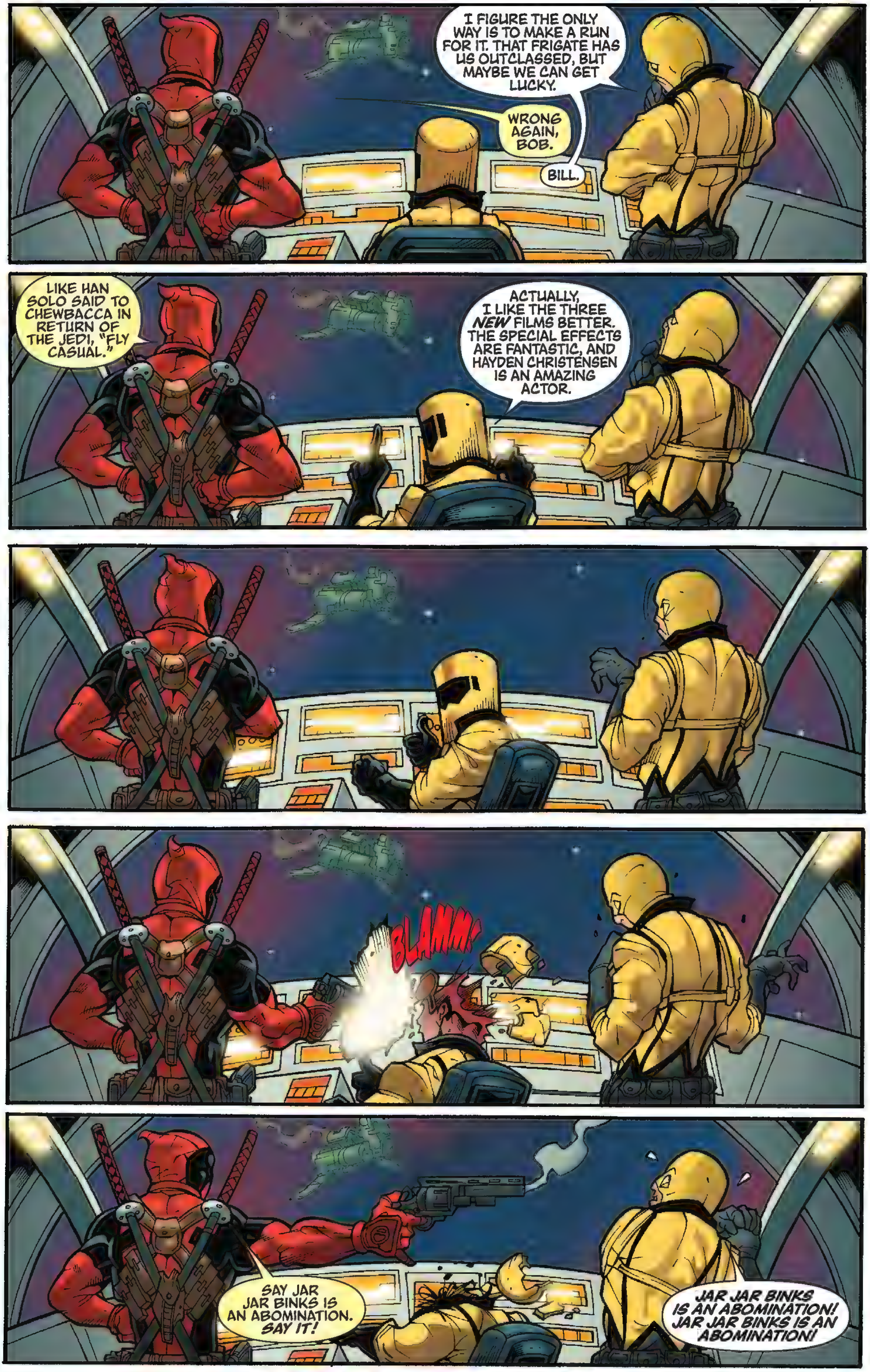

EVACUATE NOW. REPEAT. EVACUATE NOW. ALL PERSONNEL REPORT TO EVAC SHUTTLES.
FLABOOMM!
WE'RE ABOARD, COMMANDER. PROCEEDING TO HANGAR BAY TO CUT OFF ESCAPE AS INSTRUCTED.
SIR, THE SPECIMEN IS MISSING. I'M AFRAID THAT—
FORGET THAT, SWANSON. OUR MAIN CONCERN RIGHT NOW IS EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION. FOLLOW ME TO THE ESCAPE SHUTTLE.

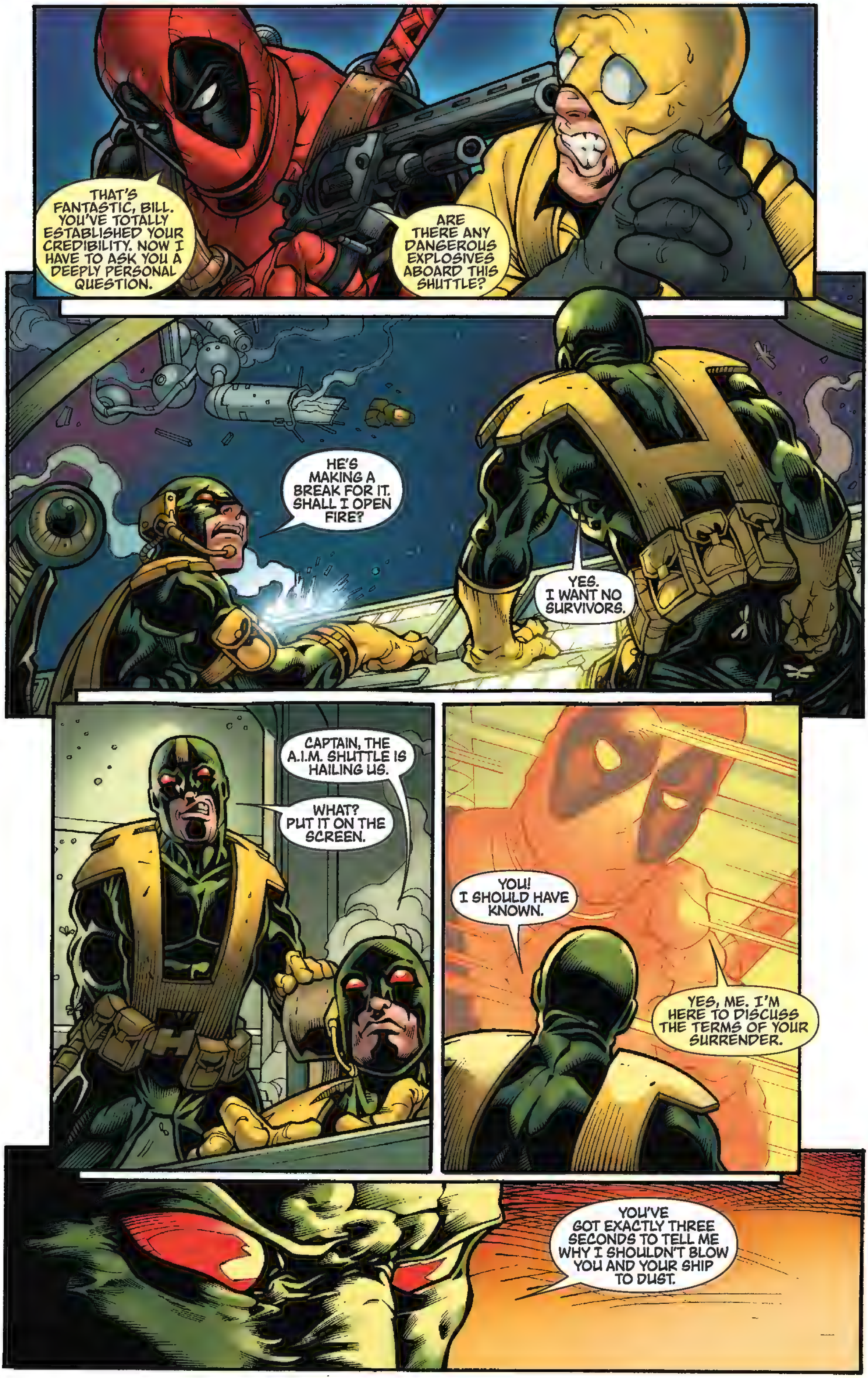

ALMOST TO THE SHUTTLES.
ALMOST TO THE SHUTTLE BAY. WEAPONS READY!
THE OTHER SHUTTLES CAN HOLD OFF THE FRIGATE WHILE WE MAKE OUR ESCAPE.
♫ WHEN YOU'RE A JET YOU'RE A JET... ♫
♫ ALL THE WAY...? ♫

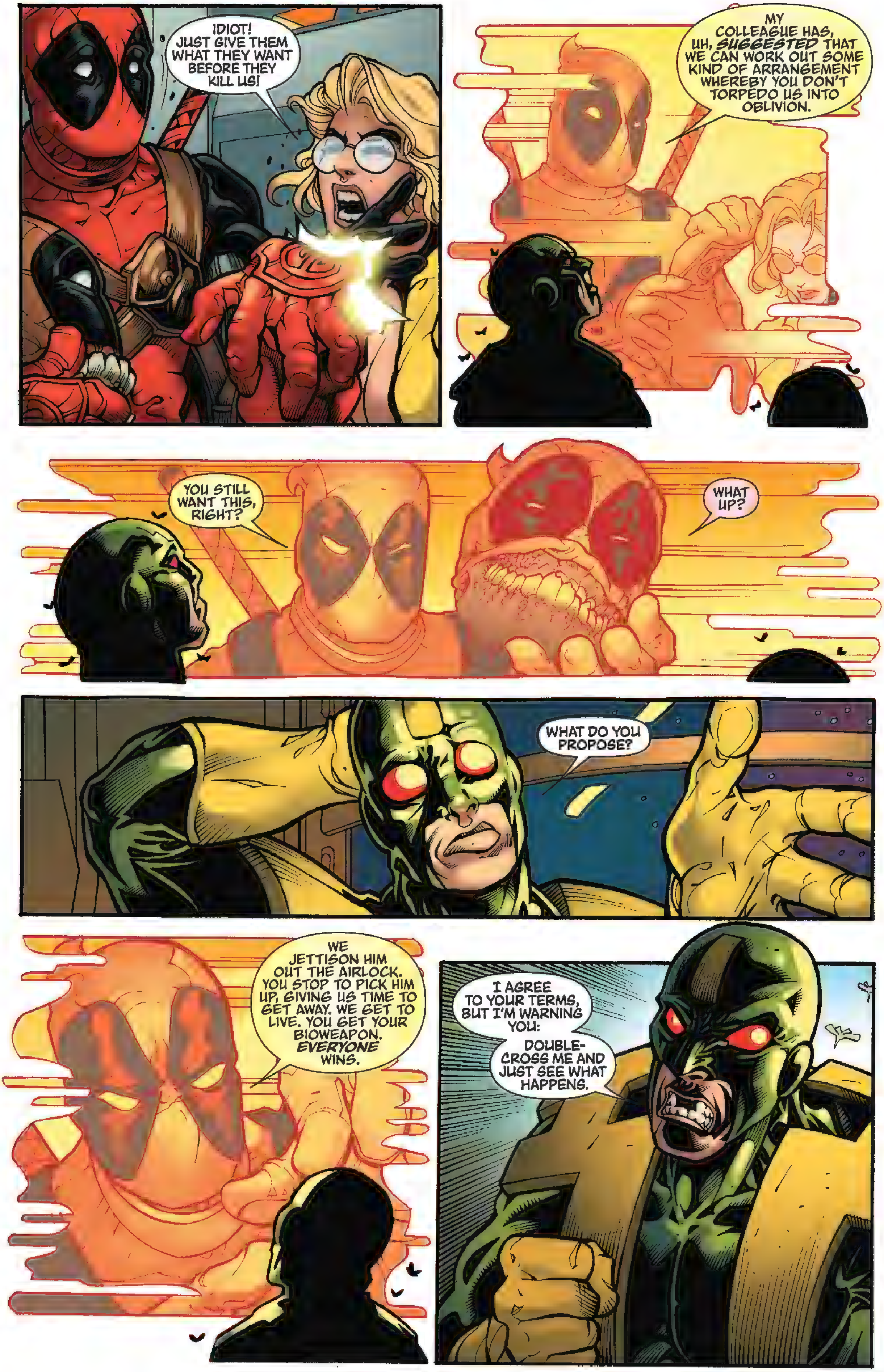

BLAST 'EM!
BLAMM KAMLAMM-BLAMM!
BZZAAAPP BZZAP-ZAPP!
RETURN FIRE!
COME ON!

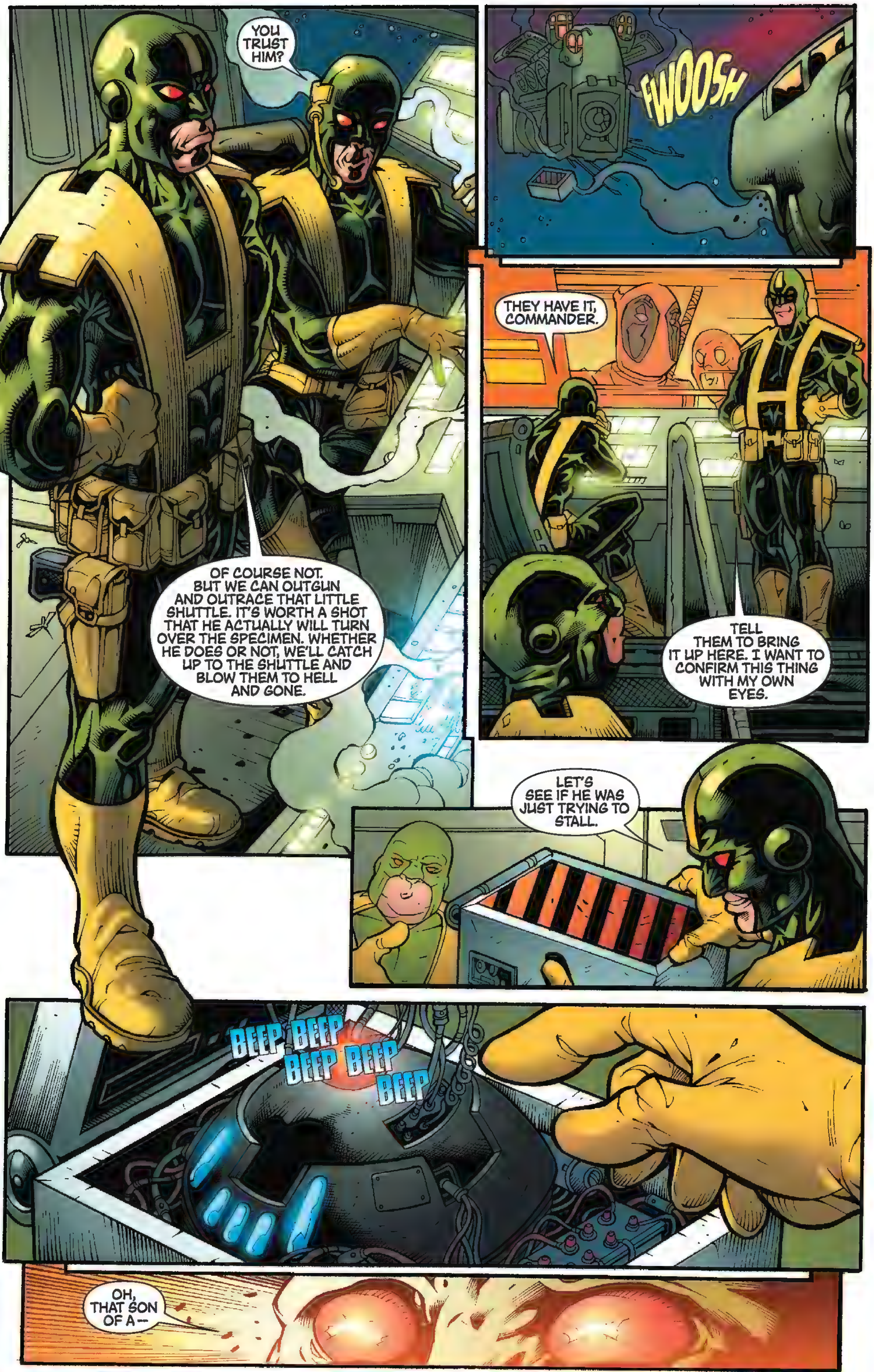

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT HEAD? I HAD IT SAFELY LOCKED AWAY.
SAFELY, MY SHAPELY ASS. YOU WERE GOING TO WEAPONIZE IT AND ZOMBIFY THE WHOLE WORLD.
LOOK, I'M JUST ON THE SCIENCE END OF IT, OKAY? I DON'T DECIDE HOW SUCH A WEAPON IS USED.
COMMANDER? COMMANDER?
≷moan≶
OH MY GOD! COMMANDER. YOU'VE GOT TO HANG ON, SIR. WE'LL GET A MEDIC. *HANG ON!*
IT'S NO GOOD, ASHCROFT. I'M *≷cough cough≶* ALL USED UP. NOT... GONNA... MAKE... IT. SO... COLD...
I LOVE YOU.
WHAT?
NOTHING.

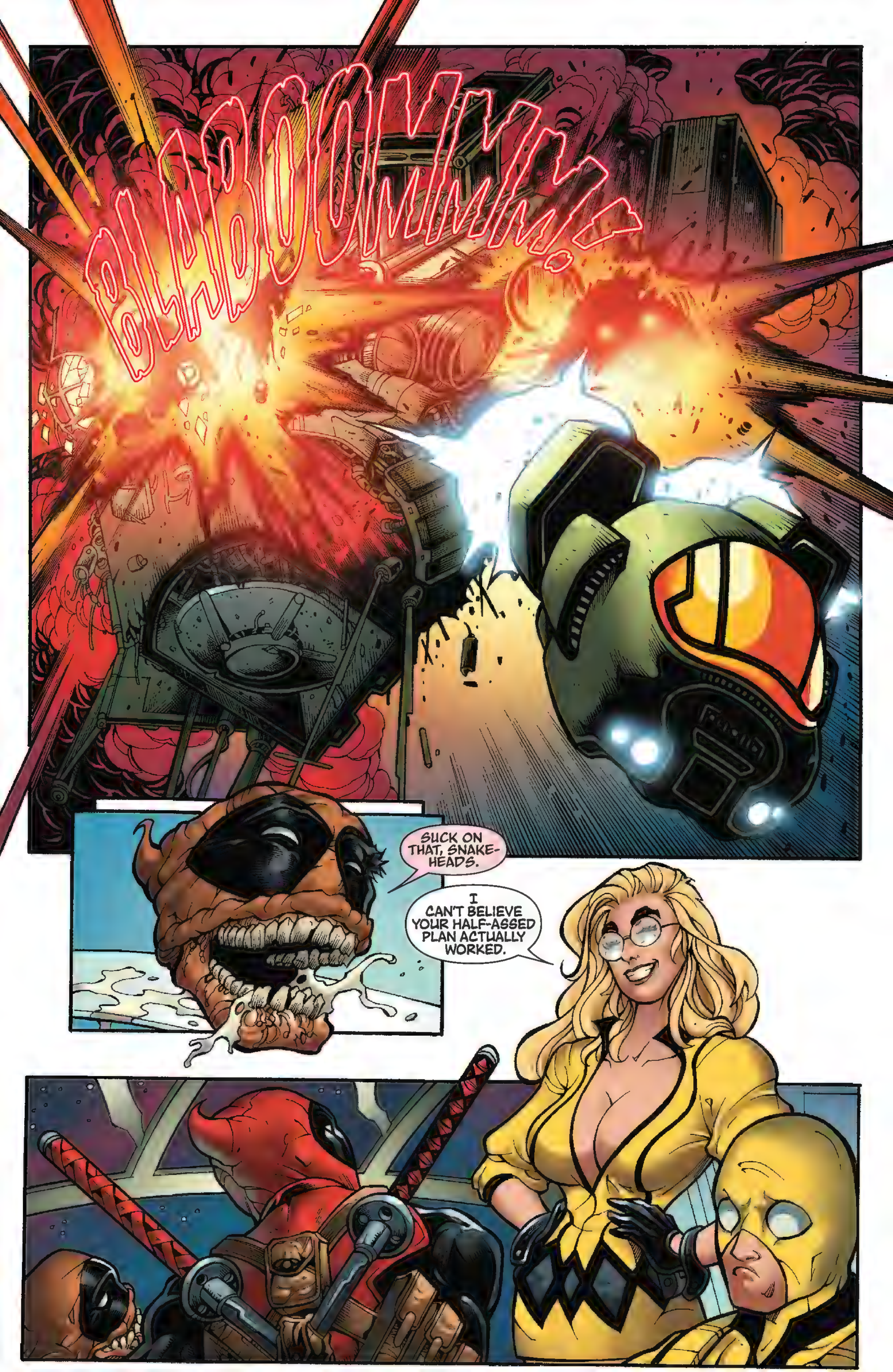

THE COMMANDER BETTER HURRY. THIS PLACE IS ABOUT TO GO BOOM.
HE SAID TO GO ON WITHOUT HIM SINCE HE WAS SO DARN BUSY GETTING HIMSELF SHOT TO DEATH.
TAKE THIS SHIP TO FLORIDA. IF YOU SEE A TACO BELL ON THE WAY, PULL INTO THE DRIVE-THRU. YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO LIVE IS IF YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY AND IF YOU ASSURE ME THE IN-FLIGHT MOVIE DOES NOT STAR SIMON WILLIAMS. IT ALSO MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO--
HEY!
BOB!?
S-SIR, I'M NOT BOB. MY NAME IS--
BOB, I THOUGHT YOU WERE BACK ON EARTH. AND WITH HYDRA. AND DEAD. AND IN A DIFFERENT BOOK.
SIR, I P-PROMISE I'M NOT THAT BOB. I'M BILL.
BILL, AGENT OF A.I.M.
SUUUUUUUUURE.
CAN WE PLEASE JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?

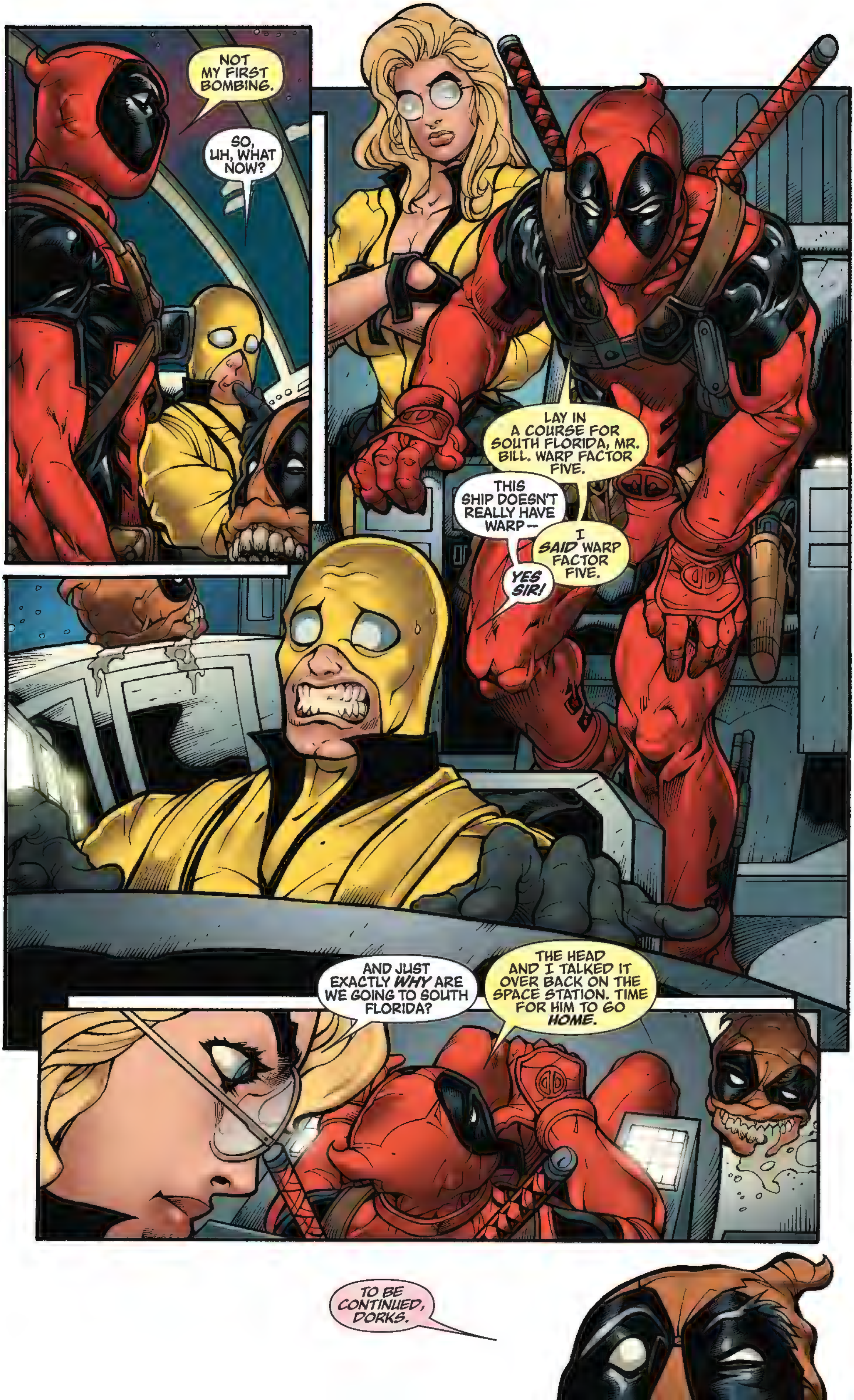

I FIGURE THE ONLY WAY IS TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT. THAT FRIGATE HAS US OUTCLASSED, BUT MAYBE WE CAN GET LUCKY.
WRONG AGAIN, BOB.
BILL.
LIKE HAN SOLO SAID TO CHEWBACCA IN RETURN OF THE JEDI, "FLY CASUAL."
ACTUALLY, I LIKE THE THREE *NEW* FILMS BETTER. THE SPECIAL EFFECTS ARE FANTASTIC, AND HAYDEN CHRISTENSEN IS AN AMAZING ACTOR.
BLAMM!
SAY JAR JAR BINKS IS AN ABOMINATION. *SAY IT!*
JAR JAR BINKS IS AN ABOMINATION! JAR JAR BINKS IS AN ABOMINATION!


THAT'S FANTASTIC, BILL. YOU'VE TOTALLY ESTABLISHED YOUR CREDIBILITY. NOW I HAVE TO ASK YOU A DEEPLY PERSONAL QUESTION.
ARE THERE ANY DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVES ABOARD THIS SHUTTLE?
HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT. SHALL I OPEN FIRE?
YES. I WANT NO SURVIVORS.
CAPTAIN, THE A.I.M. SHUTTLE IS HAILING US.
WHAT? PUT IT ON THE SCREEN.
YOU! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
YES, ME. I'M HERE TO DISCUSS THE TERMS OF YOUR SURRENDER.
YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T BLOW YOU AND YOUR SHIP TO DUST.


IDIOT! JUST GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT BEFORE THEY KILL US!
MY COLLEAGUE HAS, UH, *SUGGESTED* THAT WE CAN WORK OUT SOME KIND OF ARRANGEMENT WHEREBY YOU DON'T TORPEDO US INTO OBLIVION.
YOU STILL WANT THIS, RIGHT?
WHAT UP?
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?
WE JETTISON HIM OUT THE AIRLOCK. YOU STOP TO PICK HIM UP, GIVING US TIME TO GET AWAY. WE GET TO LIVE. YOU GET YOUR BIOWEAPON. *EVERYONE* WINS.
I AGREE TO YOUR TERMS, BUT I'M WARNING YOU:
DOUBLE-CROSS ME AND JUST SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

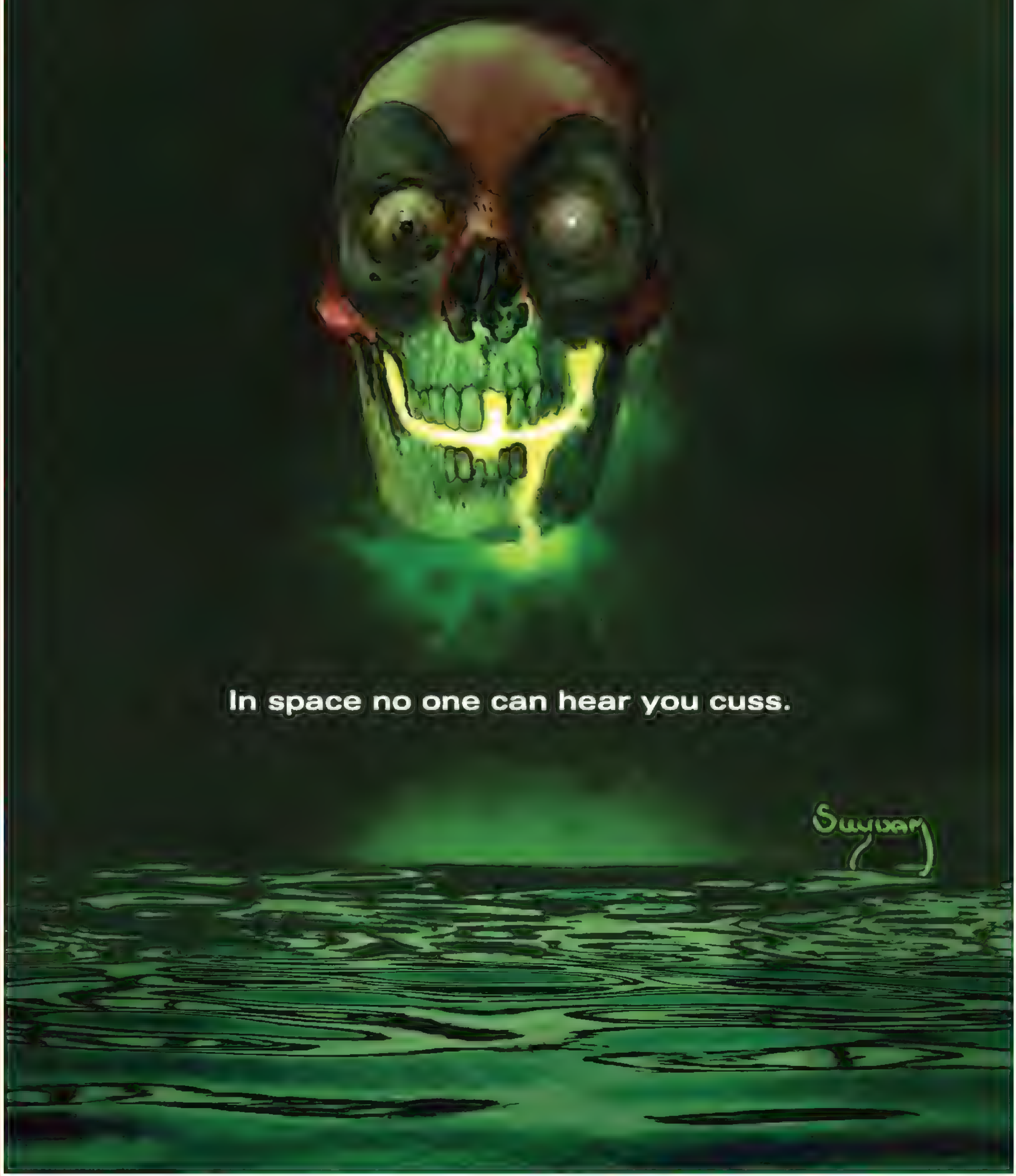

YOU TRUST HIM?
OF COURSE NOT. BUT WE CAN OUTGUN AND OUTRACE THAT LITTLE SHUTTLE. IT'S WORTH A SHOT THAT HE ACTUALLY WILL TURN OVER THE SPECIMEN. WHETHER HE DOES OR NOT, WE'LL CATCH UP TO THE SHUTTLE AND BLOW THEM TO HELL AND GONE.
FWOOSH
THEY HAVE IT, COMMANDER.
TELL THEM TO BRING IT UP HERE. I WANT TO CONFIRM THIS THING WITH MY OWN EYES.
LET'S SEE IF HE WAS JUST TRYING TO STALL.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
OH, THAT SON OF A--


BLABOOMMM!
SUCK ON THAT, SNAKE-HEADS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR HALF-ASSED PLAN ACTUALLY WORKED.

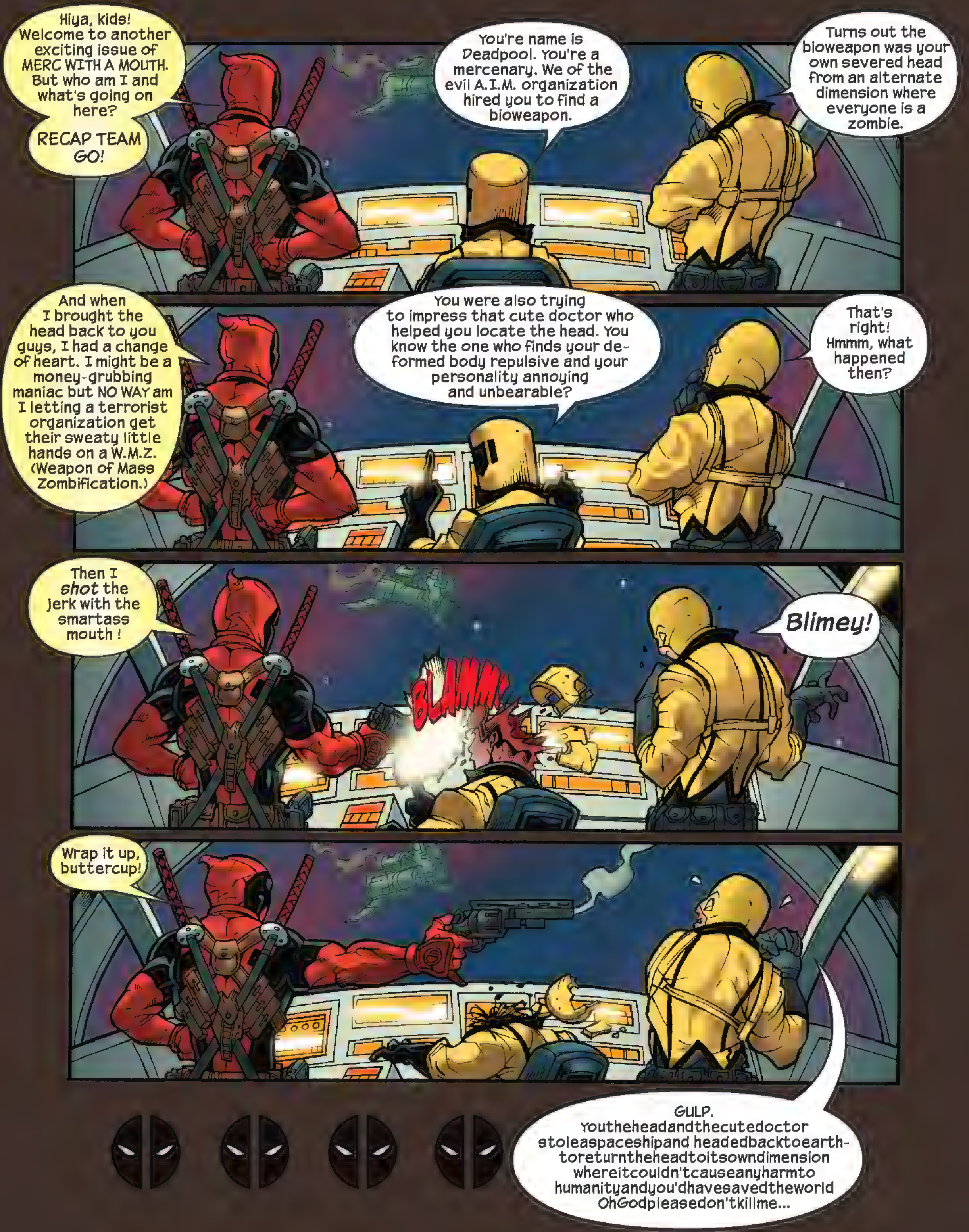

NOT MY FIRST BOMBING.
SO, UH, WHAT NOW?
LAY IN A COURSE FOR SOUTH FLORIDA, MR. BILL. WARP FACTOR FIVE.
THIS SHIP DOESN'T REALLY HAVE WARP--
I *SAID* WARP FACTOR FIVE.
YES SIR!
AND JUST EXACTLY *WHY* ARE WE GOING TO SOUTH FLORIDA?
THE HEAD AND I TALKED IT OVER BACK ON THE SPACE STATION. TIME FOR HIM TO GO *HOME*.
TO BE CONTINUED, DORKS.

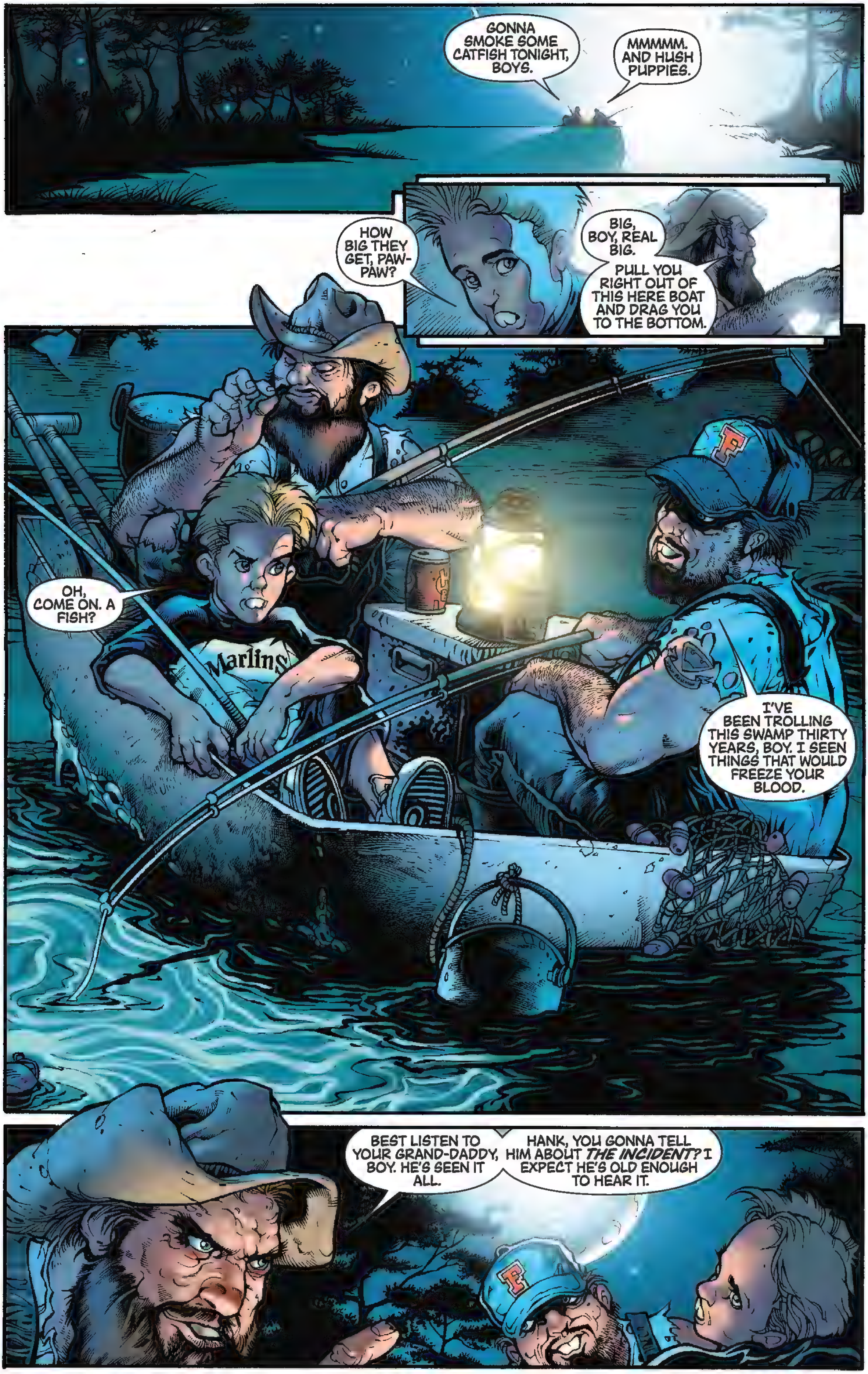
#6

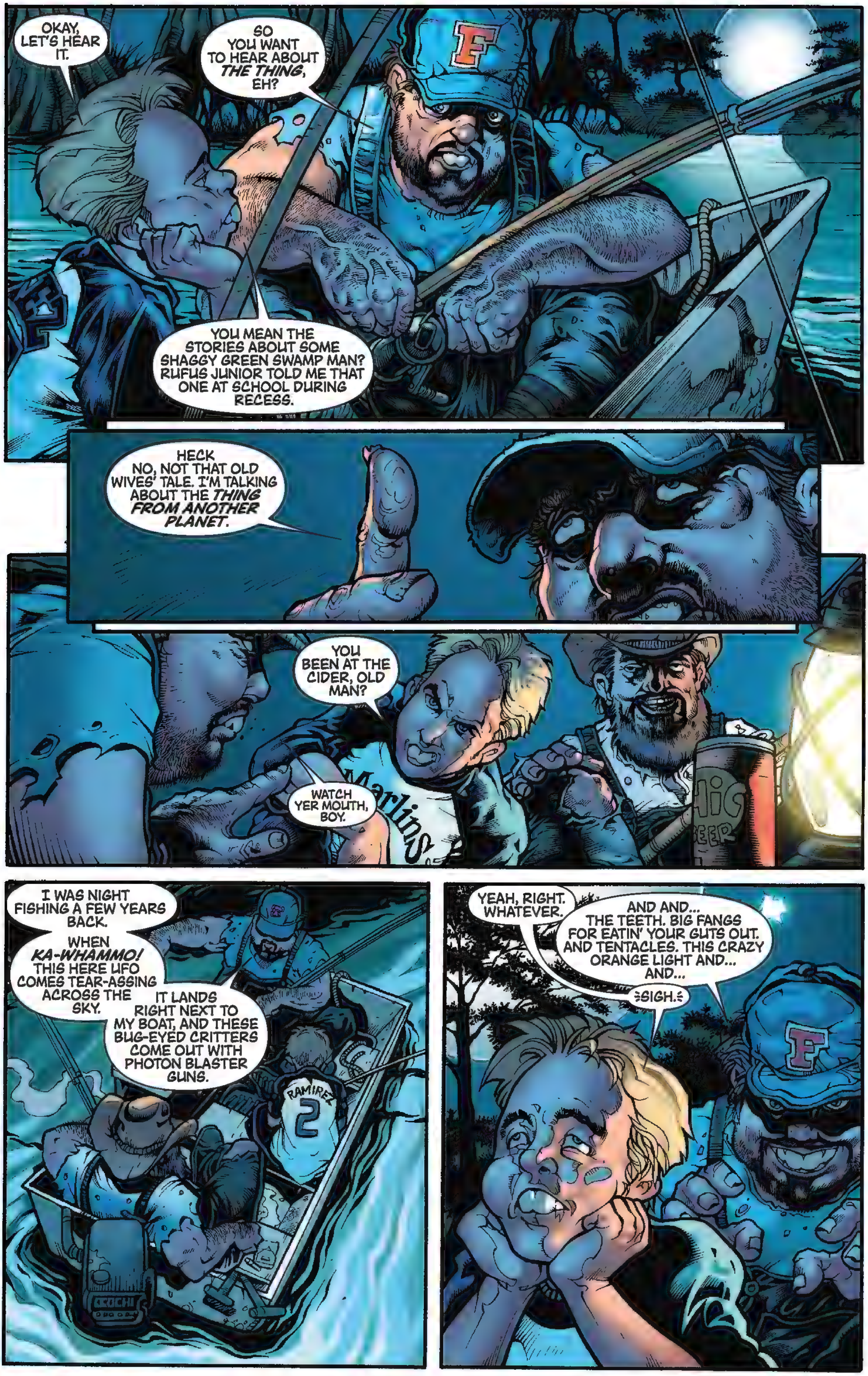
DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH

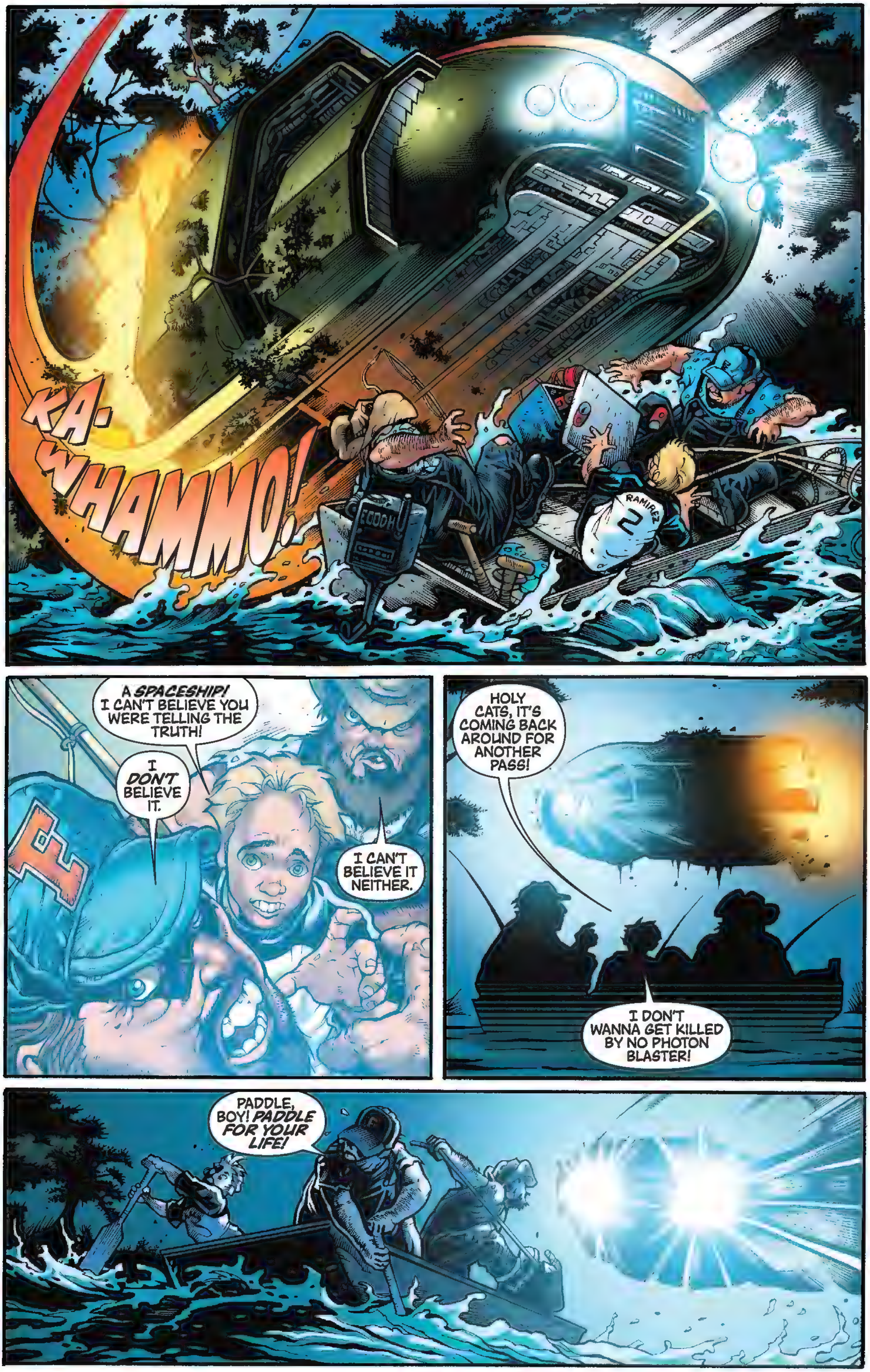


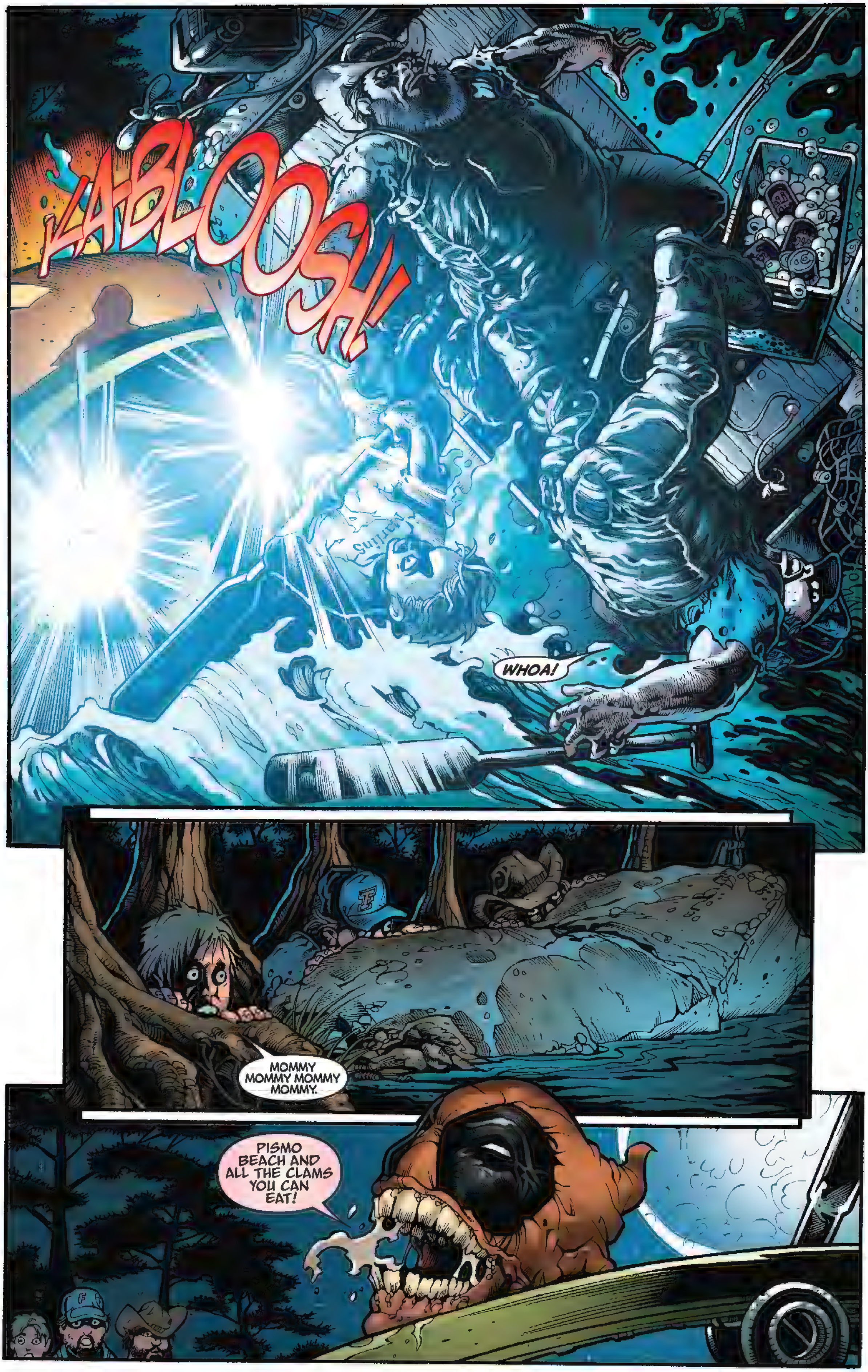
In space no one can hear you cuss.

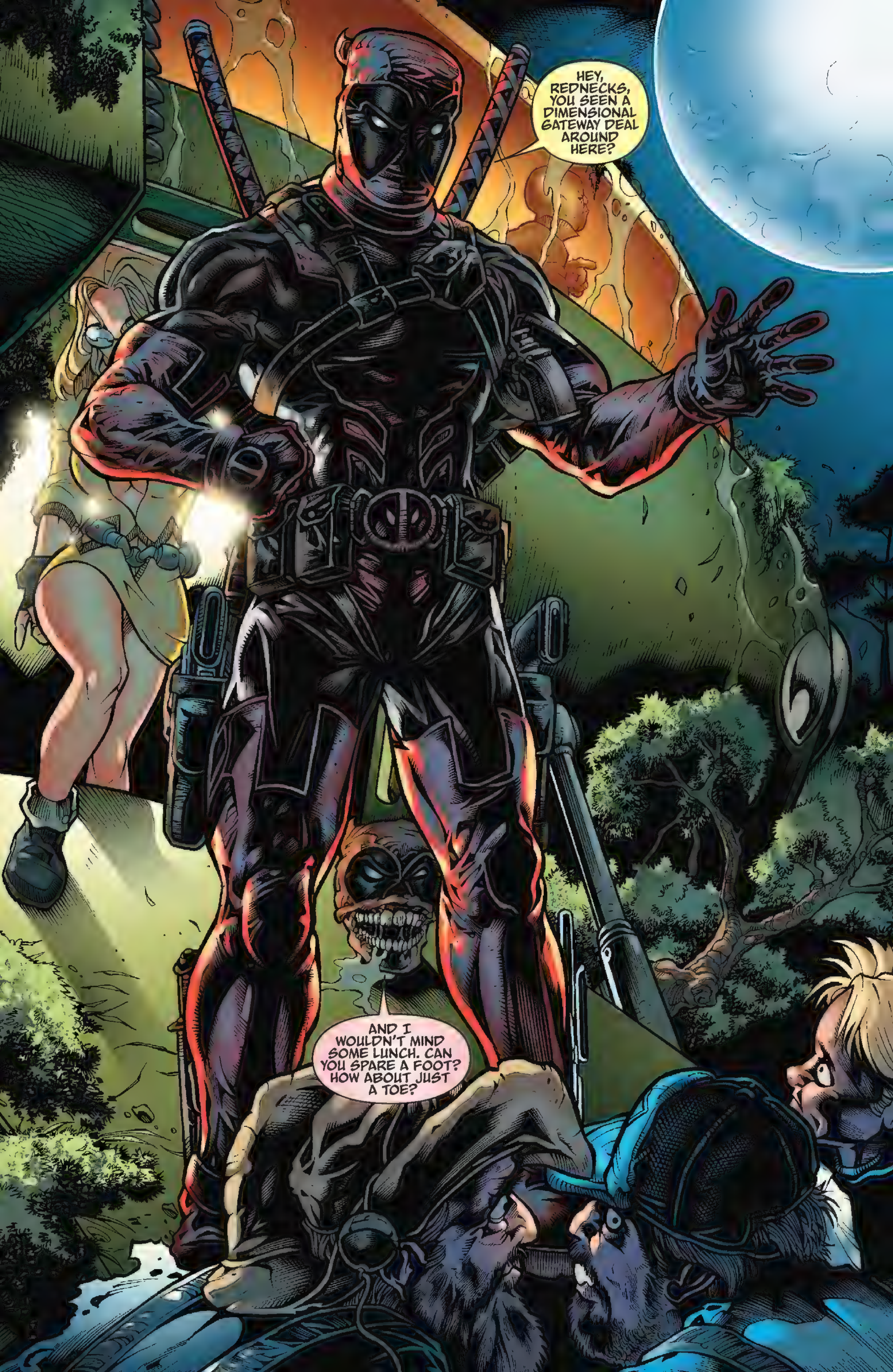

Hiya, kids! Welcome to another exciting issue of MERC WITH A MOUTH. But who am I and what's going on here?
RECAP TEAM GO!
You're name is Deadpool. You're a mercenary. We of the evil A.I.M. organization hired you to find a bioweapon.
Turns out the bioweapon was your own severed head from an alternate dimension where everyone is a zombie.
And when I brought the head back to you guys, I had a change of heart. I might be a money-grubbing maniac but NO WAY am I letting a terrorist organization get their sweaty little hands on a W.M.Z. (Weapon of Mass Zombification.)
You were also trying to impress that cute doctor who helped you locate the head. You know the one who finds your deformed body repulsive and your personality annoying and unbearable?
That's right! Hmmm, what happened then?
Then I *shot* the jerk with the smartass mouth!
BLAMM!
Blimey!
Wrap it up, buttercup!
GULP. Youtheheadandthecutedoctor stoleaspaceshipand headedbacktoearth-toreturntheheadtoitsowndimension whereitcouldn'tcauseanyharmto humanityandyou'dhavesavedtheworld OhGodpleasedon'tkillme...

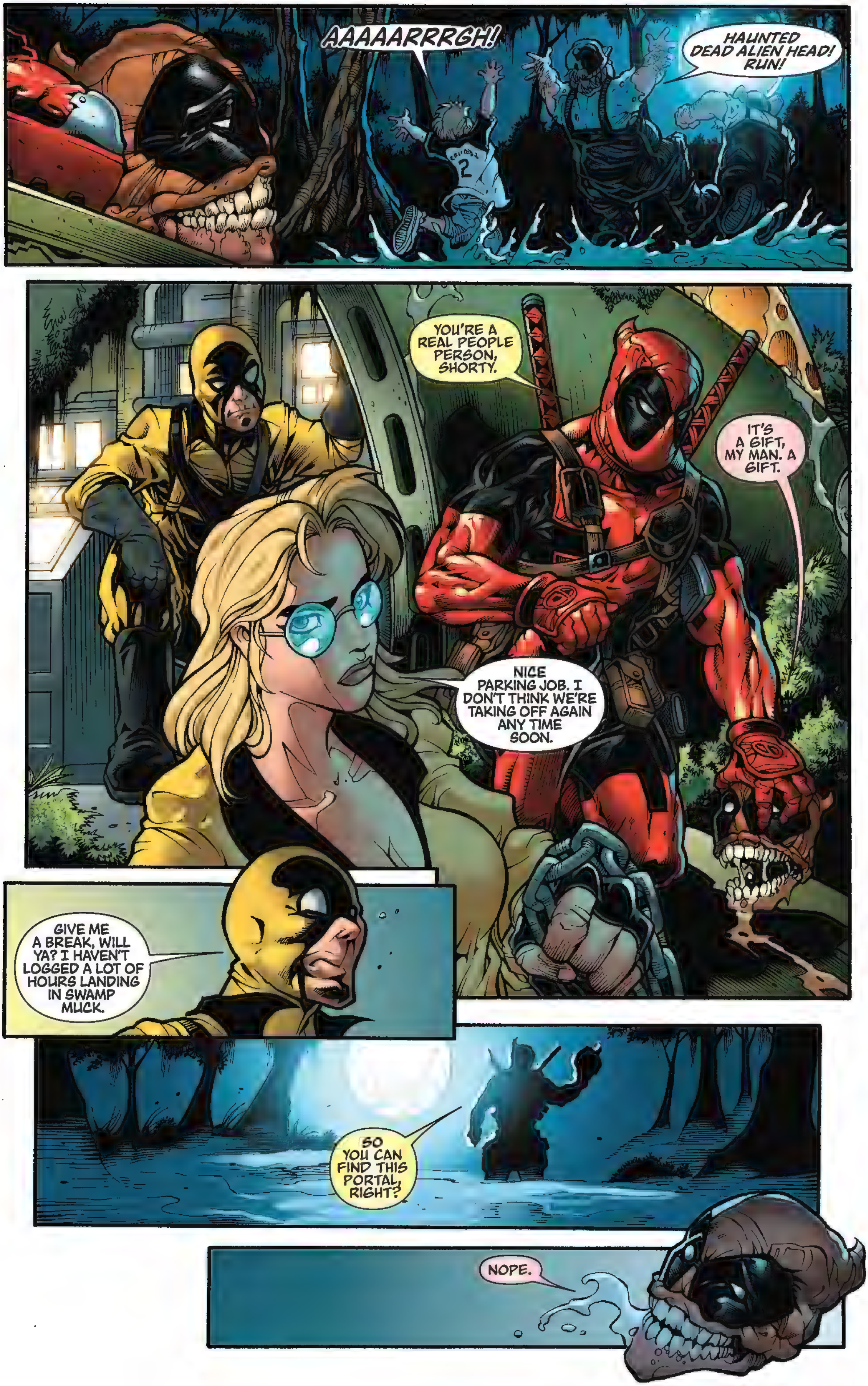

GONNA SMOKE SOME CATFISH TONIGHT, BOYS.
MMMMM. AND HUSH PUPPIES.
HOW BIG THEY GET, PAW-PAW?
BIG, BOY, REAL BIG.
PULL YOU RIGHT OUT OF THIS HERE BOAT AND DRAG YOU TO THE BOTTOM.
OH, COME ON. A FISH?
Marlins
I'VE BEEN TROLLING THIS SWAMP THIRTY YEARS, BOY. I SEEN THINGS THAT WOULD FREEZE YOUR BLOOD.
BEST LISTEN TO YOUR GRAND-DADDY, BOY. HE'S SEEN IT ALL.
HANK, YOU GONNA TELL HIM ABOUT *THE INCIDENT?* I EXPECT HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO HEAR IT.

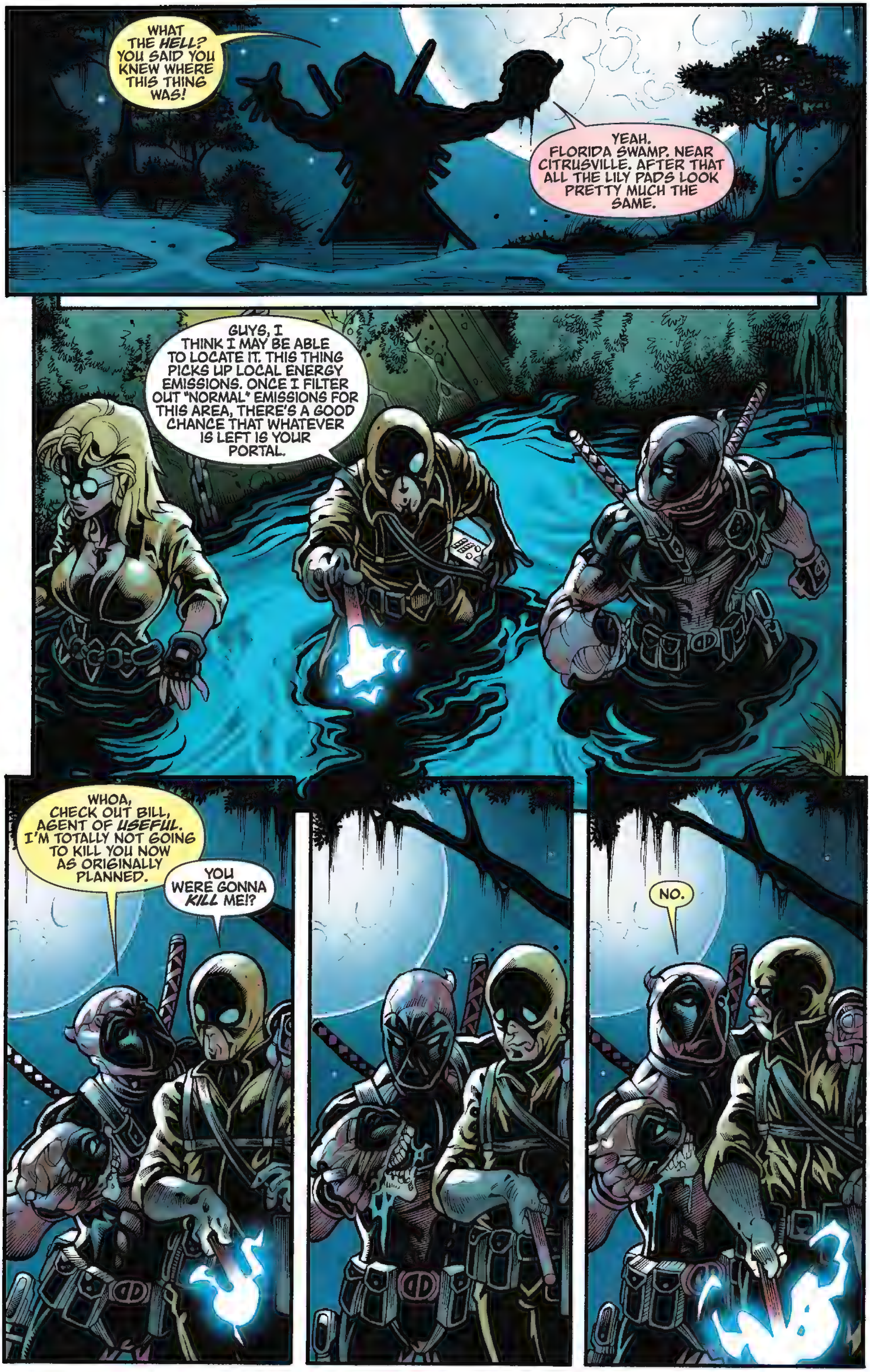

OKAY, LET'S HEAR IT.
SO YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT *THE THING*, EH?
YOU MEAN THE STORIES ABOUT SOME SHAGGY GREEN SWAMP MAN? RUFUS JUNIOR TOLD ME THAT ONE AT SCHOOL DURING RECESS.
HECK NO, NOT THAT OLD WIVES' TALE. I'M TALKING ABOUT THE *THING FROM ANOTHER PLANET*.
YOU BEEN AT THE CIDER, OLD MAN?
WATCH YER MOUTH, BOY.
Marlins
BIG BEER
I WAS NIGHT FISHING A FEW YEARS BACK.
WHEN *KA-WHAMMO!* THIS HERE UFO COMES TEAR-ASSING ACROSS THE SKY.
IT LANDS RIGHT NEXT TO MY BOAT, AND THESE BUG-EYED CRITTERS COME OUT WITH PHOTON BLASTER GUNS.
RAMIREZ 2
YEAH, RIGHT. WHATEVER.
AND AND... THE TEETH. BIG FANGS FOR EATIN' YOUR GUTS OUT. AND TENTACLES. THIS CRAZY ORANGE LIGHT AND... AND...
SIGH.

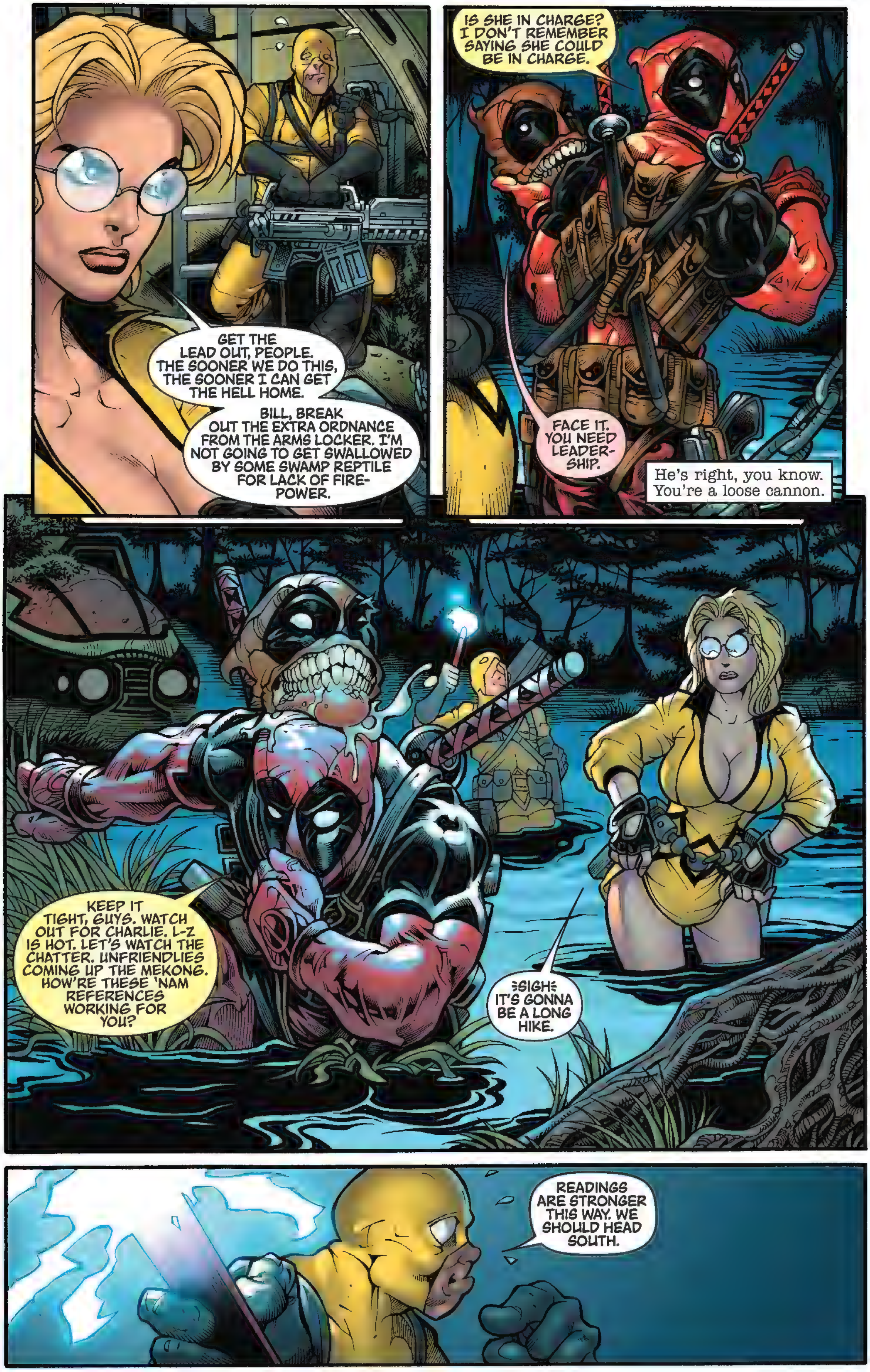

KA-WHAMMO!
RAMIREZ 2
A *SPACESHIP!* I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH!
I *DON'T* BELIEVE IT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT NEITHER.
HOLY CATS, IT'S COMING BACK AROUND FOR ANOTHER PASS!
I DON'T WANNA GET KILLED BY NO PHOTON BLASTER!
PADDLE, BOY! *PADDLE FOR YOUR LIFE!*

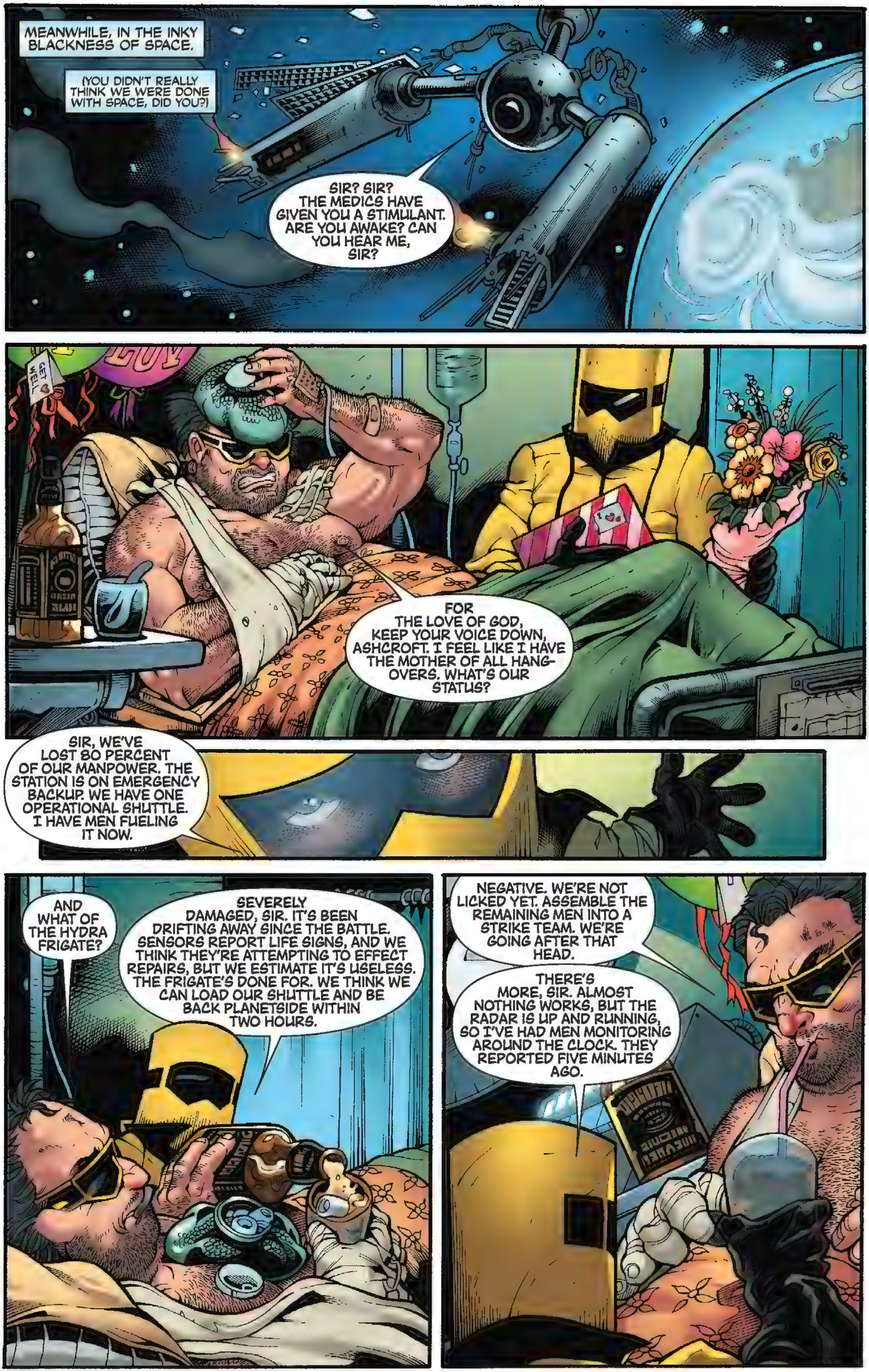

KA-BLOOSH!
WHOA!
MOMMY MOMMY MOMMY MOMMY.
PISMO BEACH AND ALL THE CLAMS YOU CAN EAT!

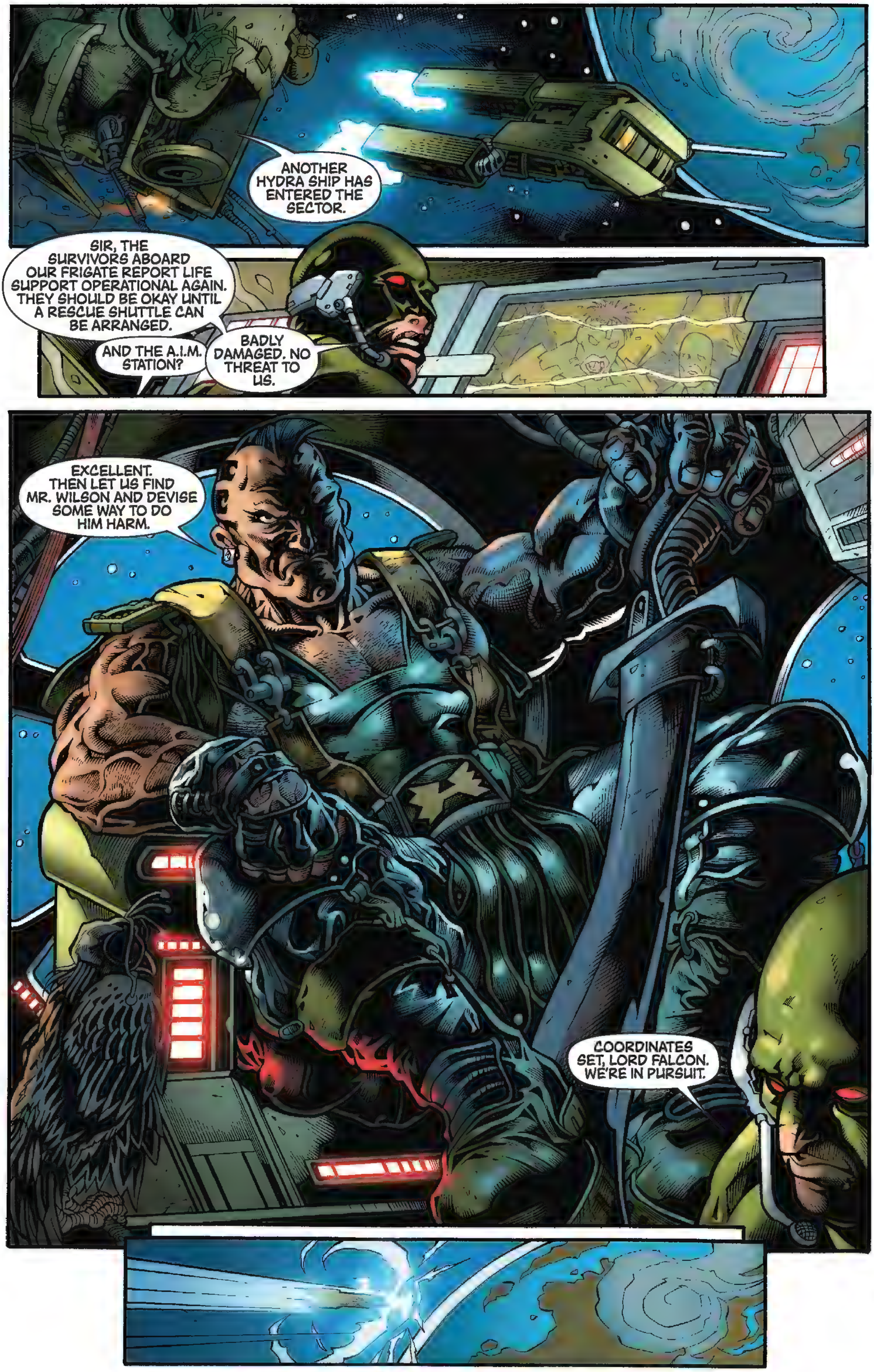

HEY, REDNECKS, YOU SEEN A DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY DEAL AROUND HERE?
AND I WOULDN'T MIND SOME LUNCH. CAN YOU SPARE A FOOT? HOW ABOUT JUST A TOE?

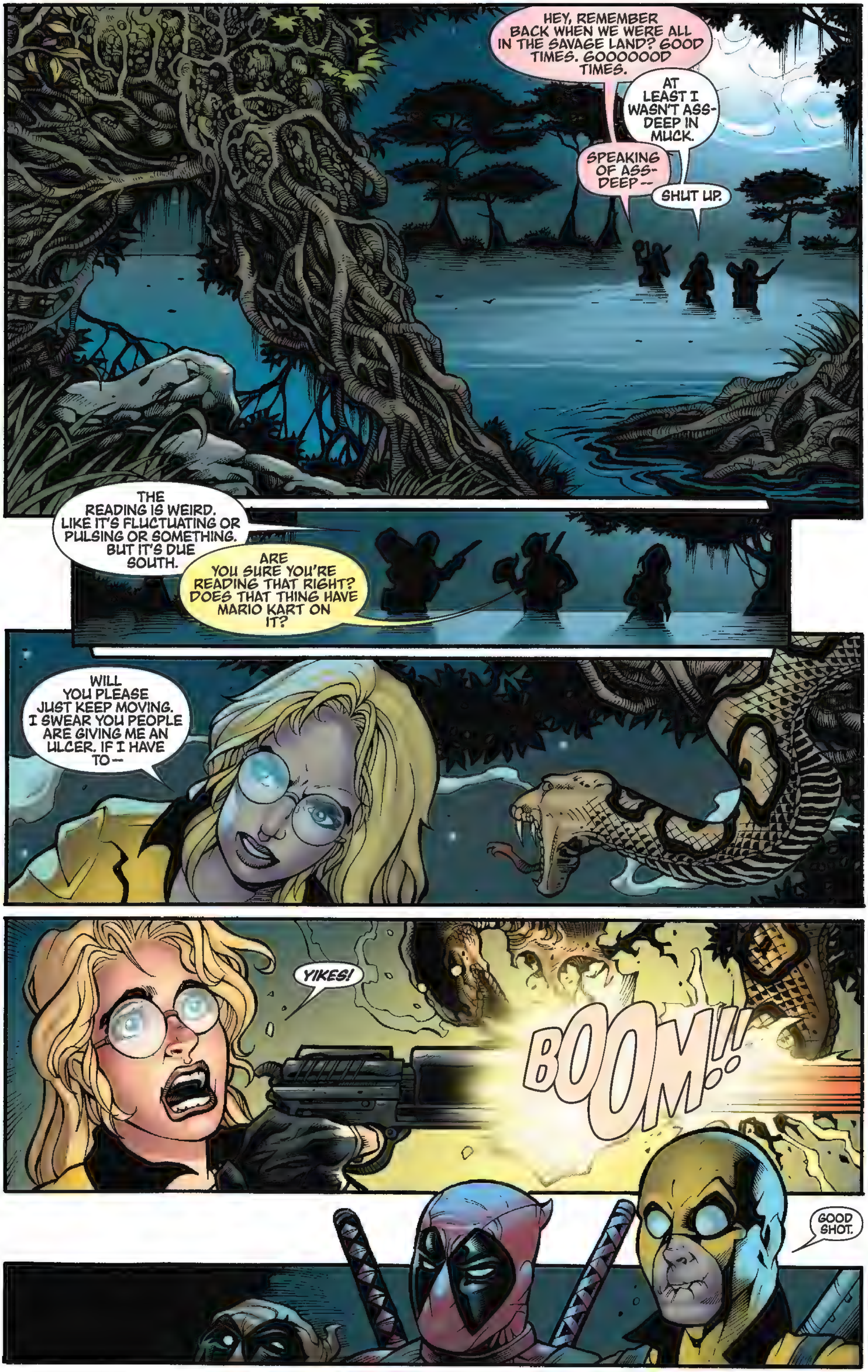

AAAAARRRGH!
HAUNTED DEAD ALIEN HEAD! RUN!
YOU'RE A REAL PEOPLE PERSON, SHORTY.
IT'S A GIFT, MY MAN. A GIFT.
NICE PARKING JOB. I DON'T THINK WE'RE TAKING OFF AGAIN ANY TIME SOON.
GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA? I HAVEN'T LOGGED A LOT OF HOURS LANDING IN SWAMP MUCK.
SO YOU CAN FIND THIS PORTAL, RIGHT?
NOPE.

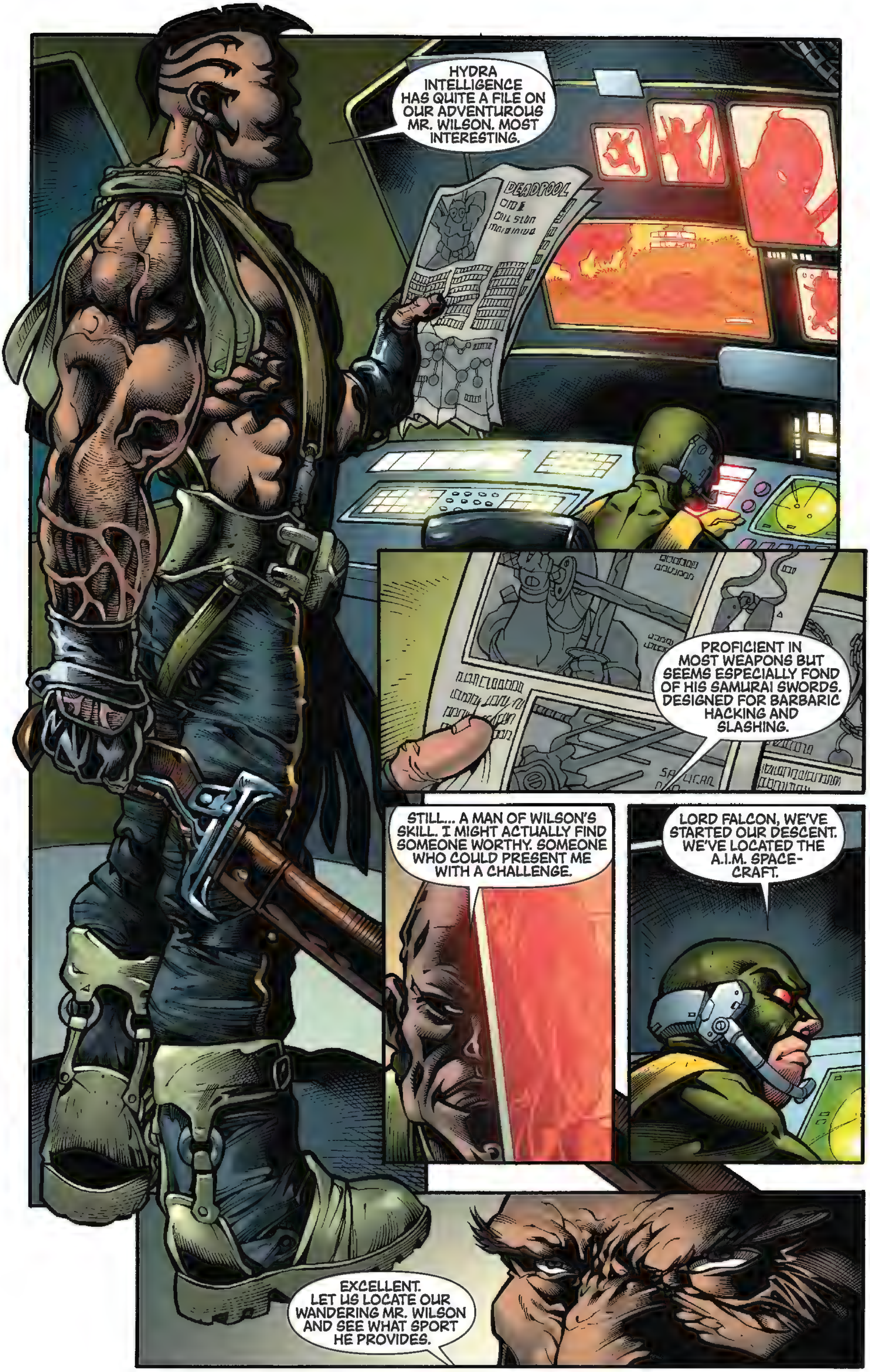

WHAT THE *HELL?* YOU SAID YOU KNEW WHERE THIS THING WAS!
YEAH. FLORIDA SWAMP. NEAR CITRUSVILLE. AFTER THAT ALL THE LILY PADS LOOK PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.
GUYS, I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO LOCATE IT. THIS THING PICKS UP LOCAL ENERGY EMISSIONS. ONCE I FILTER OUT "NORMAL" EMISSIONS FOR THIS AREA, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT WHATEVER IS LEFT IS YOUR PORTAL.
WHOA, CHECK OUT BILL, AGENT OF *USEFUL*. I'M TOTALLY NOT GOING TO KILL YOU NOW AS ORIGINALLY PLANNED.
YOU WERE GONNA *KILL* ME!?
NO.

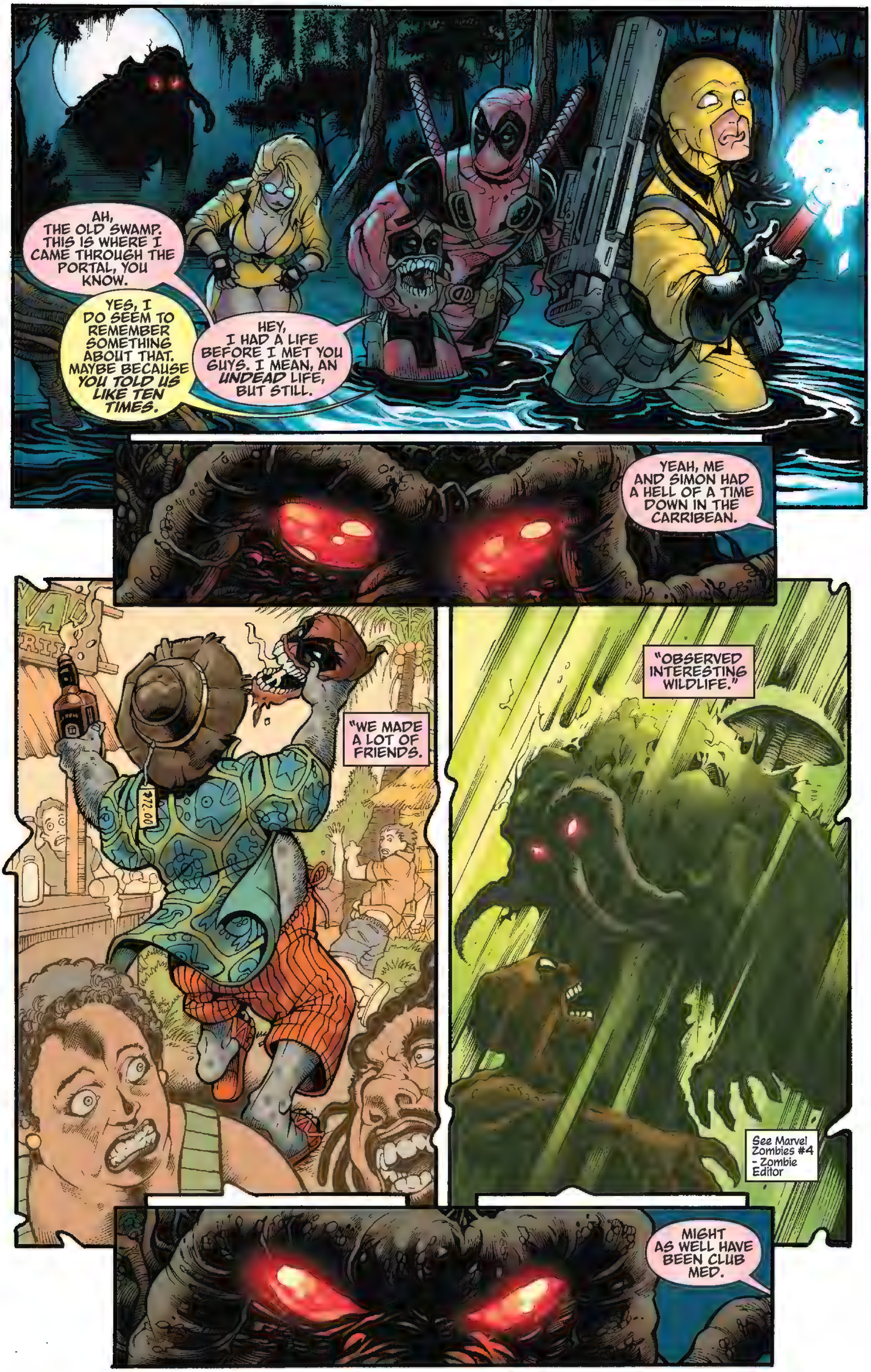

GET THE LEAD OUT, PEOPLE. THE SOONER WE DO THIS, THE SOONER I CAN GET THE HELL HOME.
BILL, BREAK OUT THE EXTRA ORDNANCE FROM THE ARMS LOCKER. I'M NOT GOING TO GET SWALLOWED BY SOME SWAMP REPTILE FOR LACK OF FIRE-POWER.
IS SHE IN CHARGE? I DON'T REMEMBER SAYING SHE COULD BE IN CHARGE.
FACE IT. YOU NEED LEADER-SHIP.
He's right, you know. You're a loose cannon.
KEEP IT TIGHT, GUYS. WATCH OUT FOR CHARLIE. L-Z IS HOT. LET'S WATCH THE CHATTER. UNFRIENDLIES COMING UP THE MEKONG. HOW'RE THESE 'NAM REFERENCES WORKING FOR YOU?
SIGH IT'S GONNA BE A LONG HIKE.
READINGS ARE STRONGER THIS WAY. WE SHOULD HEAD SOUTH.

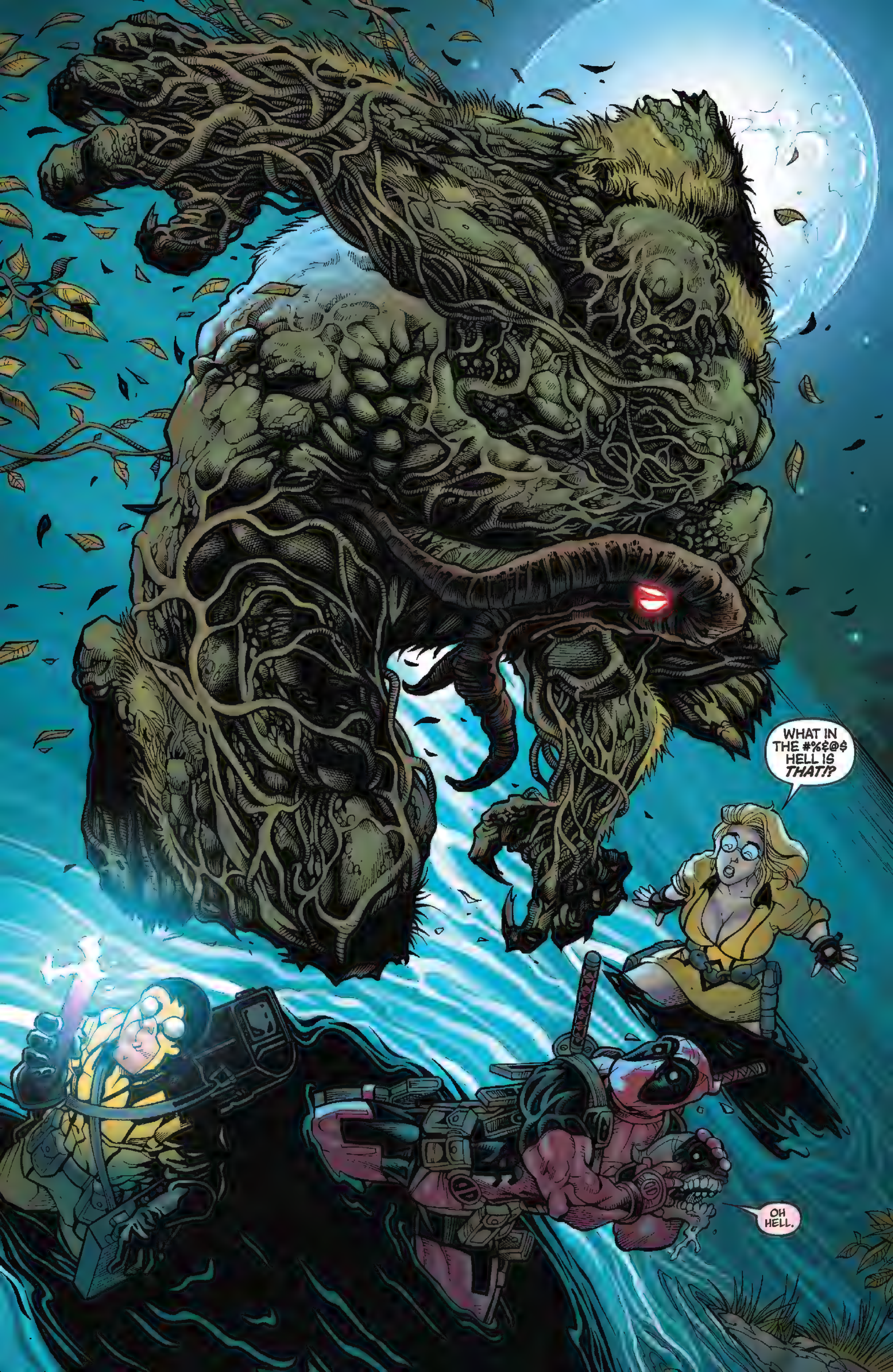

MEANWHILE, IN THE INKY BLACKNESS OF SPACE.
(YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK WE WERE DONE WITH SPACE, DID YOU?)
SIR? SIR? THE MEDICS HAVE GIVEN YOU A STIMULANT. ARE YOU AWAKE? CAN YOU HEAR ME, SIR?
GET WELL
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, ASHCROFT. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE THE MOTHER OF ALL HANGOVERS. WHAT'S OUR STATUS?
SIR, WE'VE LOST 80 PERCENT OF OUR MANPOWER. THE STATION IS ON EMERGENCY BACKUP. WE HAVE ONE OPERATIONAL SHUTTLE. I HAVE MEN FUELING IT NOW.
AND WHAT OF THE HYDRA FRIGATE?
SEVERELY DAMAGED, SIR. IT'S BEEN DRIFTING AWAY SINCE THE BATTLE. SENSORS REPORT LIFE SIGNS, AND WE THINK THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO EFFECT REPAIRS, BUT WE ESTIMATE IT'S USELESS. THE FRIGATE'S DONE FOR. WE THINK WE CAN LOAD OUR SHUTTLE AND BE BACK PLANETSIDE WITHIN TWO HOURS.
NEGATIVE. WE'RE NOT LICKED YET. ASSEMBLE THE REMAINING MEN INTO A STRIKE TEAM. WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT HEAD.
THERE'S MORE, SIR. ALMOST NOTHING WORKS, BUT THE RADAR IS UP AND RUNNING, SO I'VE HAD MEN MONITORING AROUND THE CLOCK. THEY REPORTED FIVE MINUTES AGO.

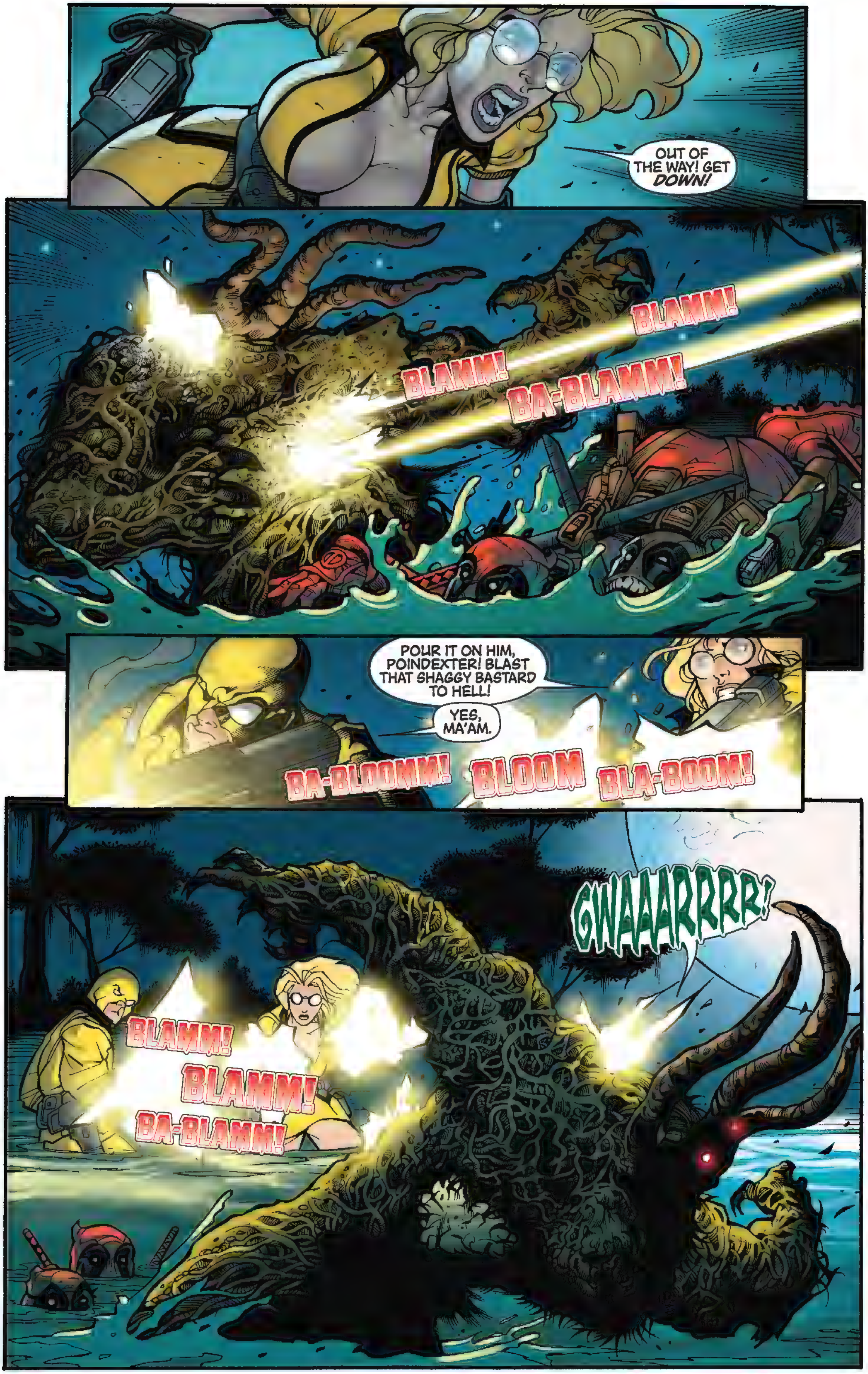

ANOTHER HYDRA SHIP HAS ENTERED THE SECTOR.
SIR, THE SURVIVORS ABOARD OUR FRIGATE REPORT LIFE SUPPORT OPERATIONAL AGAIN. THEY SHOULD BE OKAY UNTIL A RESCUE SHUTTLE CAN BE ARRANGED.
AND THE A.I.M. STATION?
BADLY DAMAGED. NO THREAT TO US.
EXCELLENT. THEN LET US FIND MR. WILSON AND DEVISE SOME WAY TO DO HIM HARM.
COORDINATES SET, LORD FALCON. WE'RE IN PURSUIT.

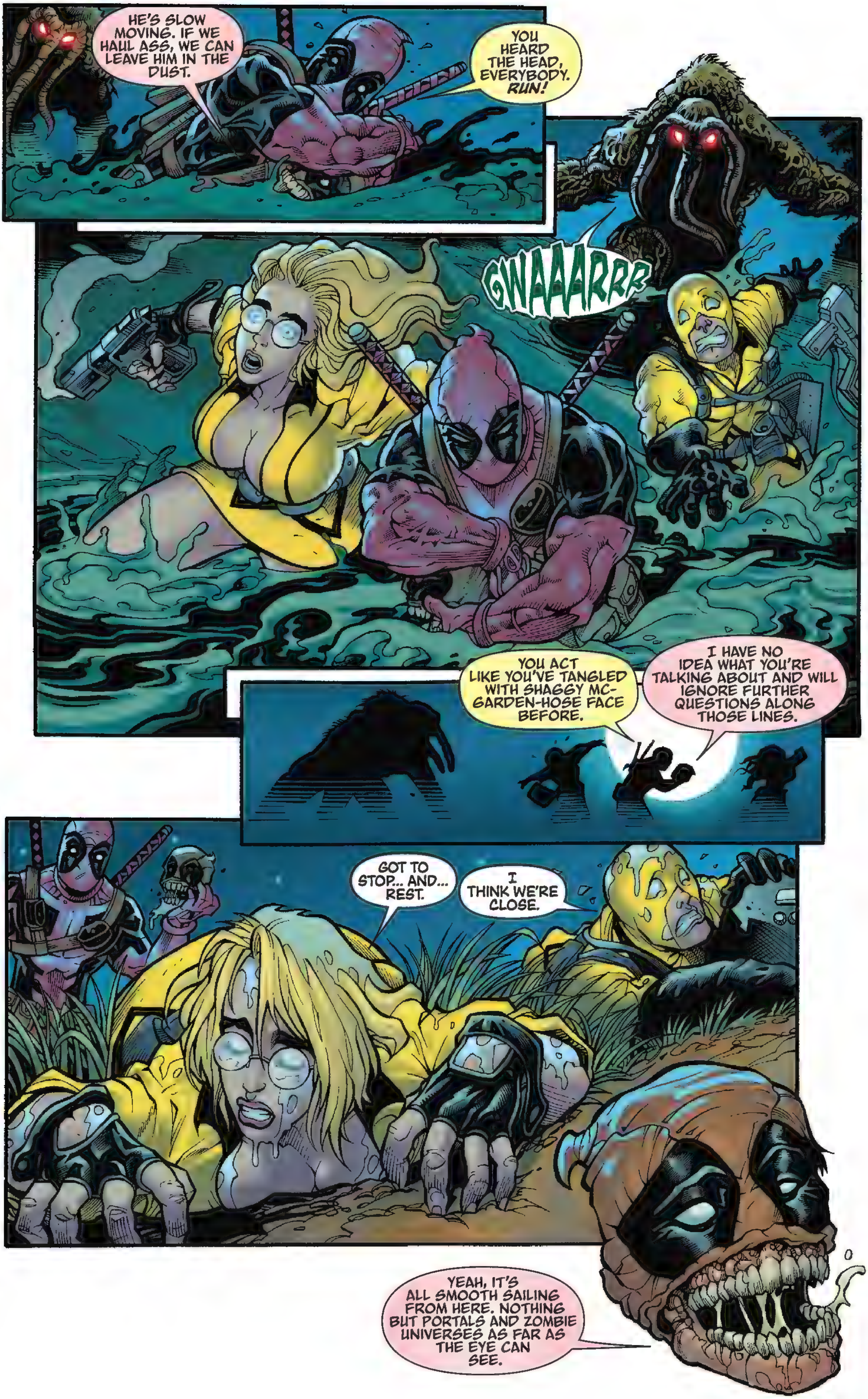

HEY, REMEMBER BACK WHEN WE WERE ALL IN THE SAVAGE LAND? GOOD TIMES. GOOOOOOD TIMES.
AT LEAST I WASN'T ASS-DEEP IN MUCK.
SPEAKING OF ASS-DEEP --
SHUT UP.
THE READING IS WEIRD. LIKE IT'S FLUCTUATING OR PULSING OR SOMETHING. BUT IT'S DUE SOUTH.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE READING THAT RIGHT? DOES THAT THING HAVE MARIO KART ON IT?
WILL YOU PLEASE JUST KEEP MOVING. I SWEAR YOU PEOPLE ARE GIVING ME AN ULCER. IF I HAVE TO --
YIKES!
BOOM!!!
GOOD SHOT.

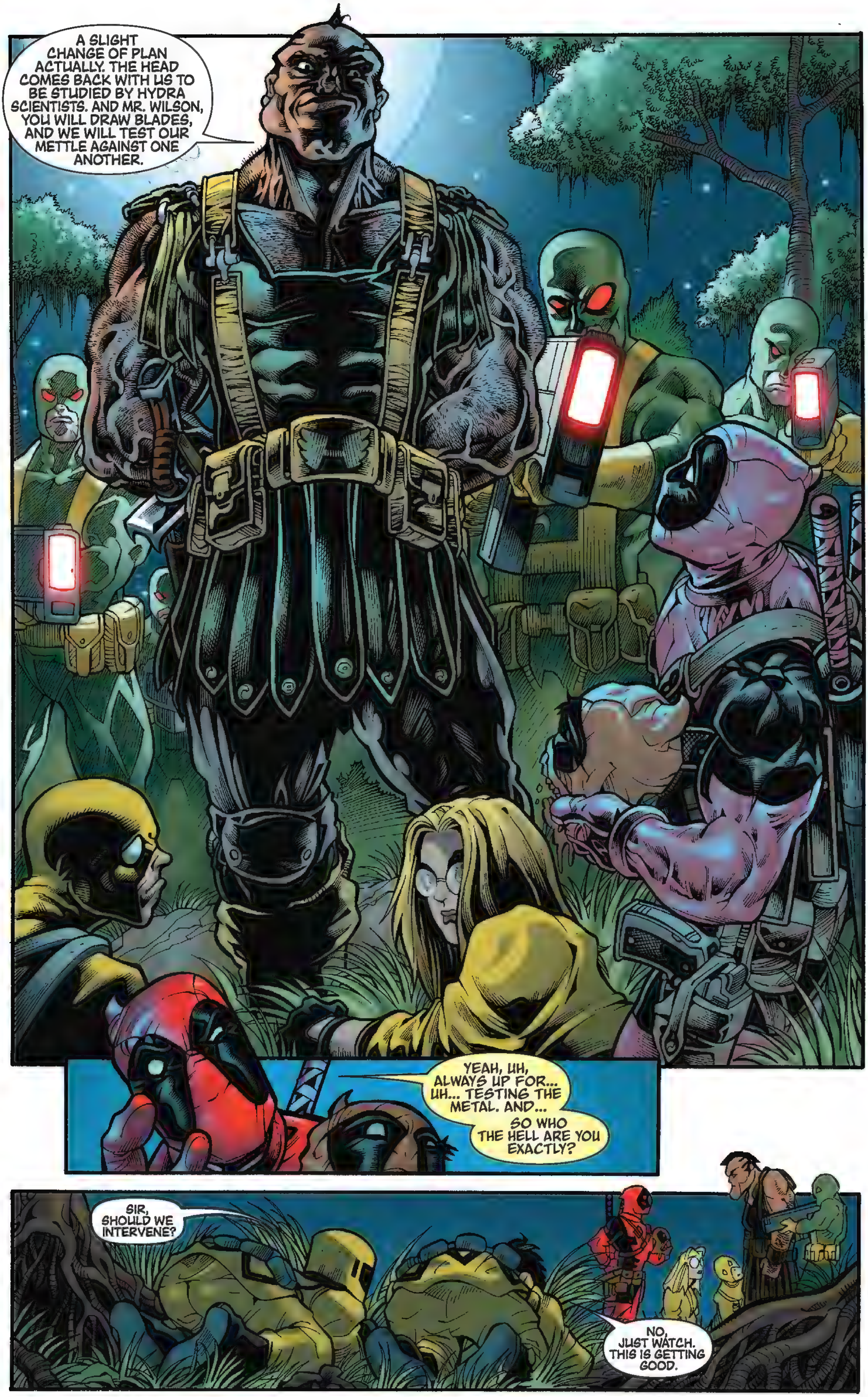

HYDRA INTELLIGENCE HAS QUITE A FILE ON OUR ADVENTUROUS MR. WILSON. MOST INTERESTING.
DEADPOOL
PROFICIENT IN MOST WEAPONS BUT SEEMS ESPECIALLY FOND OF HIS SAMURAI SWORDS. DESIGNED FOR BARBARIC HACKING AND SLASHING.
STILL... A MAN OF WILSON'S SKILL. I MIGHT ACTUALLY FIND SOMEONE WORTHY. SOMEONE WHO COULD PRESENT ME WITH A CHALLENGE.
LORD FALCON, WE'VE STARTED OUR DESCENT. WE'VE LOCATED THE A.I.M. SPACE-CRAFT.
EXCELLENT. LET US LOCATE OUR WANDERING MR. WILSON AND SEE WHAT SPORT HE PROVIDES.

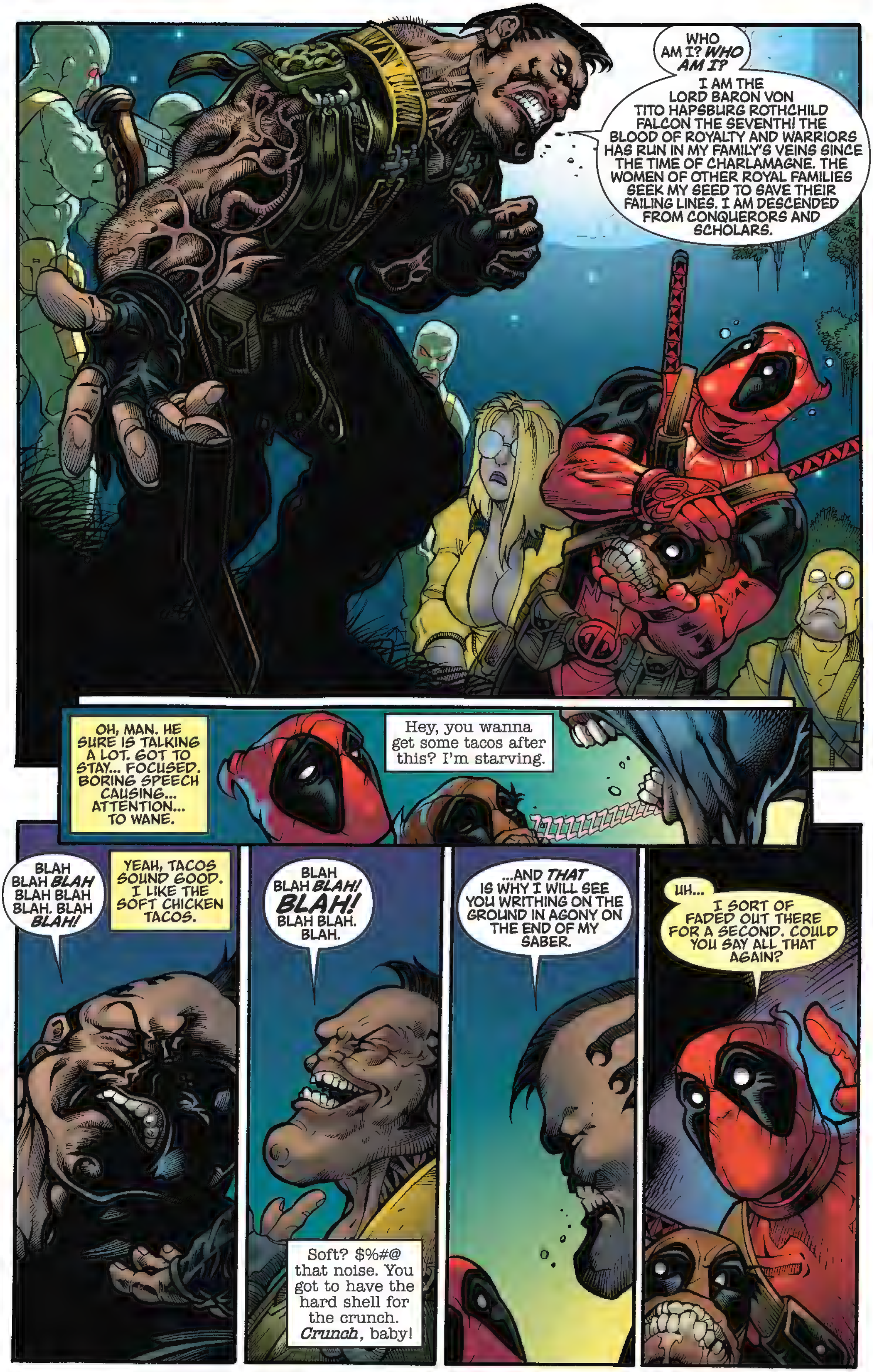

AH, THE OLD SWAMP. THIS IS WHERE I CAME THROUGH THE PORTAL, YOU KNOW.
YES, I DO SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT THAT. MAYBE BECAUSE *YOU TOLD US LIKE TEN TIMES.*
HEY, I HAD A LIFE BEFORE I MET YOU GUYS. I MEAN, AN *UNDEAD* LIFE, BUT STILL.
YEAH, ME AND SIMON HAD A HELL OF A TIME DOWN IN THE CARRIBEAN.
"WE MADE A LOT OF FRIENDS.
$72.00
"OBSERVED INTERESTING WILDLIFE."
See Marvel Zombies #4 - Zombie Editor
MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN CLUB MED.

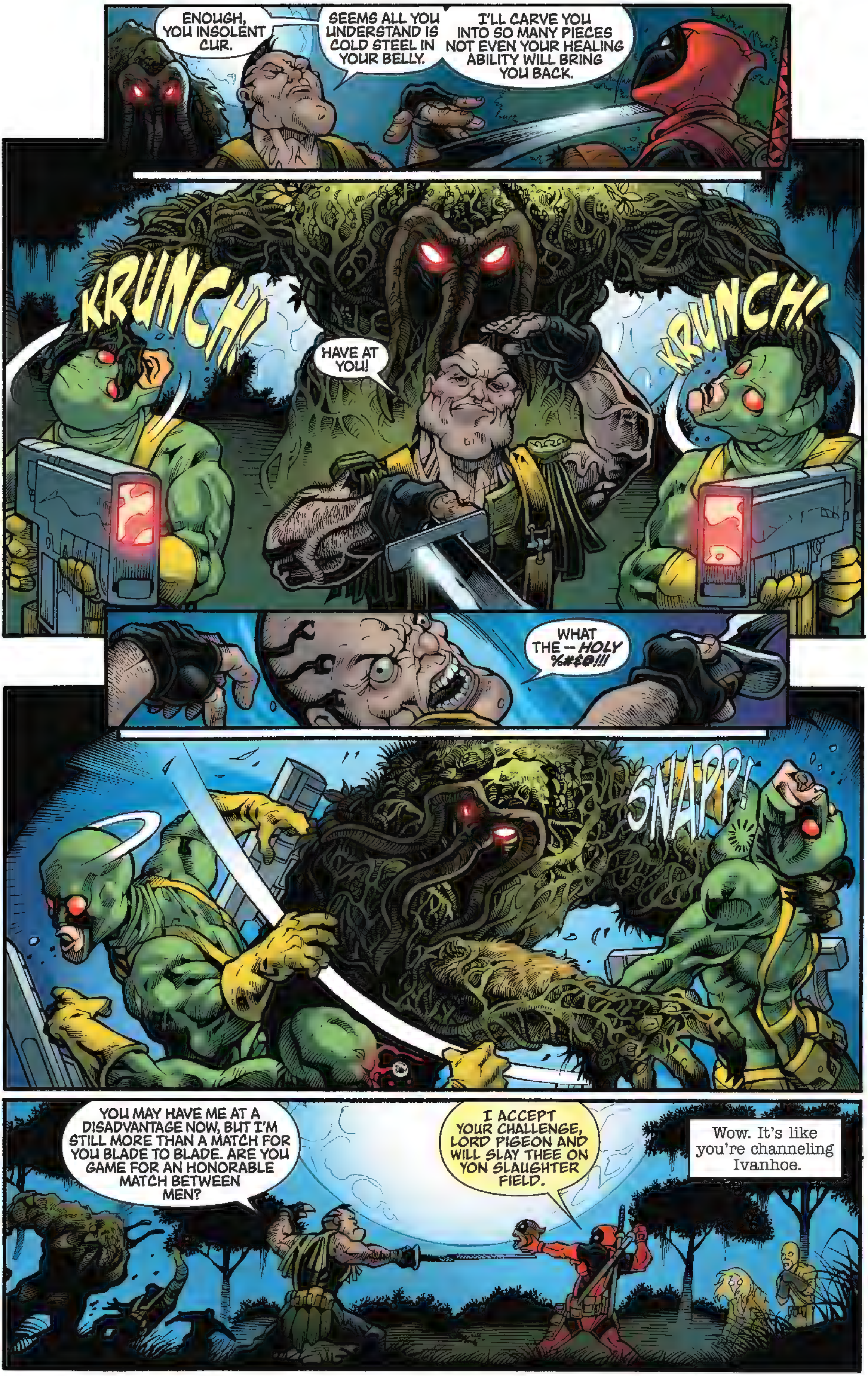

WHAT IN THE #%$@$ HELL IS *THAT!?*
OH HELL.

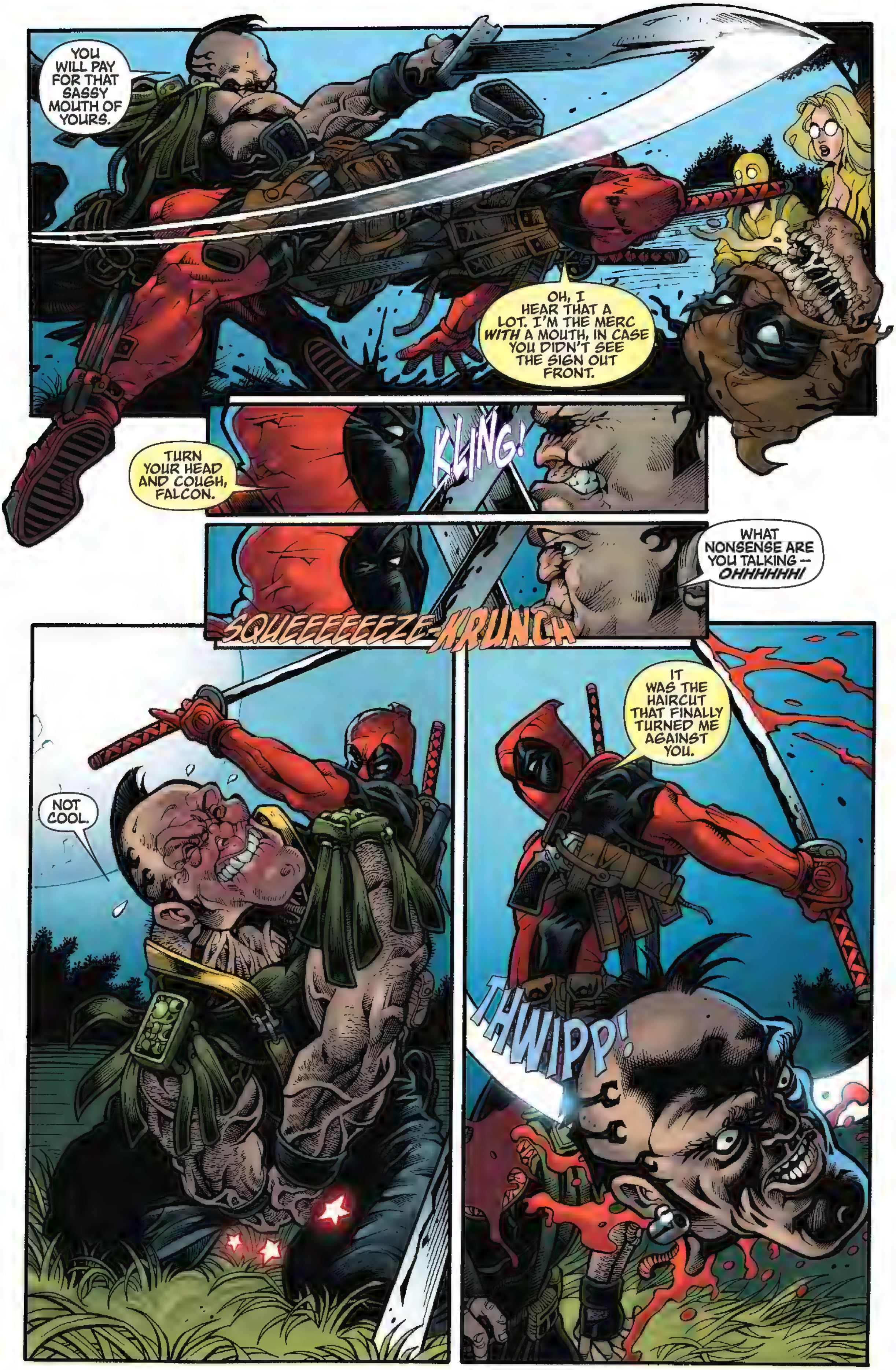

OUT OF THE WAY! GET *DOWN!*
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BA-BLAMM!
POUR IT ON HIM, POINDEXTER! BLAST THAT SHAGGY BASTARD TO HELL!
YES, MA'AM.
BA-BLOOMM!
BLOOM
BLA-BOOM!
GWAAARRRR!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BA-BLAMM!

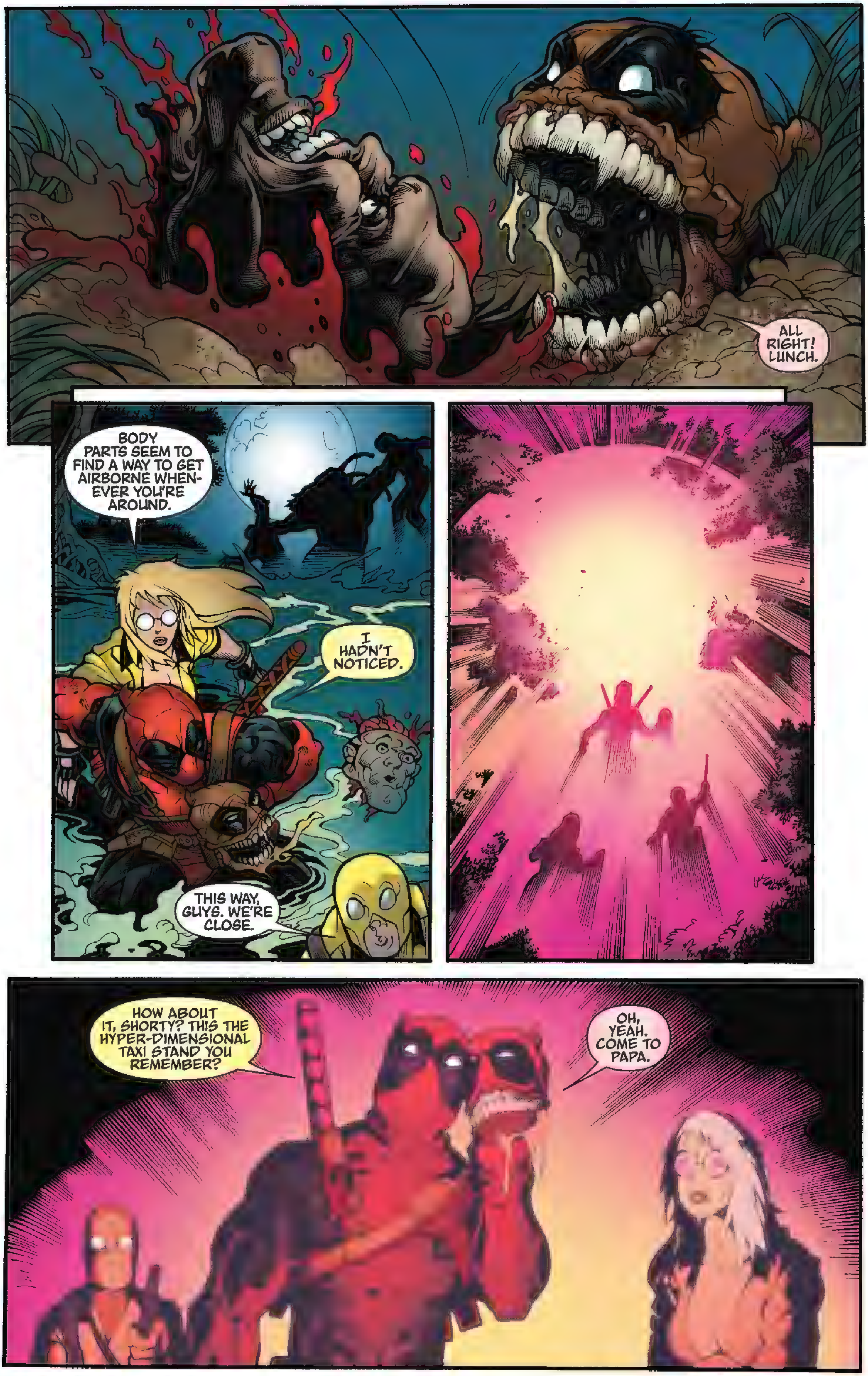

HE'S SLOW MOVING. IF WE HAUL ASS, WE CAN LEAVE HIM IN THE DUST.
YOU HEARD THE HEAD, EVERYBODY. *RUN!*
GWAAARRR
YOU ACT LIKE YOU'VE TANGLED WITH SHAGGY MCGARDEN-HOSE FACE BEFORE.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT AND WILL IGNORE FURTHER QUESTIONS ALONG THOSE LINES.
GOT TO STOP... AND... REST.
I THINK WE'RE CLOSE.
YEAH, IT'S ALL SMOOTH SAILING FROM HERE. NOTHING BUT PORTALS AND ZOMBIE UNIVERSES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

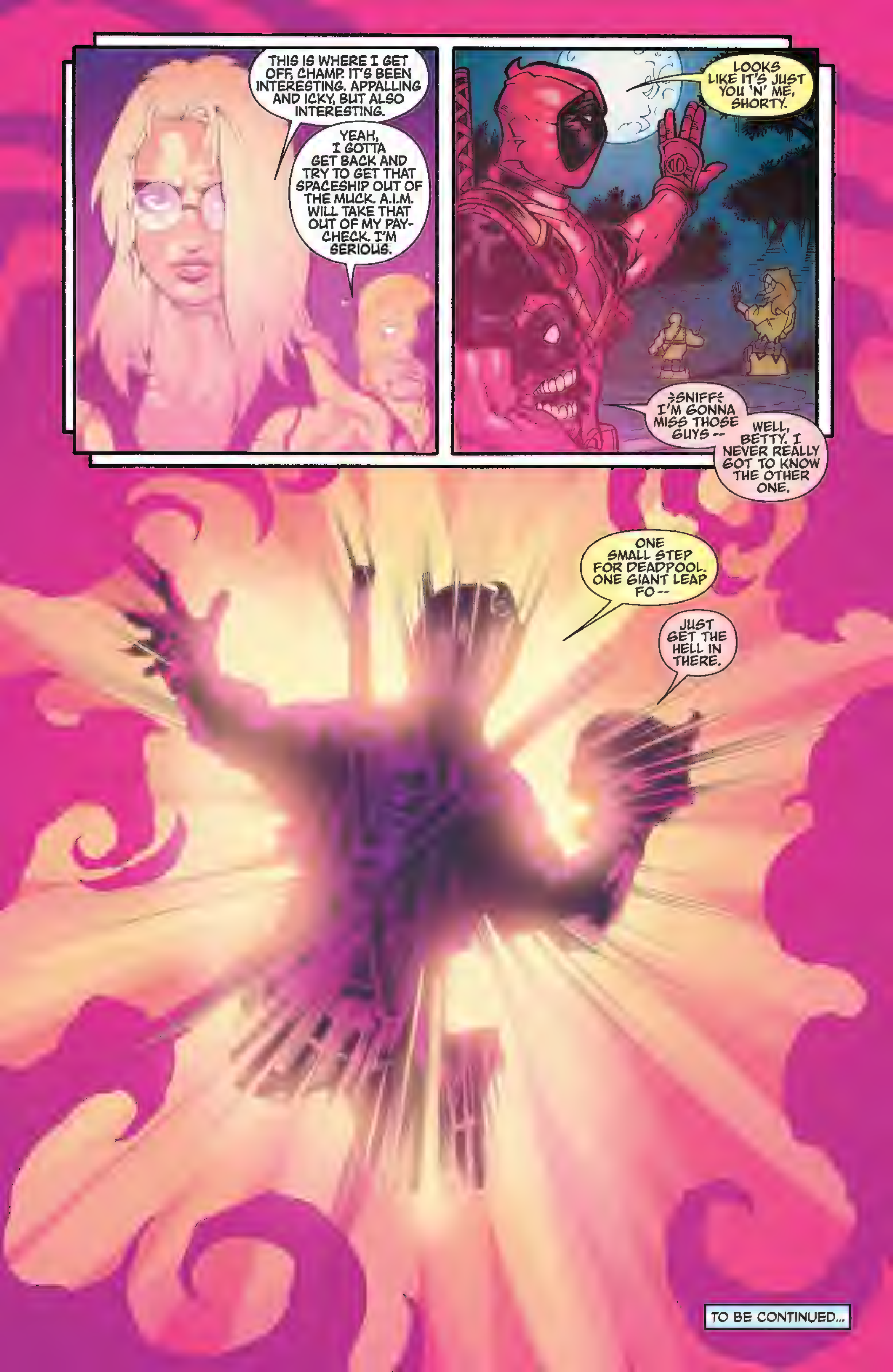

A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PLAN ACTUALLY. THE HEAD COMES BACK WITH US TO BE STUDIED BY HYDRA SCIENTISTS. AND MR. WILSON, YOU WILL DRAW BLADES, AND WE WILL TEST OUR METTLE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.
YEAH, UH, ALWAYS UP FOR... UH... TESTING THE METAL. AND...
SO WHO THE HELL ARE YOU EXACTLY?
SIR, SHOULD WE INTERVENE?
NO, JUST WATCH. THIS IS GETTING GOOD.

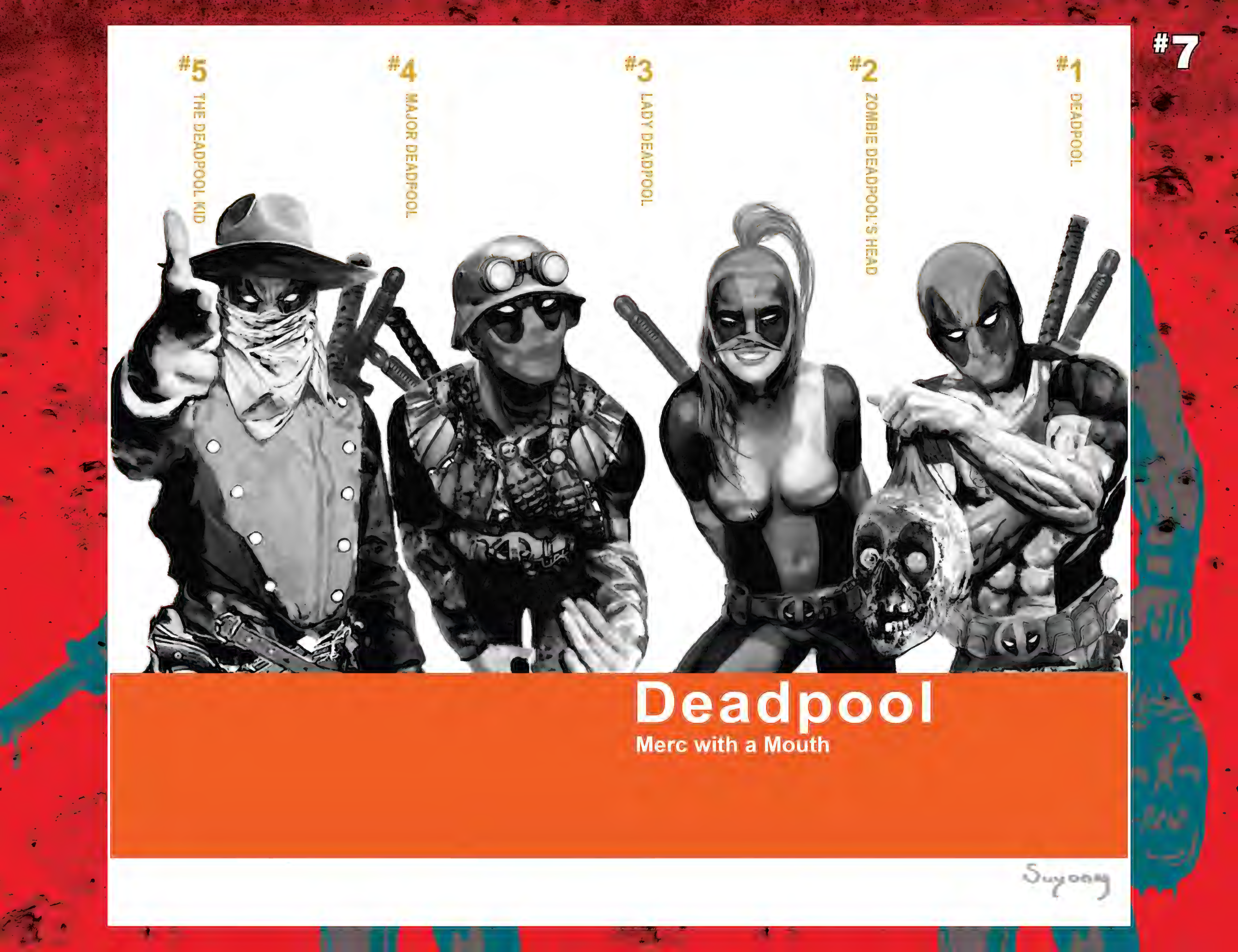

WHO AM I? *WHO AM I?* I AM THE LORD BARON VON TITO HAPSBURG ROTHCHILD FALCON THE SEVENTH! THE BLOOD OF ROYALTY AND WARRIORS HAS RUN IN MY FAMILY'S VEINS SINCE THE TIME OF CHARLAMAGNE. THE WOMEN OF OTHER ROYAL FAMILIES SEEK MY SEED TO SAVE THEIR FAILING LINES. I AM DESCENDED FROM CONQUERORS AND SCHOLARS.
OH, MAN. HE SURE IS TALKING A LOT. GOT TO STAY... FOCUSED. BORING SPEECH CAUSING... ATTENTION... TO WANE.
Hey, you wanna get some tacos after this? I'm starving.
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
BLAH BLAH *BLAH* BLAH BLAH BLAH. BLAH *BLAH!*
YEAH, TACOS SOUND GOOD. I LIKE THE SOFT CHICKEN TACOS.
BLAH BLAH *BLAH! BLAH!* BLAH BLAH. BLAH.
Soft? $%#@ that noise. You got to have the hard shell for the crunch. *Crunch*, baby!
...AND *THAT* IS WHY I WILL SEE YOU WRITHING ON THE GROUND IN AGONY ON THE END OF MY SABER.
UH... I SORT OF FADED OUT THERE FOR A SECOND. COULD YOU SAY ALL THAT AGAIN?

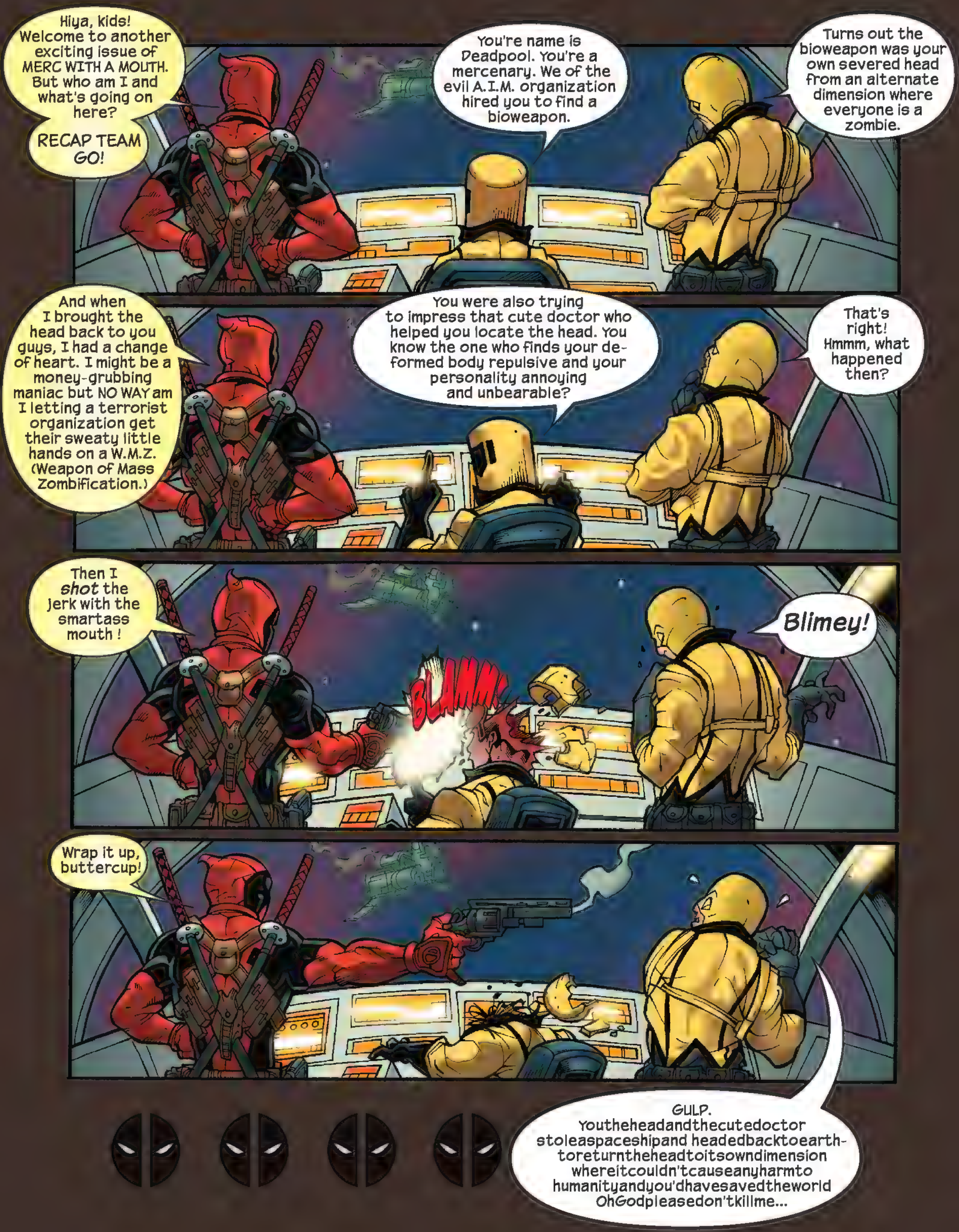

ENOUGH, YOU INSOLENT CUR.
SEEMS ALL YOU UNDERSTAND IS COLD STEEL IN YOUR BELLY.
I'LL CARVE YOU INTO SO MANY PIECES NOT EVEN YOUR HEALING ABILITY WILL BRING YOU BACK.
KRUNCH!
KRUNCH!
HAVE AT YOU!
WHAT THE -- *HOLY %#$@!!!*
SNAPP!
YOU MAY HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE NOW, BUT I'M STILL MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU BLADE TO BLADE. ARE YOU GAME FOR AN HONORABLE MATCH BETWEEN MEN?
I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, LORD PIGEON AND WILL SLAY THEE ON YON SLAUGHTER FIELD.
Wow. It's like you're channeling Ivanhoe.

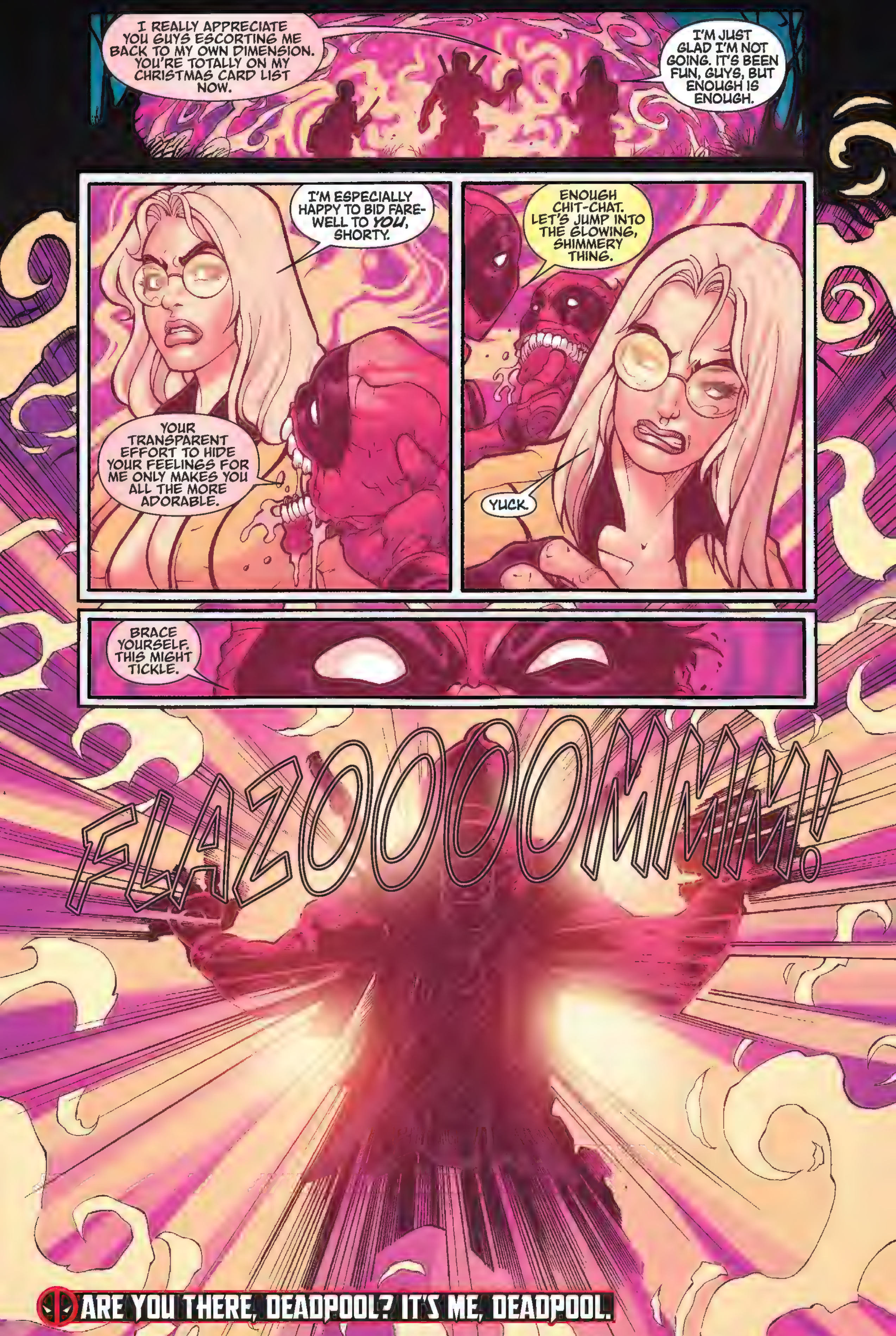

YOU WILL PAY FOR THAT SASSY MOUTH OF YOURS.
OH, I HEAR THAT A LOT. I'M THE MERC *WITH A MOUTH,* IN CASE YOU DIDN'T SEE THE SIGN OUT FRONT.
TURN YOUR HEAD AND COUGH, FALCON.
KLING!
WHAT NONSENSE ARE YOU TALKING -- *OHHHHHH!*
SQUEEEEEEEZE-KRUNCH
NOT COOL.
IT WAS THE HAIRCUT THAT FINALLY TURNED ME AGAINST YOU.
THWIPP!

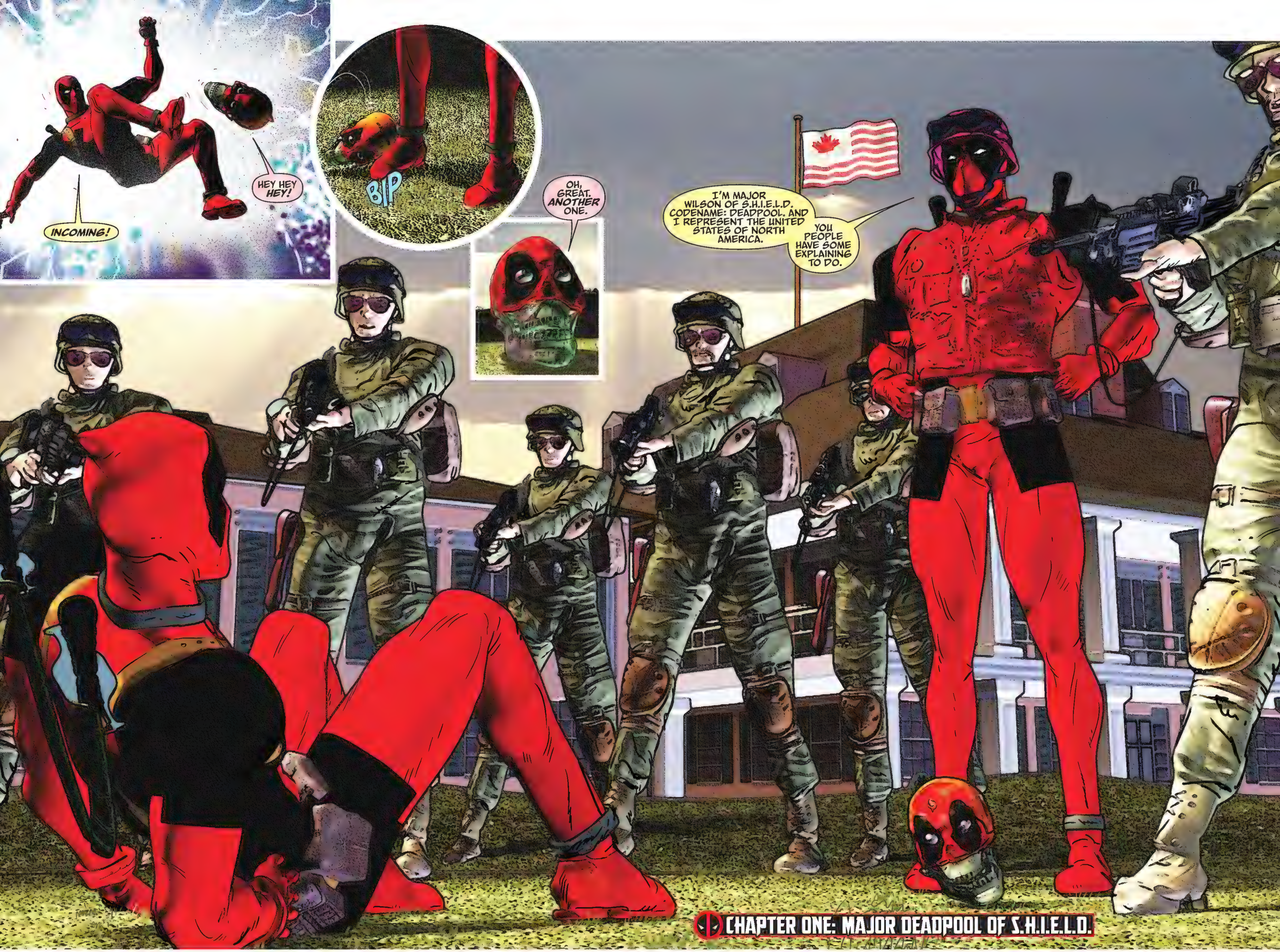

ALL RIGHT! LUNCH.
BODY PARTS SEEM TO FIND A WAY TO GET AIRBORNE WHENEVER YOU'RE AROUND.
I HADN'T NOTICED.
THIS WAY, GUYS. WE'RE CLOSE.
HOW ABOUT IT, SHORTY? THIS THE HYPER-DIMENSIONAL TAXI STAND YOU REMEMBER?
OH, YEAH. COME TO PAPA.


THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, CHAMP. IT'S BEEN INTERESTING. APPALLING AND ICKY, BUT ALSO INTERESTING.
YEAH, I GOTTA GET BACK AND TRY TO GET THAT SPACESHIP OUT OF THE MUCK. A.I.M. WILL TAKE THAT OUT OF MY PAYCHECK. I'M SERIOUS.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU 'N' ME, SHORTY.
≶SNIFF≶ I'M GONNA MISS THOSE GUYS --
WELL, BETTY. I NEVER REALLY GOT TO KNOW THE OTHER ONE.
ONE SMALL STEP FOR DEADPOOL. ONE GIANT LEAP FO--
JUST GET THE HELL IN THERE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

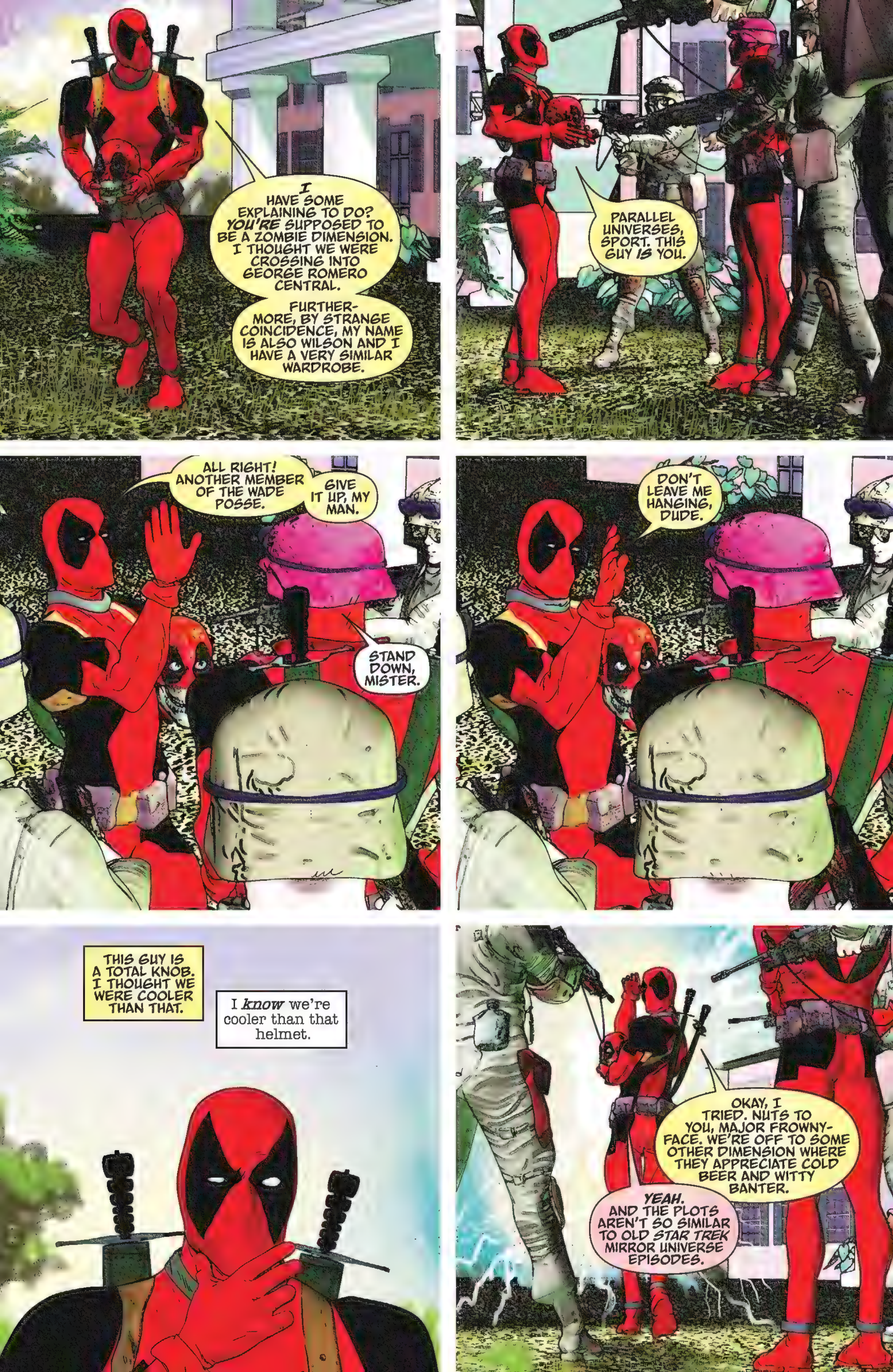

#7
#5
THE DEADPOOL KID
#4
MAJOR DEADPOOL
#3
LADY DEADPOOL
#2
ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD
#1
DEADPOOL
Deadpool
Merc with a Mouth
Suyoang

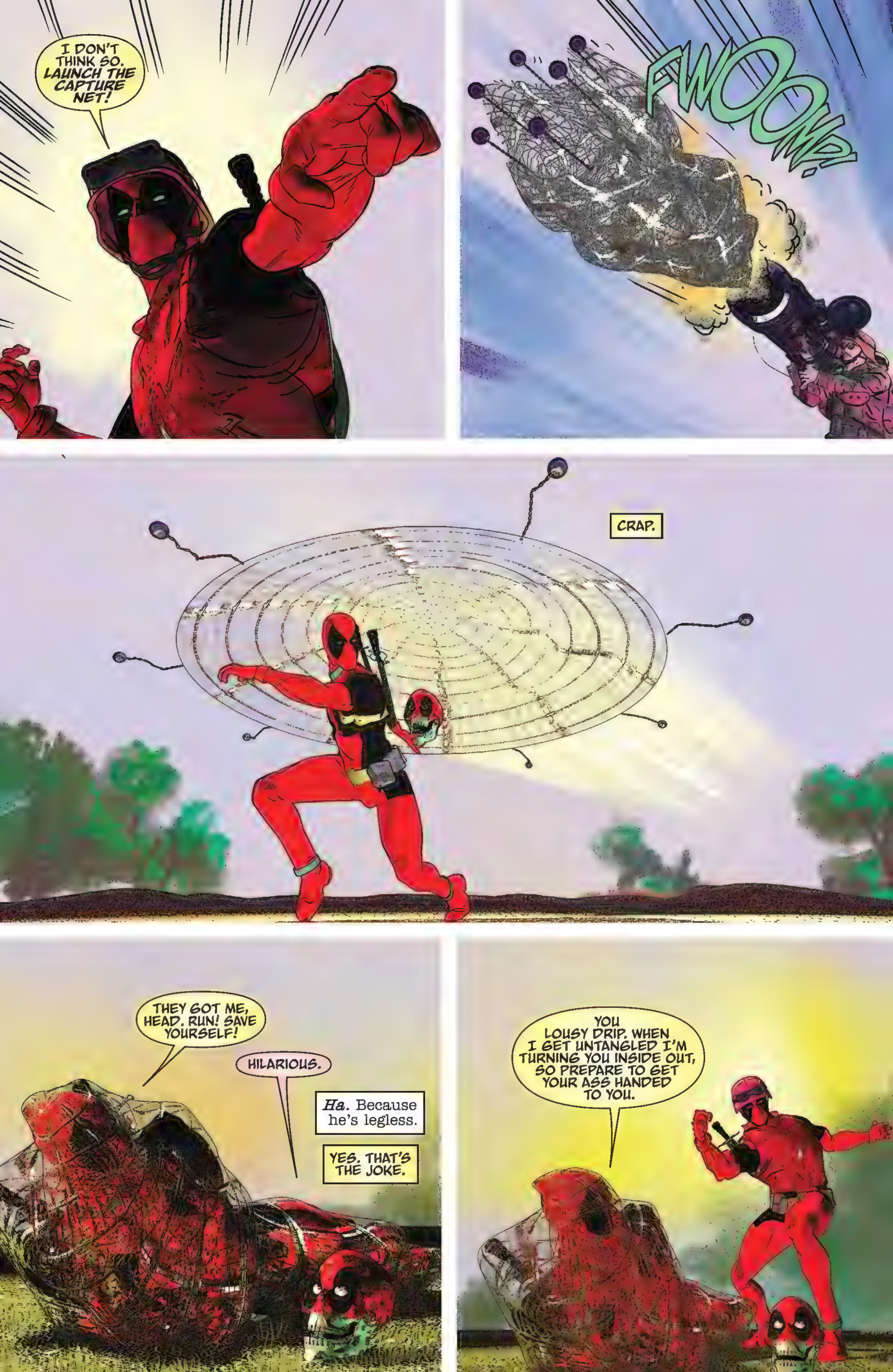

Hiya, kids! Welcome to another exciting issue of MERC WITH A MOUTH. But who am I and what's going on here?
RECAP TEAM GO!
You're name is Deadpool. You're a mercenary. We of the evil A.I.M. organization hired you to find a bioweapon.
Turns out the bioweapon was your own severed head from an alternate dimension where everyone is a zombie.
And when I brought the head back to you guys, I had a change of heart. I might be a money-grubbing maniac but NO WAY am I letting a terrorist organization get their sweaty little hands on a W.M.Z. (Weapon of Mass Zombification.)
You were also trying to impress that cute doctor who helped you locate the head. You know the one who finds your deformed body repulsive and your personality annoying and unbearable?
That's right! Hmmm, what happened then?
Then I *shot* the jerk with the smartass mouth!
BLAMM!
Blimey!
Wrap it up, buttercup!
GULP. Youtheheadandthecutedoctor stoleaspaceshipand headedbacktoearth-toreturntheheadtoitsowndimension whereitcouldn'tcauseanyharmto humanityandyou'dhavesavedtheworld OhGodpleasedon'tkillme...

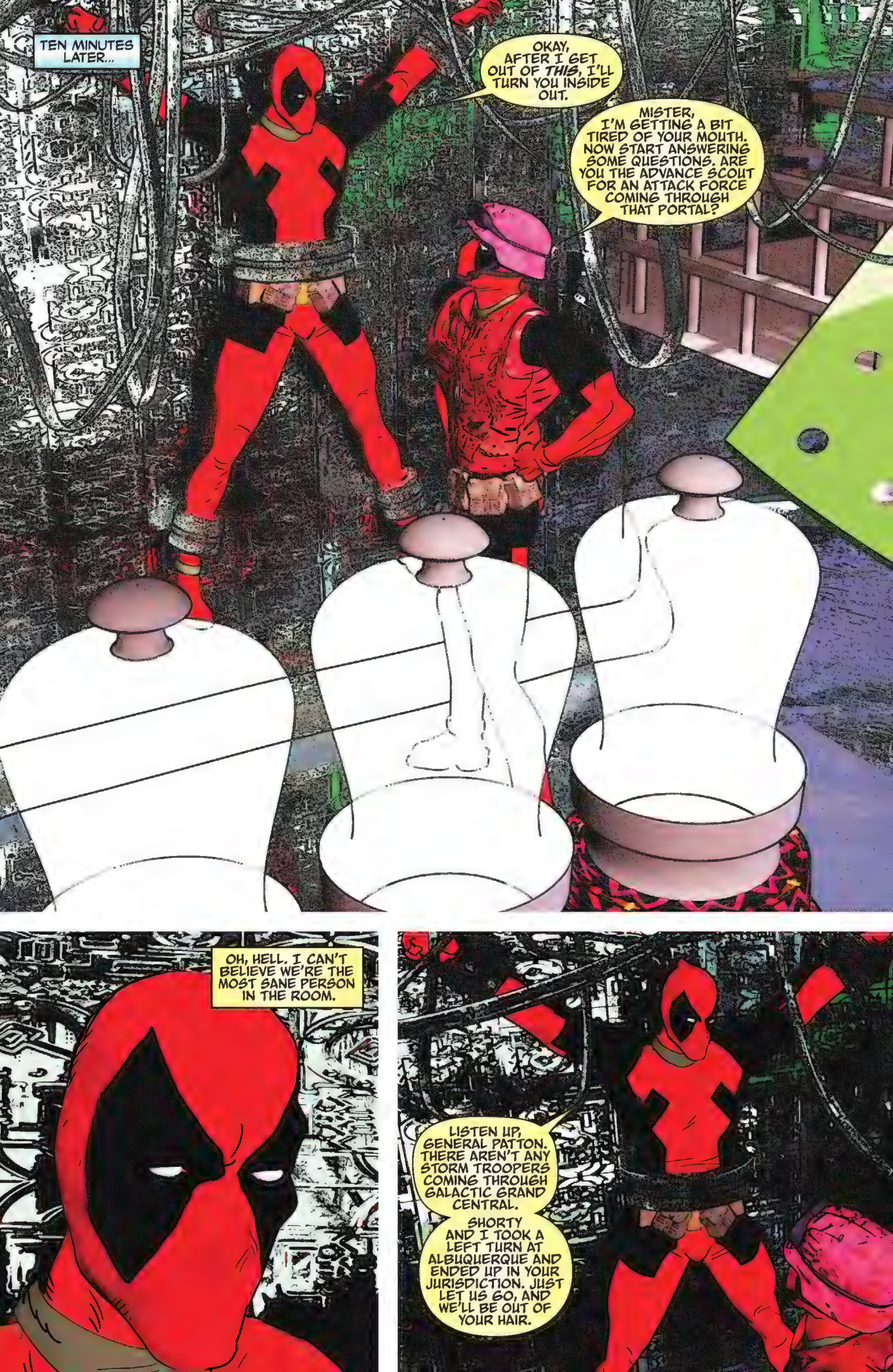

I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU GUYS ESCORTING ME BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION. YOU'RE TOTALLY ON MY CHRISTMAS CARD LIST NOW.
I'M JUST GLAD I'M NOT GOING. IT'S BEEN FUN, GUYS, BUT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.
I'M ESPECIALLY HAPPY TO BID FAREWELL TO *YOU*, SHORTY.
YOUR TRANSPARENT EFFORT TO HIDE YOUR FEELINGS FOR ME ONLY MAKES YOU ALL THE MORE ADORABLE.
ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT. LET'S JUMP INTO THE GLOWING, SHIMMERY THING.
YUCK.
BRACE YOURSELF. THIS MIGHT TICKLE.
FLAZOOOOOMMMM!

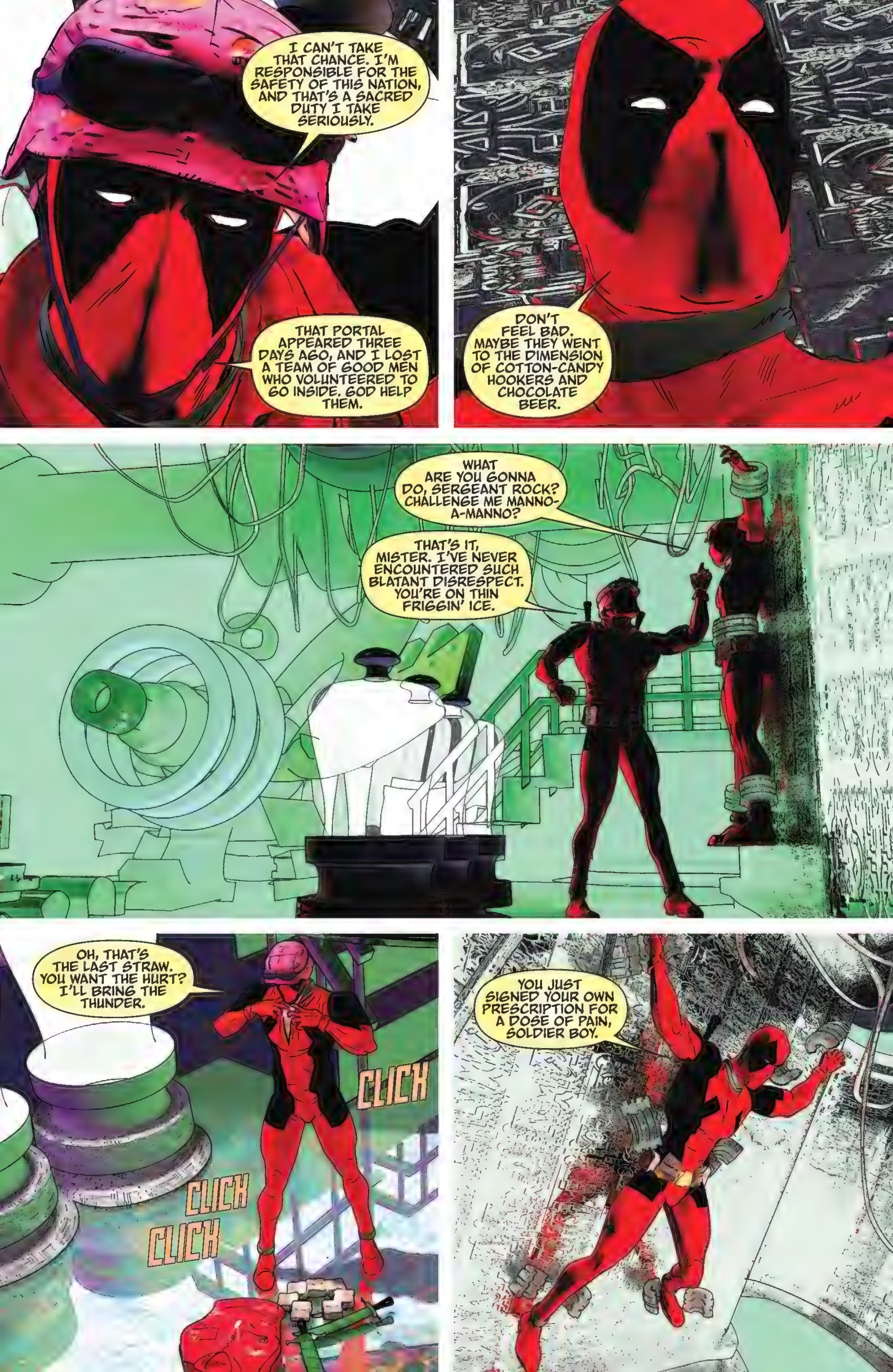

INCOMING!
HEY HEY HEY!
BIP
OH, GREAT. ANOTHER ONE.
I'M MAJOR WILSON OF S.H.I.E.L.D. CODENAME: DEADPOOL. AND I REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.
YOU PEOPLE HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.

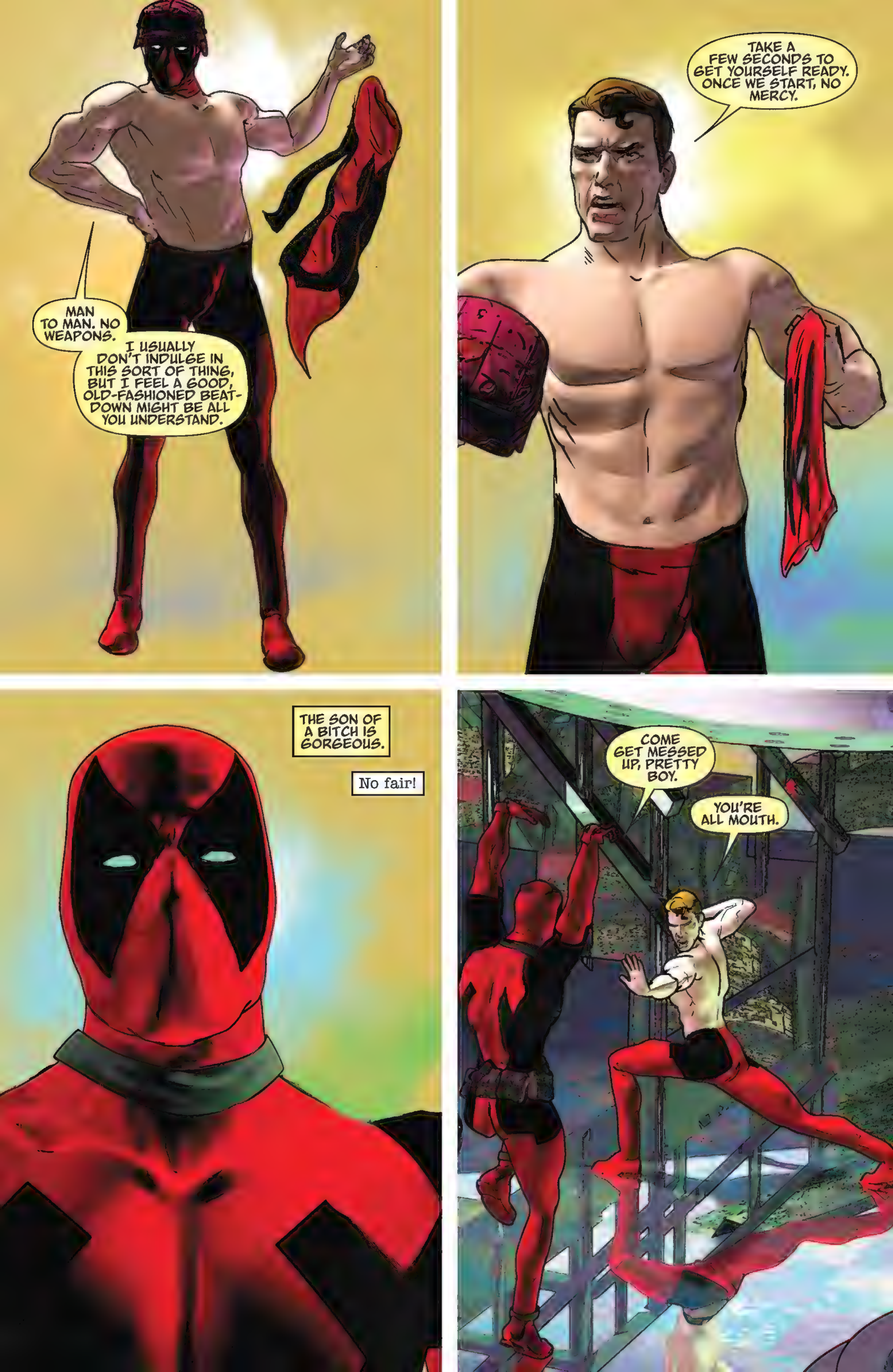
CHAPTER ONE: MAJOR DEADPOOL OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

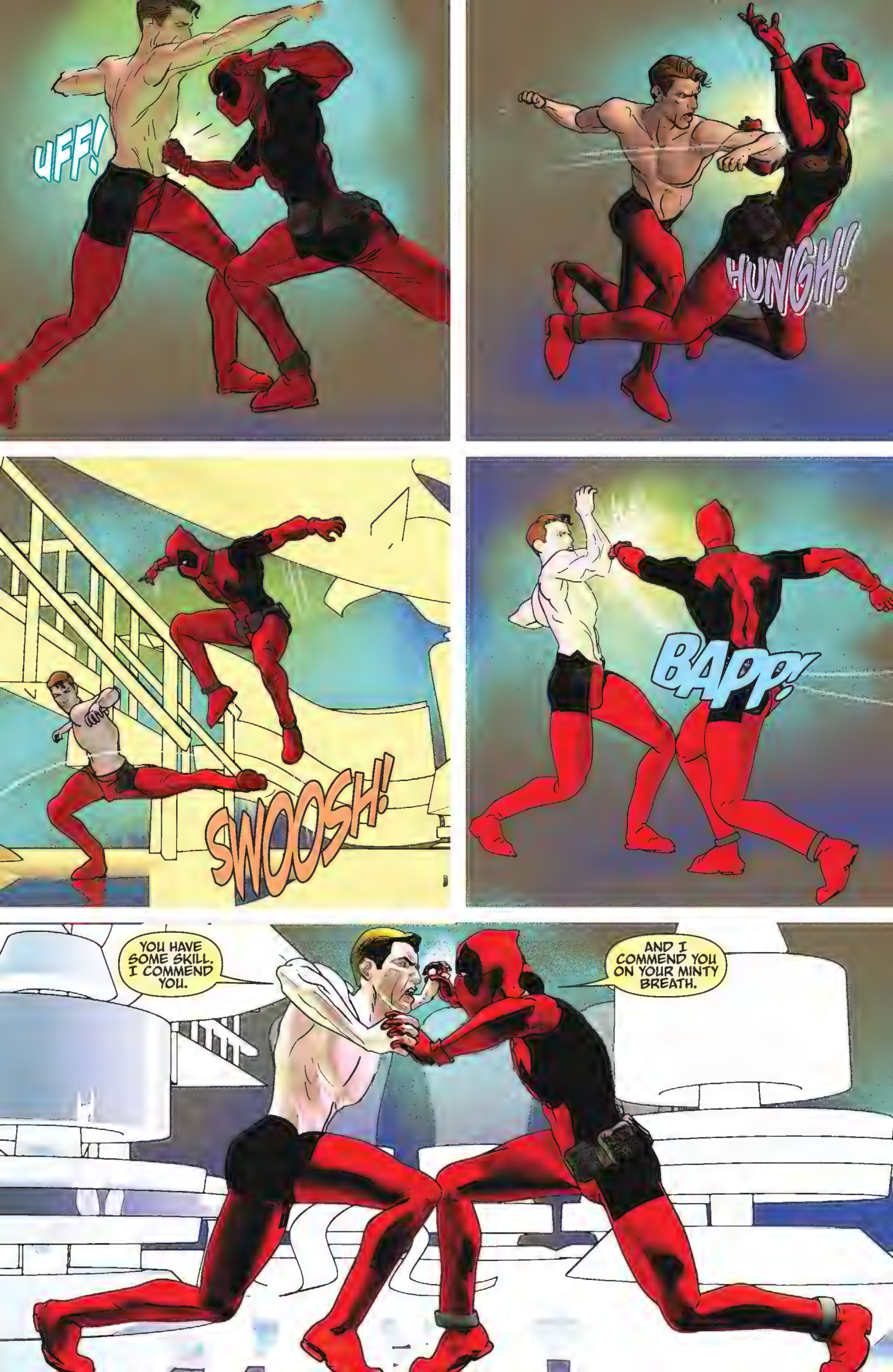

I HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A ZOMBIE DIMENSION. I THOUGHT WE WERE CROSSING INTO GEORGE ROMERO CENTRAL.
FURTHERMORE, BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, MY NAME IS ALSO WILSON AND I HAVE A VERY SIMILAR WARDROBE.
PARALLEL UNIVERSES, SPORT. THIS GUY IS YOU.
ALL RIGHT! ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE WADE POSSE.
GIVE IT UP, MY MAN.
STAND DOWN, MISTER.
DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING, DUDE.
THIS GUY IS A TOTAL KNOB. I THOUGHT WE WERE COOLER THAN THAT.
I know we're cooler than that helmet.
OKAY, I TRIED. NUTS TO YOU, MAJOR FROWNY-FACE. WE'RE OFF TO SOME OTHER DIMENSION WHERE THEY APPRECIATE COLD BEER AND WITTY BANTER.
YEAH. AND THE PLOTS AREN'T SO SIMILAR TO OLD STAR TREK MIRROR UNIVERSE EPISODES.

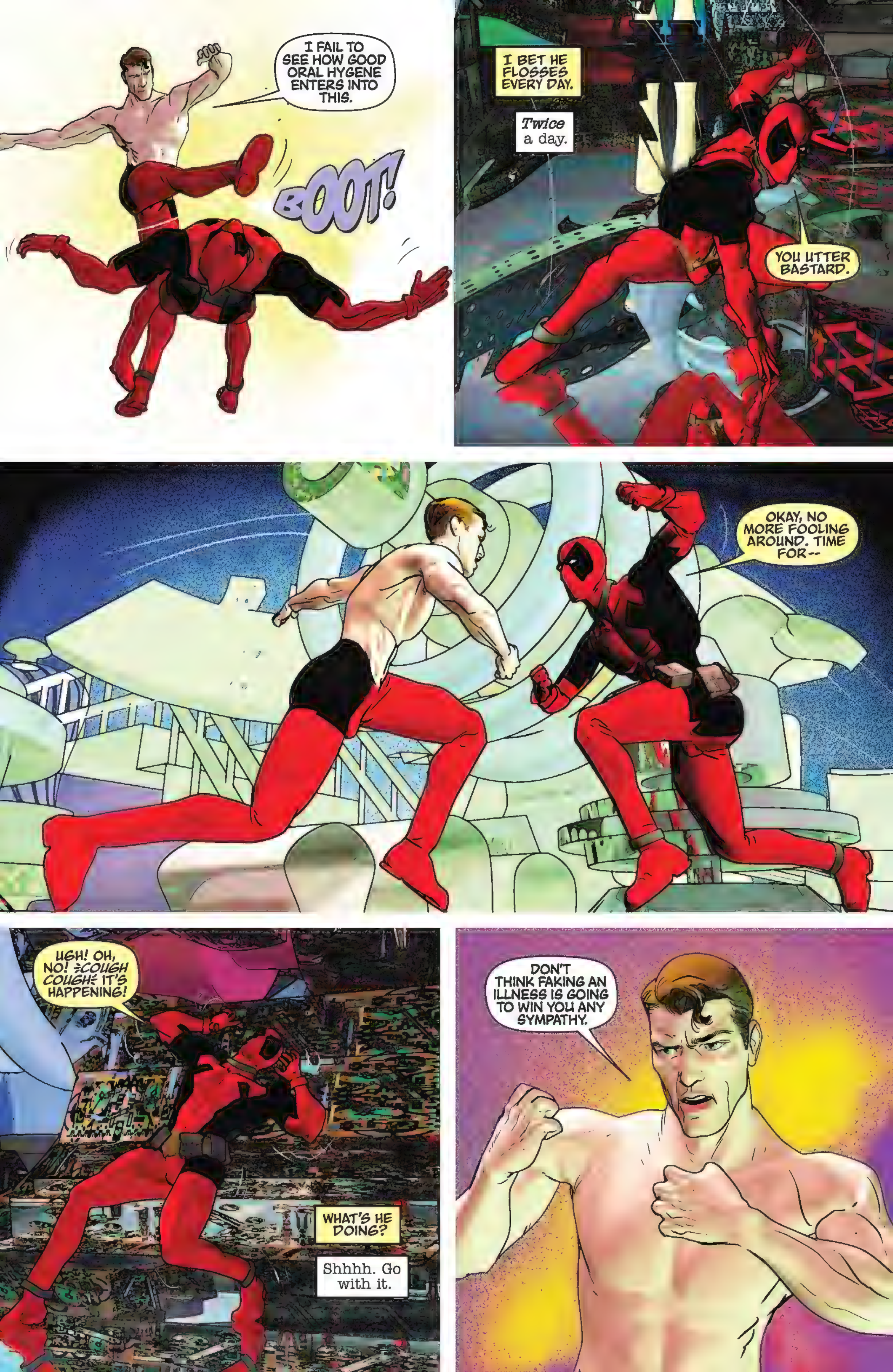

I DON'T THINK SO. LAUNCH THE CAPTURE NET!
FWOOOM!
CRAP.
THEY GOT ME, HEAD. RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!
HILARIOUS.
Ha. Because he's legless.
YES. THAT'S THE JOKE.
YOU LOUSY DRIP. WHEN I GET UNTANGLED I'M TURNING YOU INSIDE OUT, SO PREPARE TO GET YOUR ASS HANDED TO YOU.

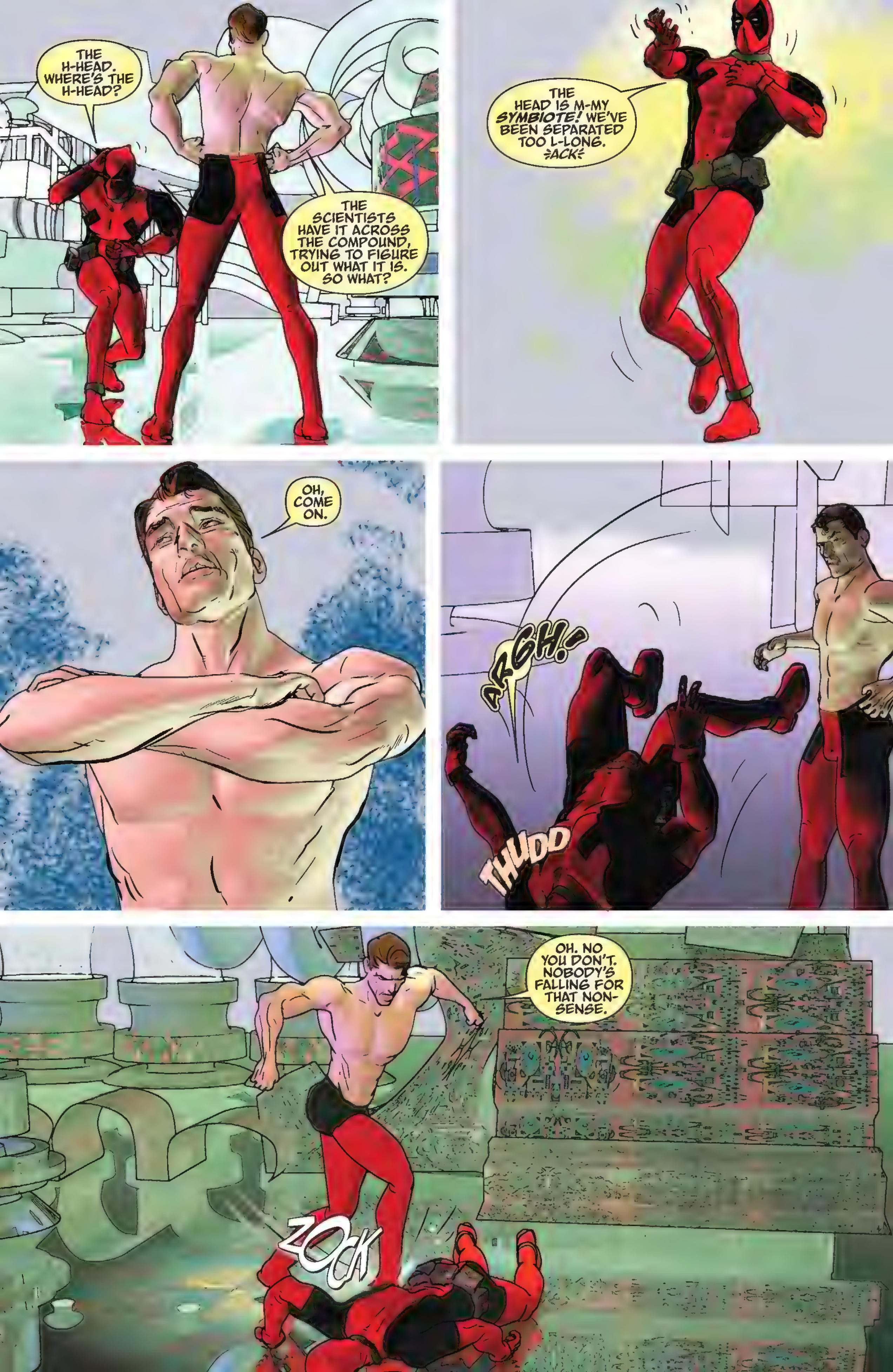

TEN MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, AFTER I GET OUT OF *THIS*, I'LL TURN YOU INSIDE OUT.
MISTER, I'M GETTING A BIT TIRED OF YOUR MOUTH. NOW START ANSWERING SOME QUESTIONS. ARE YOU THE ADVANCE SCOUT FOR AN ATTACK FORCE COMING THROUGH THAT PORTAL?
OH, HELL. I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE THE MOST SANE PERSON IN THE ROOM.
LISTEN UP, GENERAL PATTON. THERE AREN'T ANY STORM TROOPERS COMING THROUGH GALACTIC GRAND CENTRAL.
SHORTY AND I TOOK A LEFT TURN AT ALBUQUERQUE AND ENDED UP IN YOUR JURISDICTION. JUST LET US GO, AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

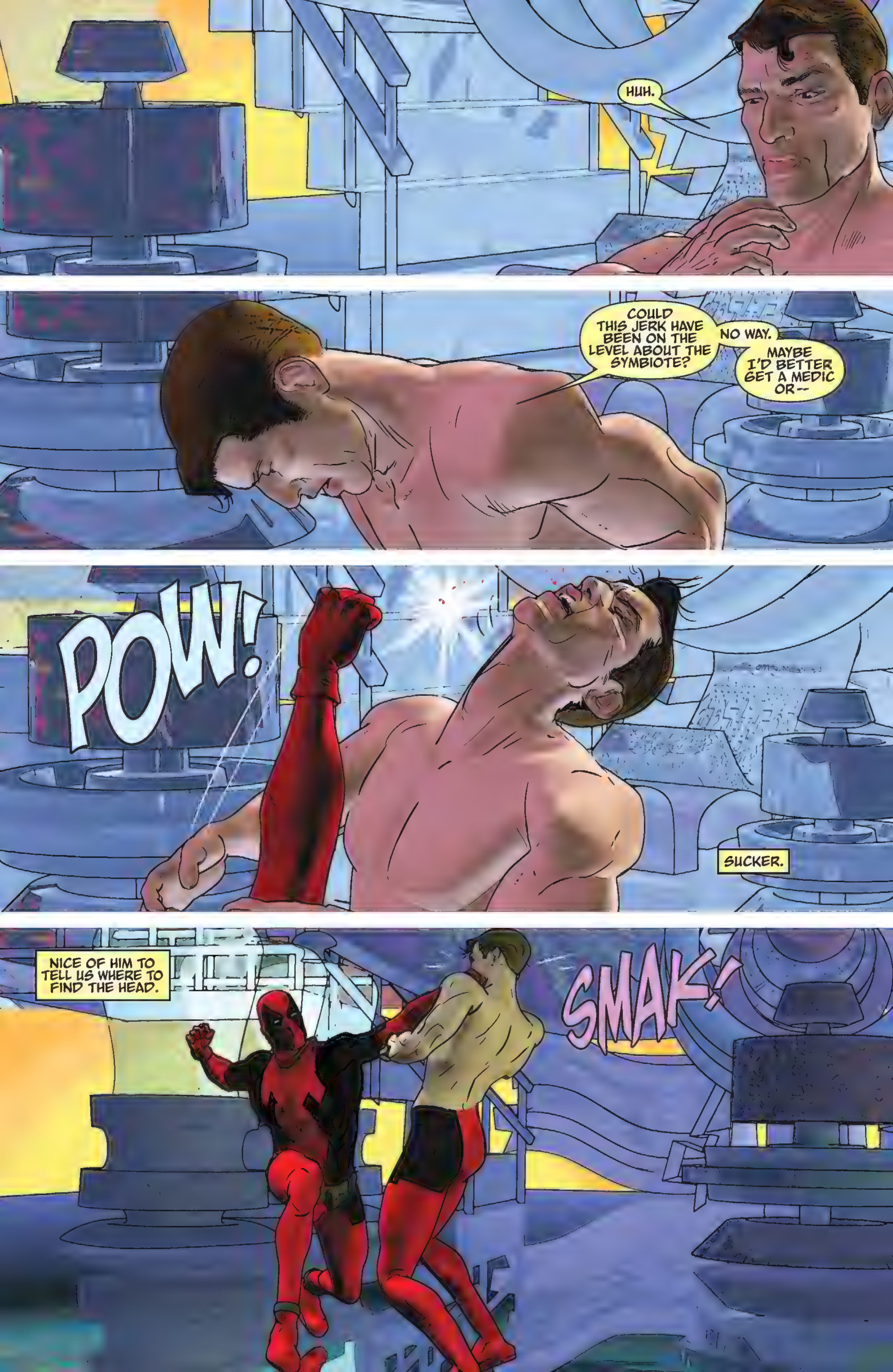

I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF THIS NATION, AND THAT'S A SACRED DUTY I TAKE SERIOUSLY.
THAT PORTAL APPEARED THREE DAYS AGO, AND I LOST A TEAM OF GOOD MEN WHO VOLUNTEERED TO GO INSIDE. GOD HELP THEM.
DON'T FEEL BAD. MAYBE THEY WENT TO THE DIMENSION OF COTTON-CANDY HOOKERS AND CHOCOLATE BEER.
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, SERGEANT ROCK? CHALLENGE ME MANNO-A-MANNO?
THAT'S IT, MISTER. I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH BLATANT DISRESPECT. YOU'RE ON THIN FRIGGIN' ICE.
OH, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW. YOU WANT THE HURT? I'LL BRING THE THUNDER.
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN PRESCRIPTION FOR A DOSE OF PAIN, SOLDIER BOY.

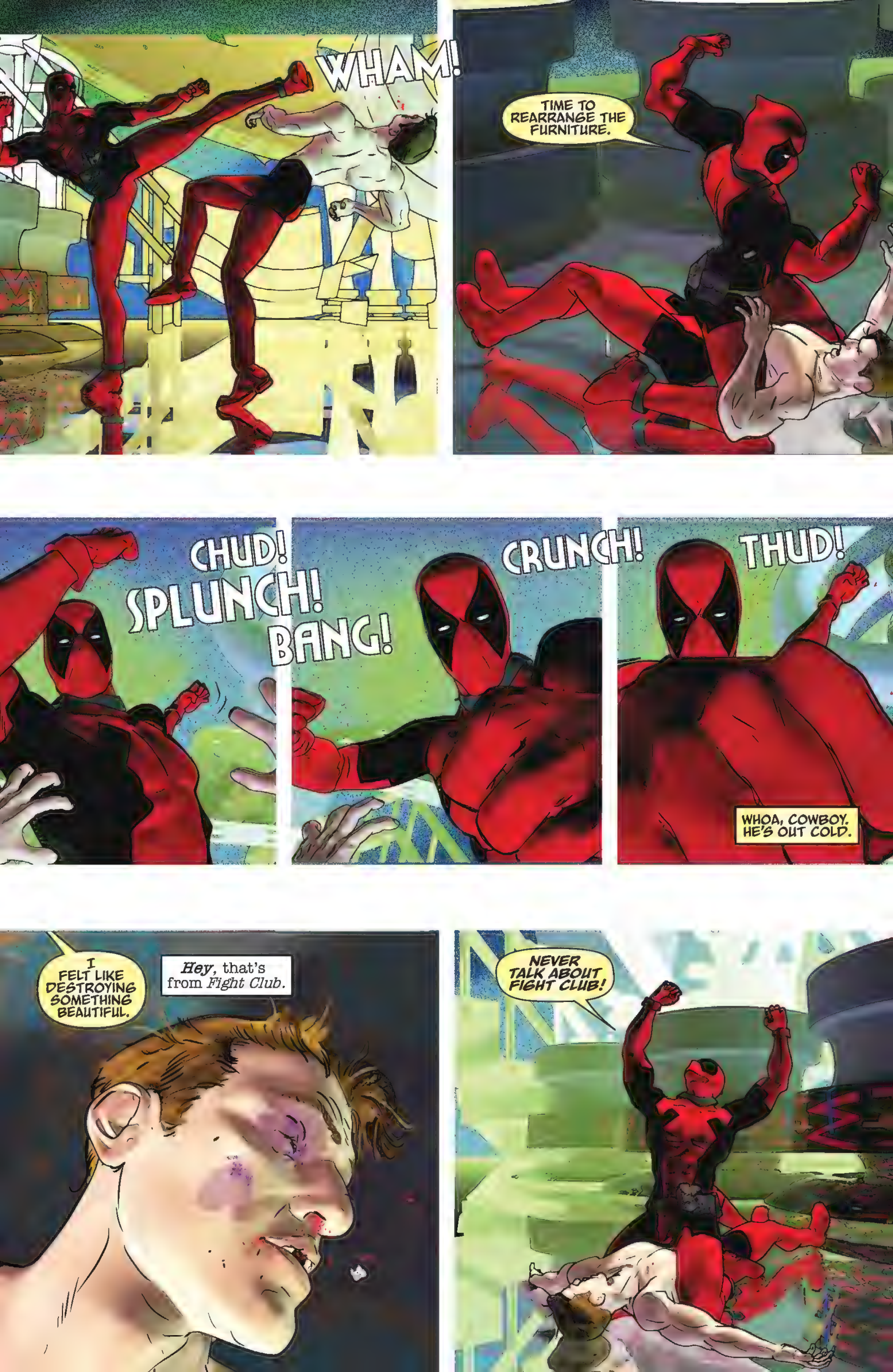

MAN TO MAN. NO WEAPONS.
I USUALLY DON'T INDULGE IN THIS SORT OF THING, BUT I FEEL A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED BEAT-DOWN MIGHT BE ALL YOU UNDERSTAND.
TAKE A FEW SECONDS TO GET YOURSELF READY. ONCE WE START, NO MERCY.
THE SON OF A BITCH IS GORGEOUS.
No fair!
COME GET MESSED UP, PRETTY BOY.
YOU'RE ALL MOUTH.

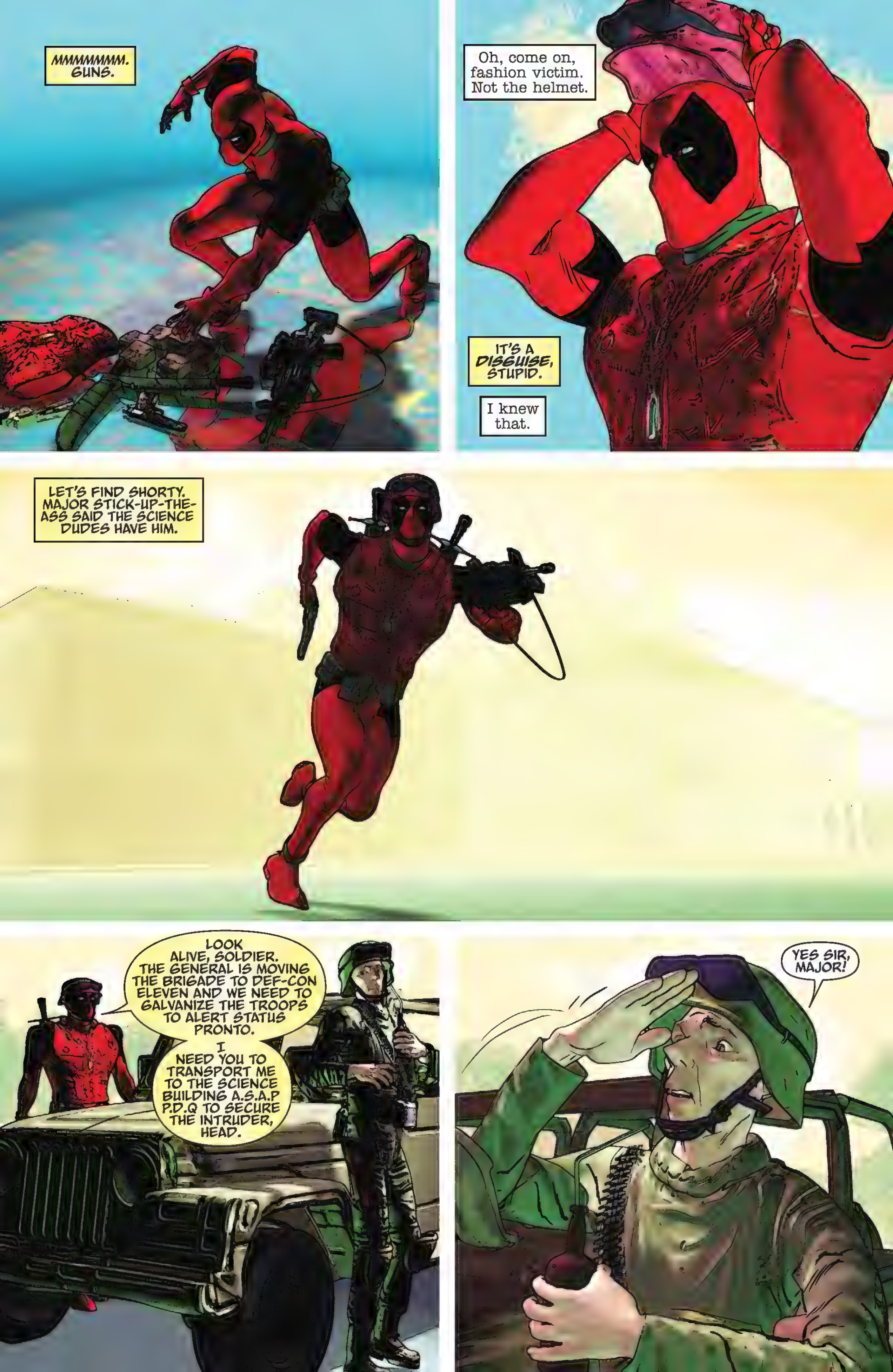

UFF!
HUNGH!
SWOOSH!
BAPP!
YOU HAVE SOME SKILL. I COMMEND YOU.
AND I COMMEND YOU ON YOUR MINTY BREATH.

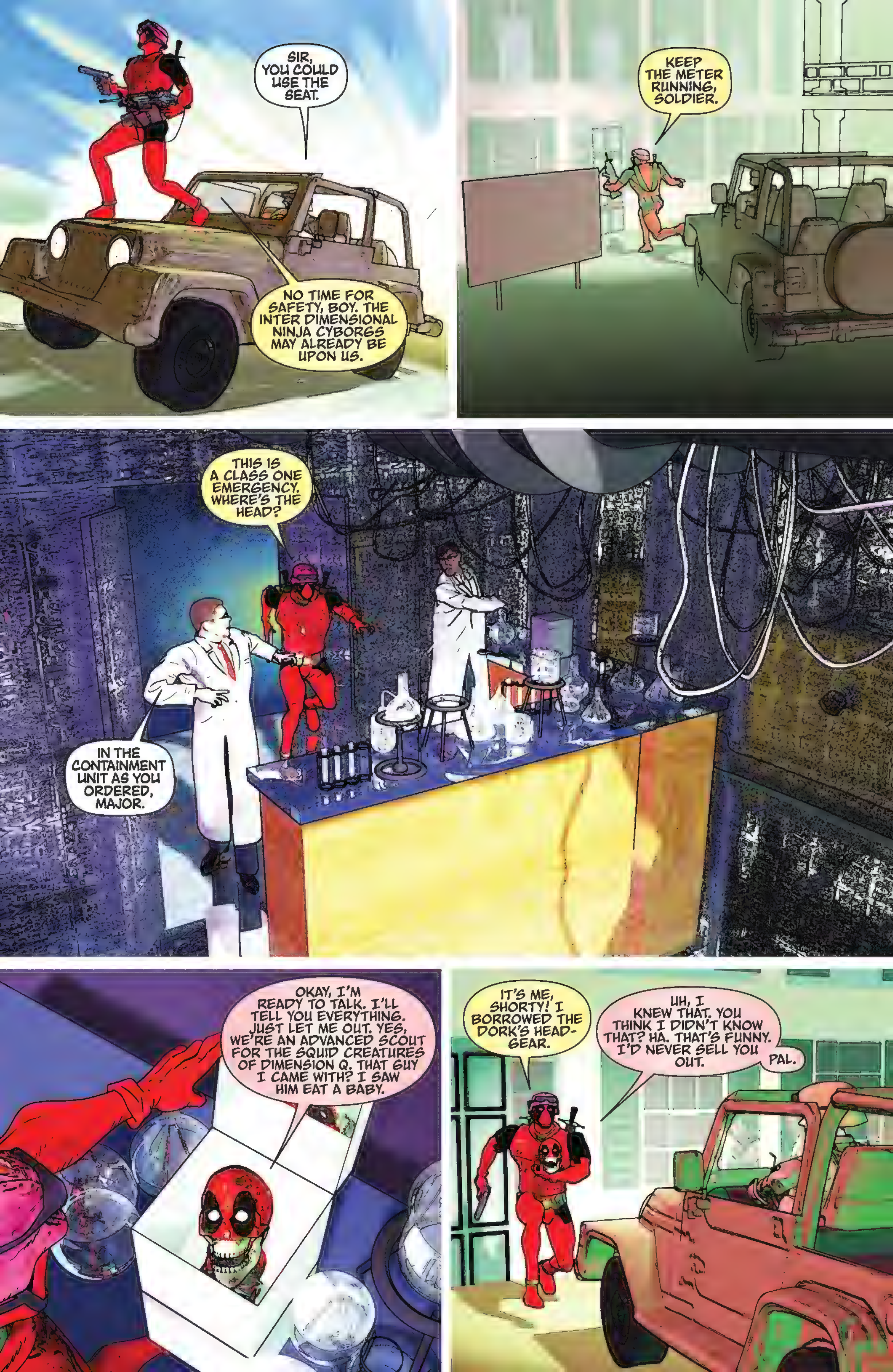

I FAIL TO SEE HOW GOOD ORAL HYGENE ENTERS INTO THIS.
BOOT!
I BET HE FLOSSES EVERY DAY.
Twice a day.
YOU UTTER BASTARD.
OKAY, NO MORE FOOLING AROUND. TIME FOR--
UGH! OH, NO! *COUGH COUGH* IT'S HAPPENING!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
Shhhh. Go with it.
DON'T THINK FAKING AN ILLNESS IS GOING TO WIN YOU ANY SYMPATHY.


THE H-HEAD. WHERE'S THE H-HEAD?
THE SCIENTISTS HAVE IT ACROSS THE COMPOUND, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS. SO WHAT?
THE HEAD IS M-MY *SYMBIOTE!* WE'VE BEEN SEPARATED TOO L-LONG. ≈ACK≈
OH, COME ON.
ARGH!
THUDD
OH. NO YOU DON'T. NOBODY'S FALLING FOR THAT NONSENSE.
ZOCK

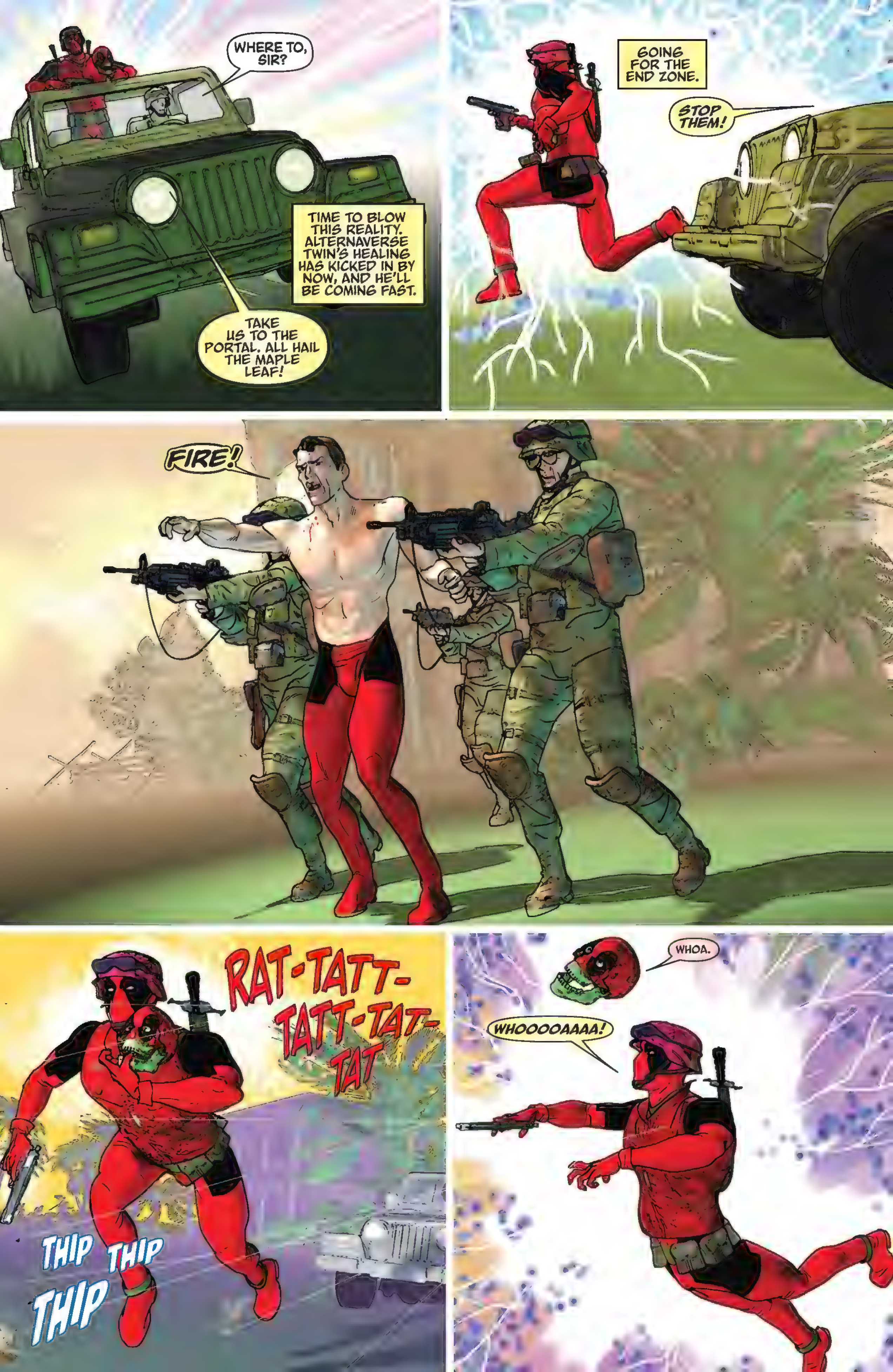

HUH.
COULD THIS JERK HAVE BEEN ON THE LEVEL ABOUT THE SYMBIOTE?
NO WAY.
MAYBE I'D BETTER GET A MEDIC OR--
POW!
SUCKER.
NICE OF HIM TO TELL US WHERE TO FIND THE HEAD.
SMAK!

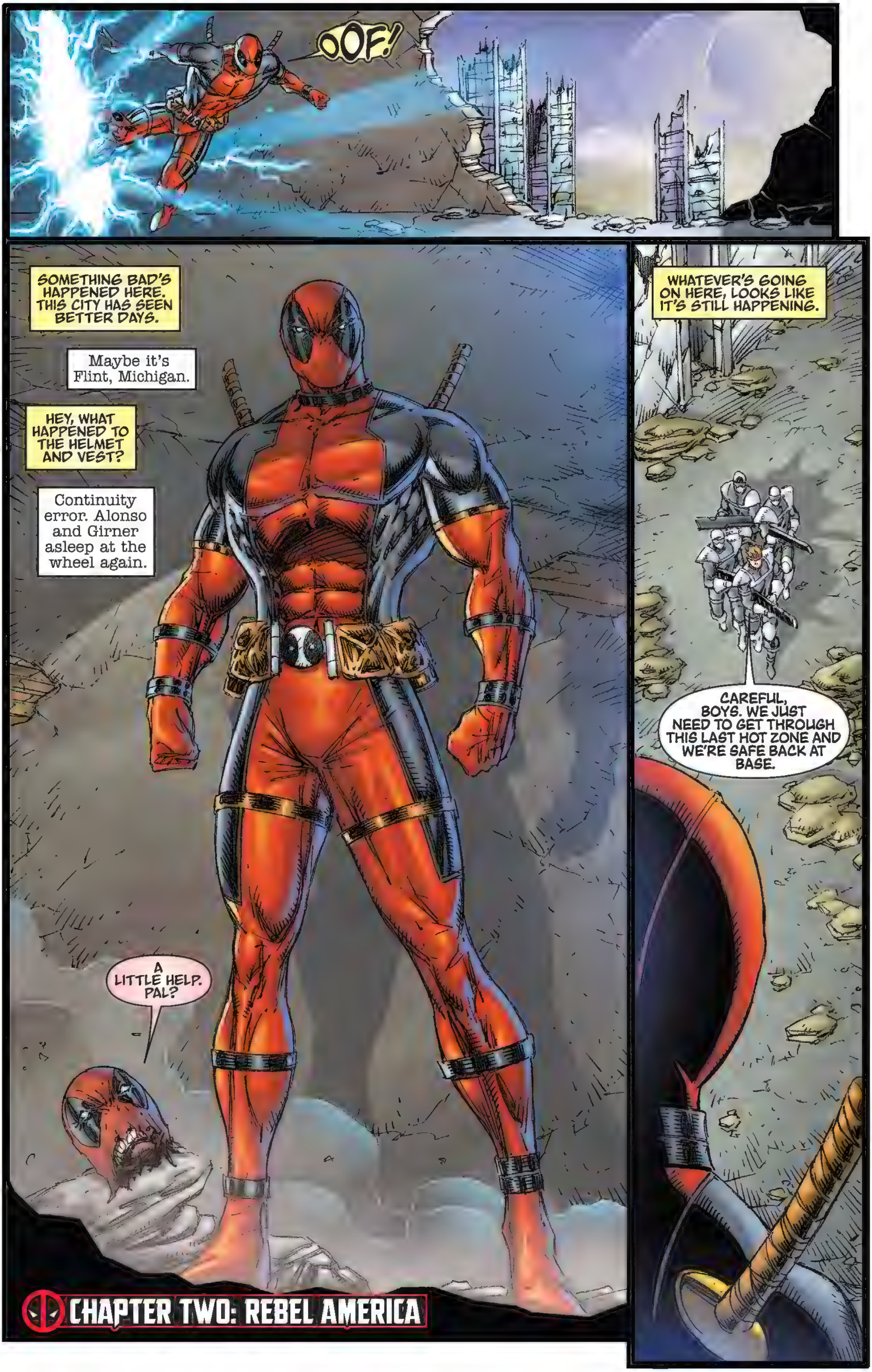

WHAM!
TIME TO REARRANGE THE FURNITURE.
CHUD!
SPLUNCH!
BANG!
CRUNCH!
THUD!
WHOA, COWBOY. HE'S OUT COLD.
I FELT LIKE DESTROYING SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL.
Hey, that's from *Fight Club*.
NEVER TALK ABOUT FIGHT CLUB!

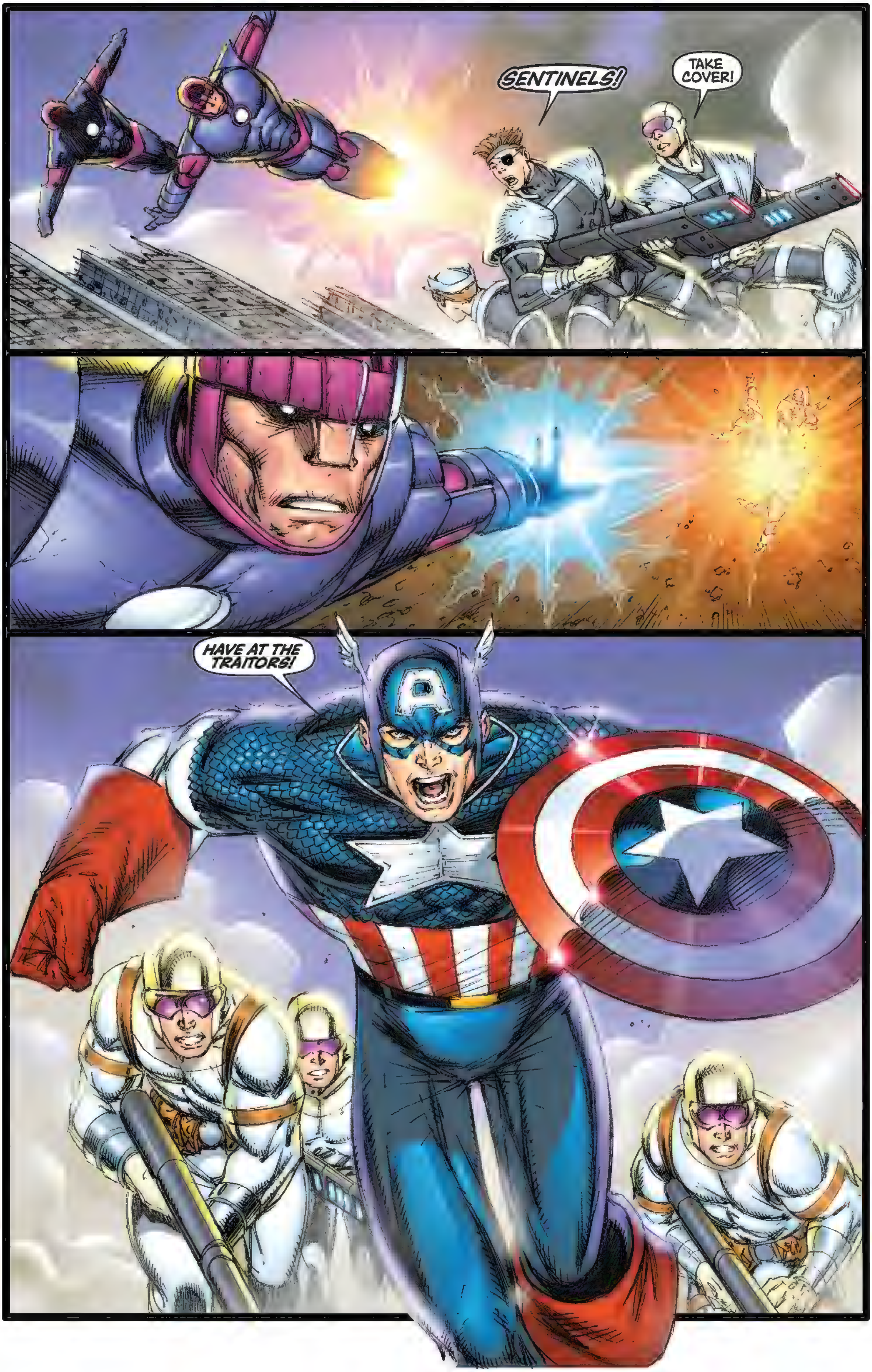

MMMMMMM. GUNS.
Oh, come on, fashion victim. Not the helmet.
IT'S A *DISGUISE*, STUPID.
I knew that.
LET'S FIND SHORTY. MAJOR STICK-UP-THE-ASS SAID THE SCIENCE DUDES HAVE HIM.
LOOK ALIVE, SOLDIER. THE GENERAL IS MOVING THE BRIGADE TO DEF-CON ELEVEN AND WE NEED TO GALVANIZE THE TROOPS TO ALERT STATUS PRONTO.
I NEED YOU TO TRANSPORT ME TO THE SCIENCE BUILDING A.S.A.P P.D.Q TO SECURE THE INTRUDER, HEAD.
YES SIR, MAJOR!

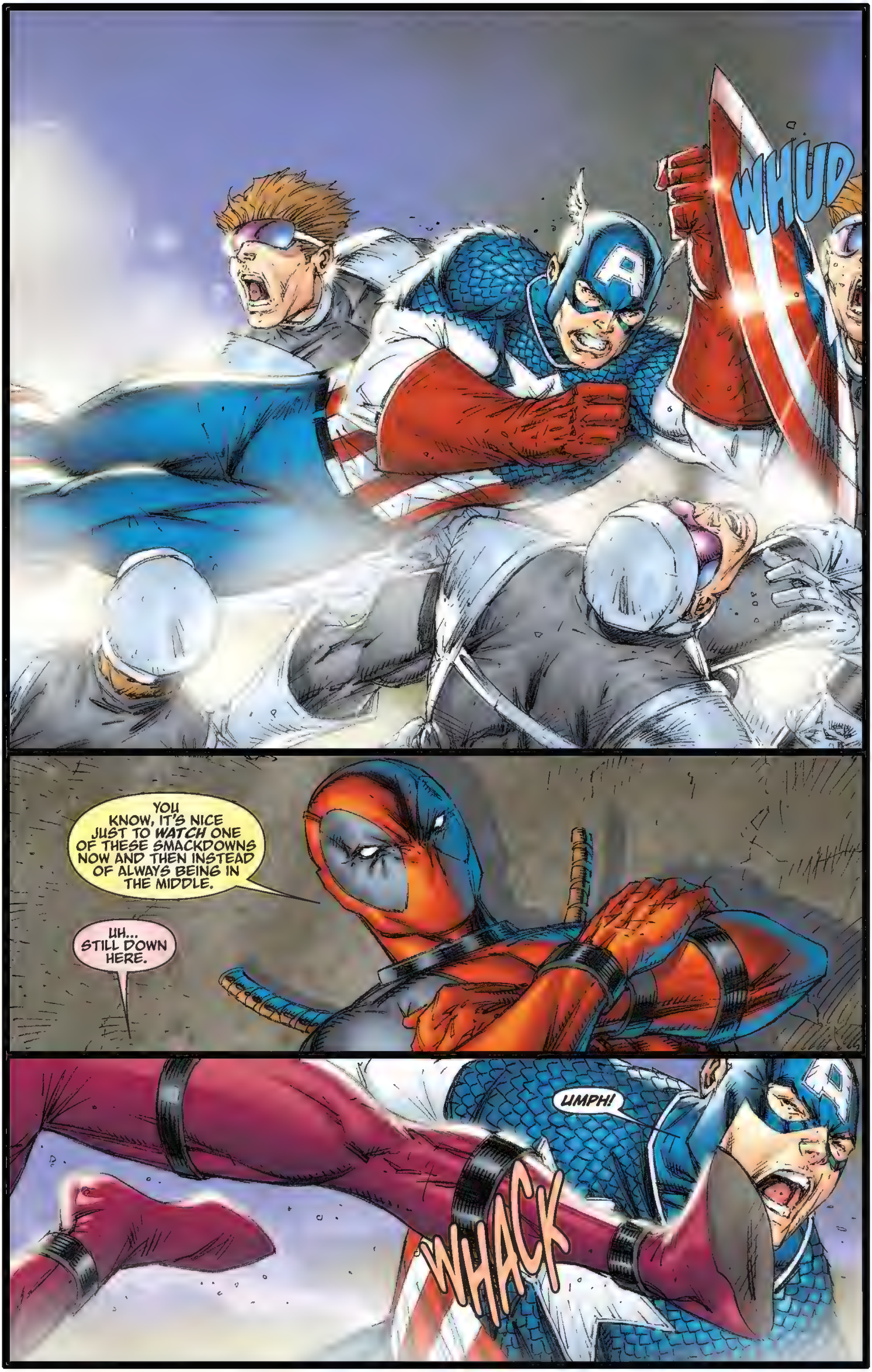


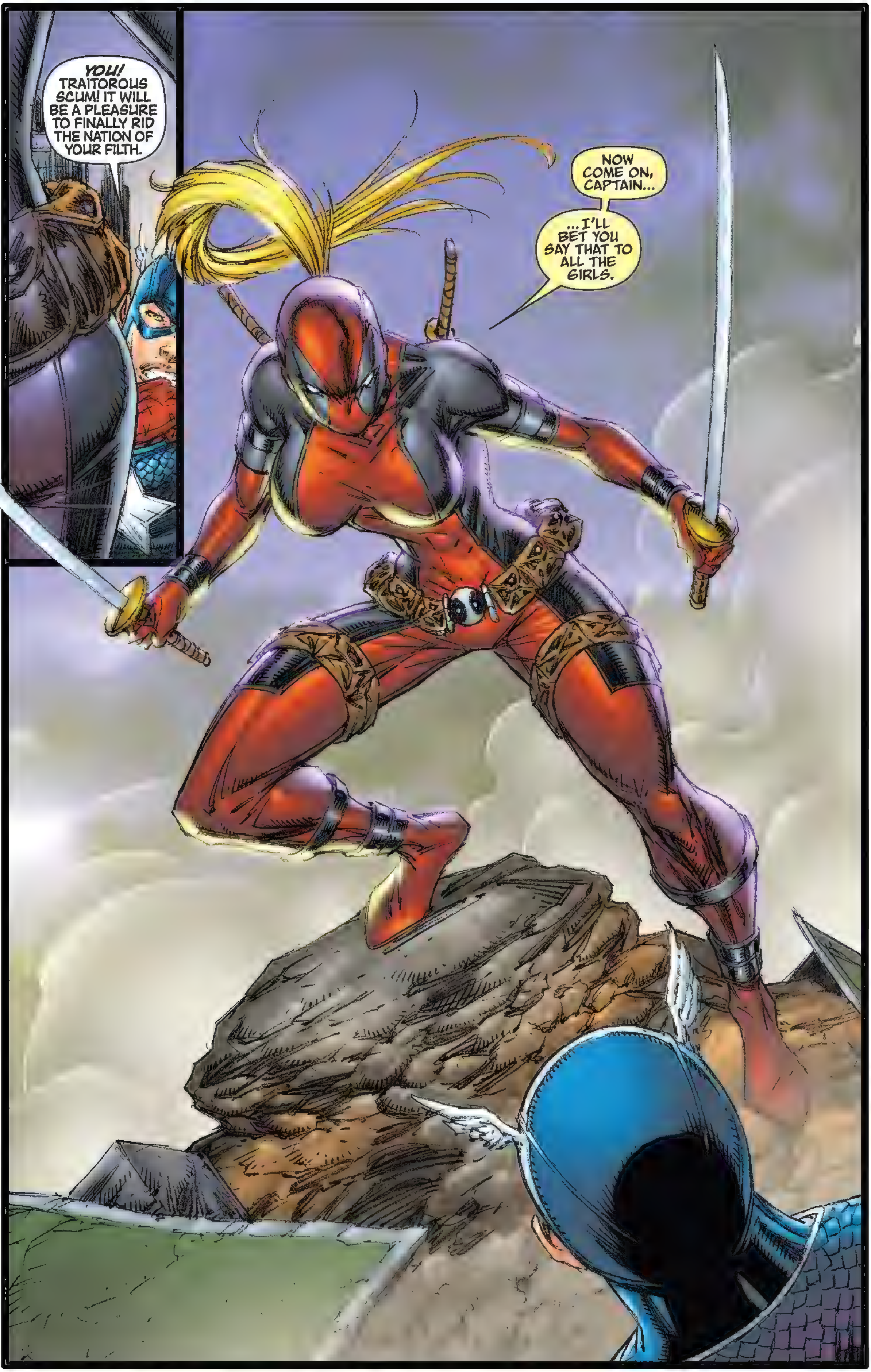
SIR, YOU COULD USE THE SEAT.
NO TIME FOR SAFETY, BOY. THE INTER DIMENSIONAL NINJA CYBORGS MAY ALREADY BE UPON US.
KEEP THE METER RUNNING, SOLDIER.
THIS IS A CLASS ONE EMERGENCY. WHERE'S THE HEAD?
IN THE CONTAINMENT UNIT AS YOU ORDERED, MAJOR.
OKAY, I'M READY TO TALK. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. JUST LET ME OUT. YES, WE'RE AN ADVANCED SCOUT FOR THE SQUID CREATURES OF DIMENSION Q. THAT GUY I CAME WITH? I SAW HIM EAT A BABY.
IT'S ME, SHORTY! I BORROWED THE DORK'S HEAD-GEAR.
UH, I KNEW THAT. YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW THAT? HA. THAT'S FUNNY. I'D NEVER SELL YOU OUT.
PAL.

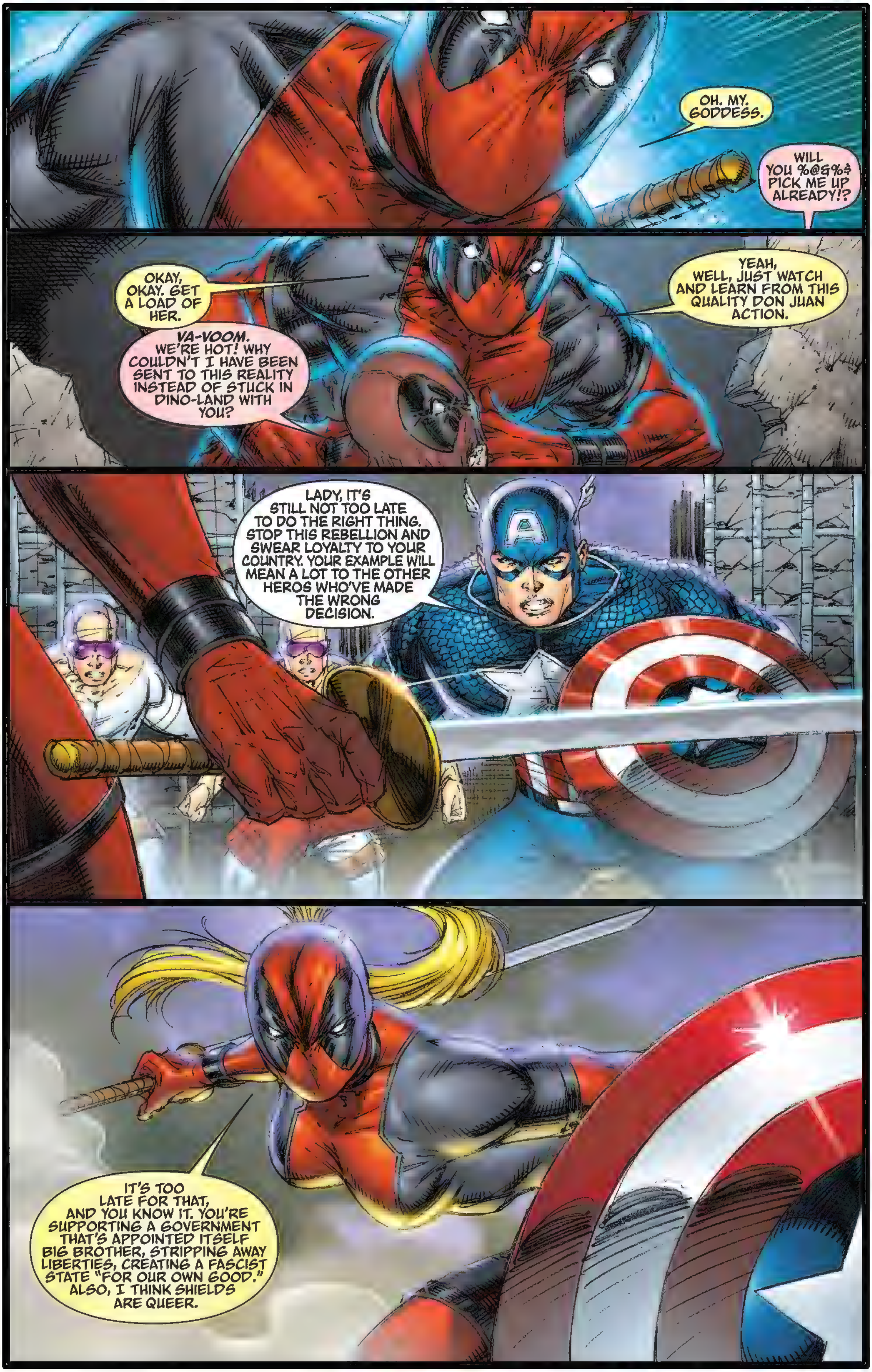

WHERE TO, SIR?
TIME TO BLOW THIS REALITY. ALTERNAVERSE TWIN'S HEALING HAS KICKED IN BY NOW, AND HE'LL BE COMING FAST.
TAKE US TO THE PORTAL. ALL HAIL THE MAPLE LEAF!
GOING FOR THE END ZONE.
STOP THEM!
FIRE!
RAT-TATT-TATT-TAT-TAT
THIP THIP THIP
WHOA.
WHOOOOAAAA!

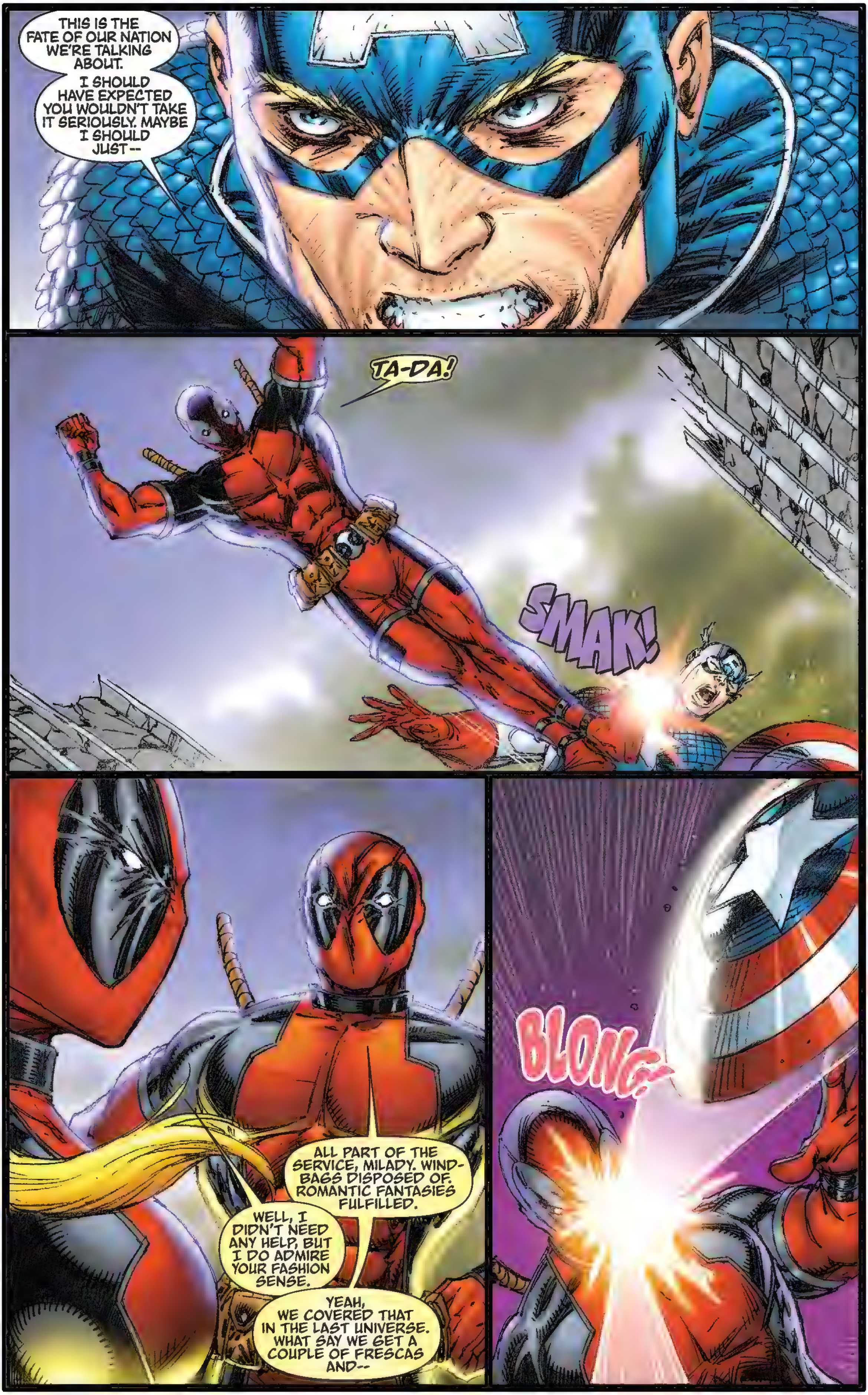

OOF!
SOMETHING BAD'S HAPPENED HERE. THIS CITY HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.
Maybe it's Flint, Michigan.
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HELMET AND VEST?
Continuity error. Alonso and Girner asleep at the wheel again.
A LITTLE HELP, PAL?
CHAPTER TWO: REBEL AMERICA
WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE, LOOKS LIKE IT'S STILL HAPPENING.
CAREFUL, BOYS. WE JUST NEED TO GET THROUGH THIS LAST HOT ZONE AND WE'RE SAFE BACK AT BASE.

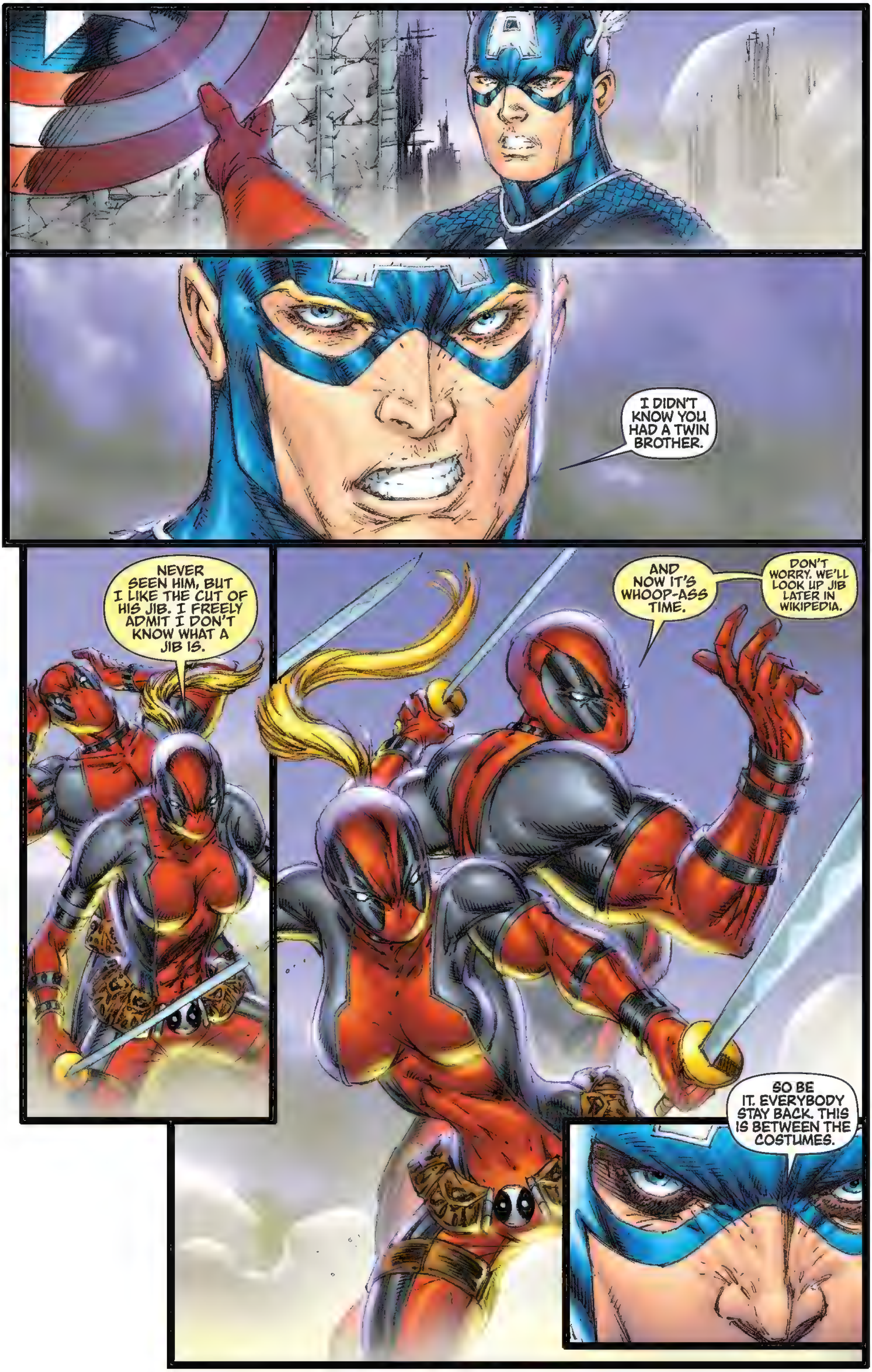

SENTINELS!
TAKE COVER!
HAVE AT THE TRAITORS!

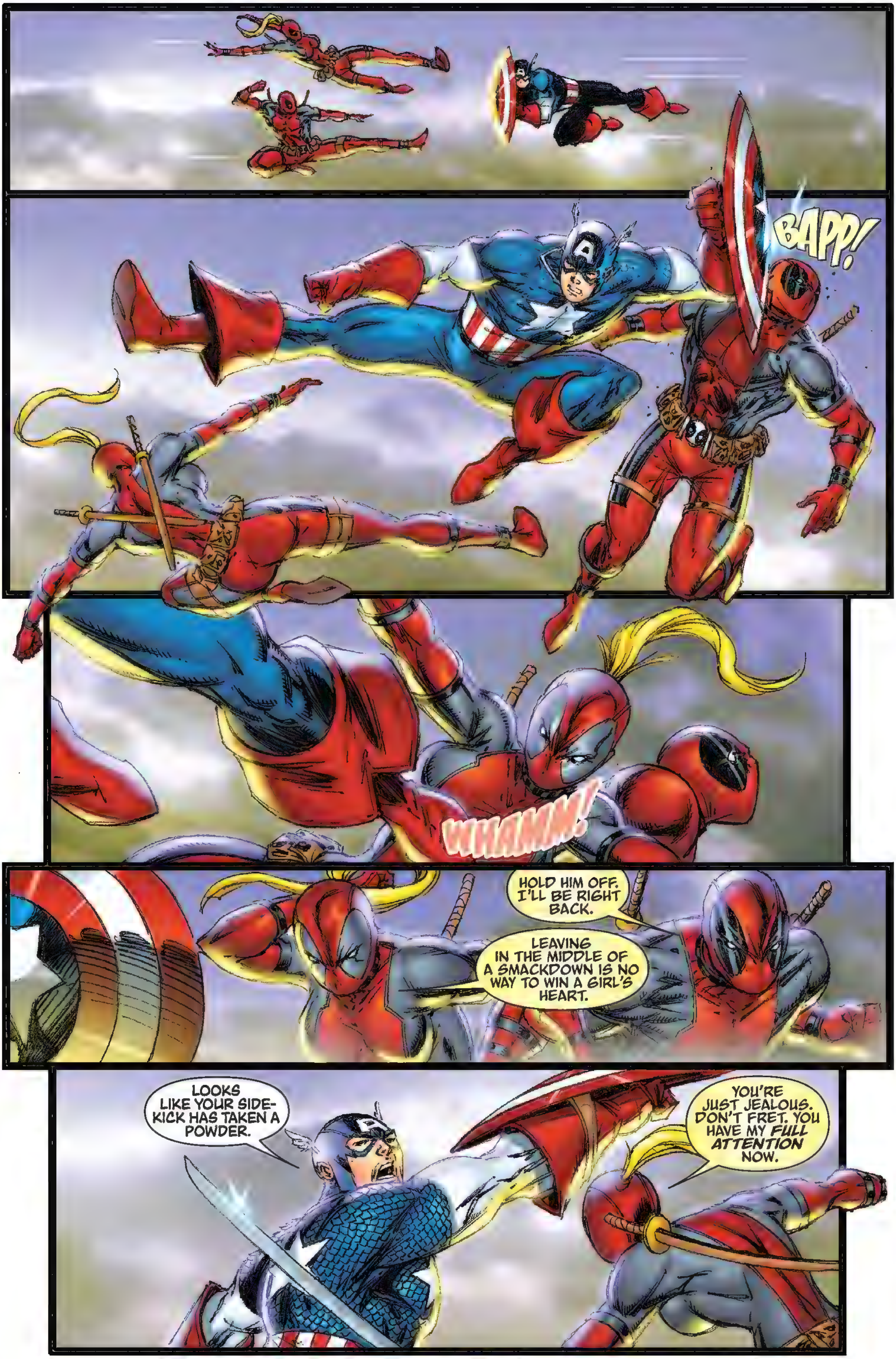

WHUD
YOU KNOW, IT'S NICE JUST TO *WATCH* ONE OF THESE SMACKDOWNS NOW AND THEN INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING IN THE MIDDLE.
UH... STILL DOWN HERE.
UMPH!
WHACK

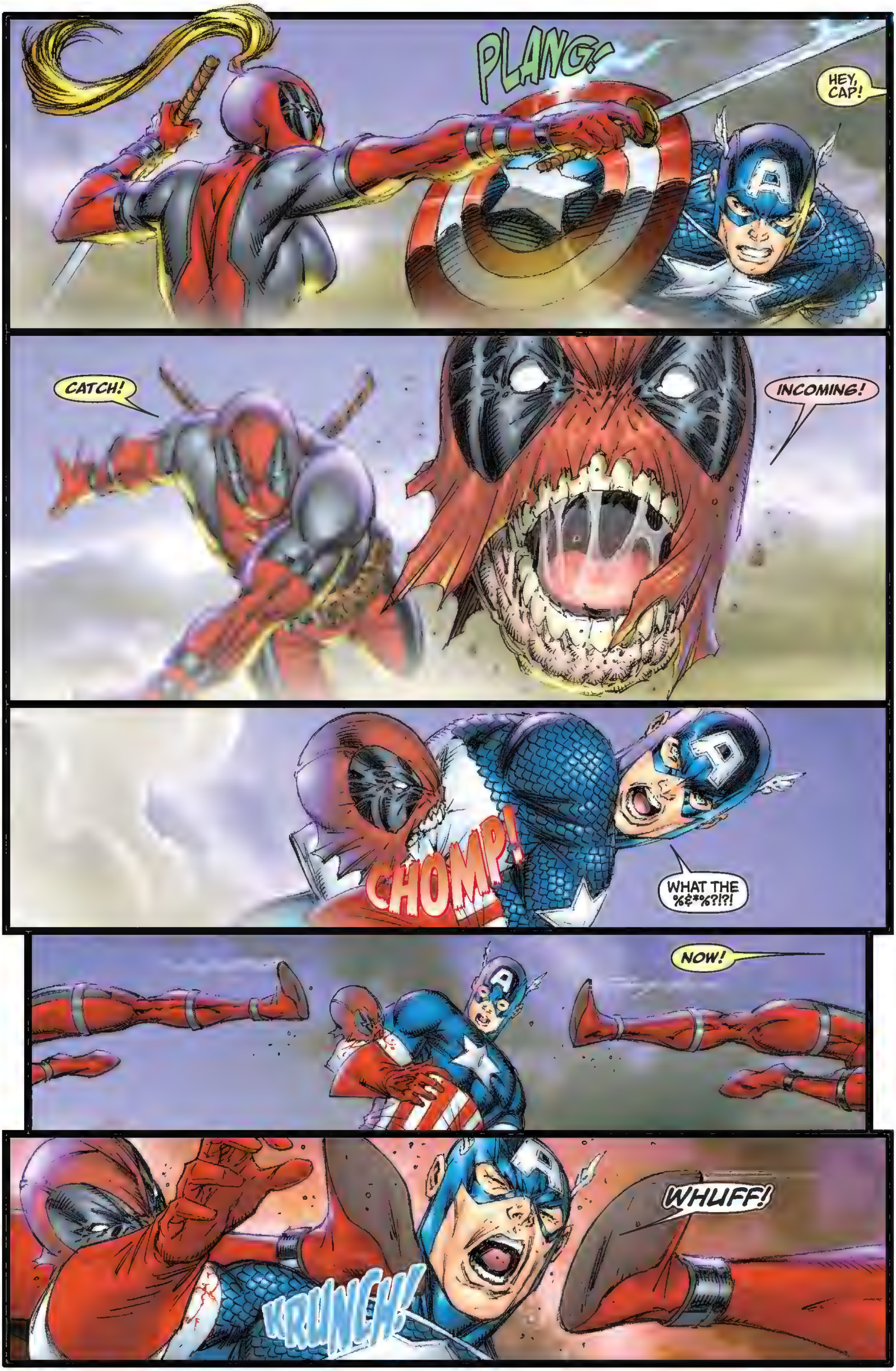

YOU! TRAITOROUS SCUM! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO FINALLY RID THE NATION OF YOUR FILTH.
NOW COME ON, CAPTAIN...
...I'LL BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS.

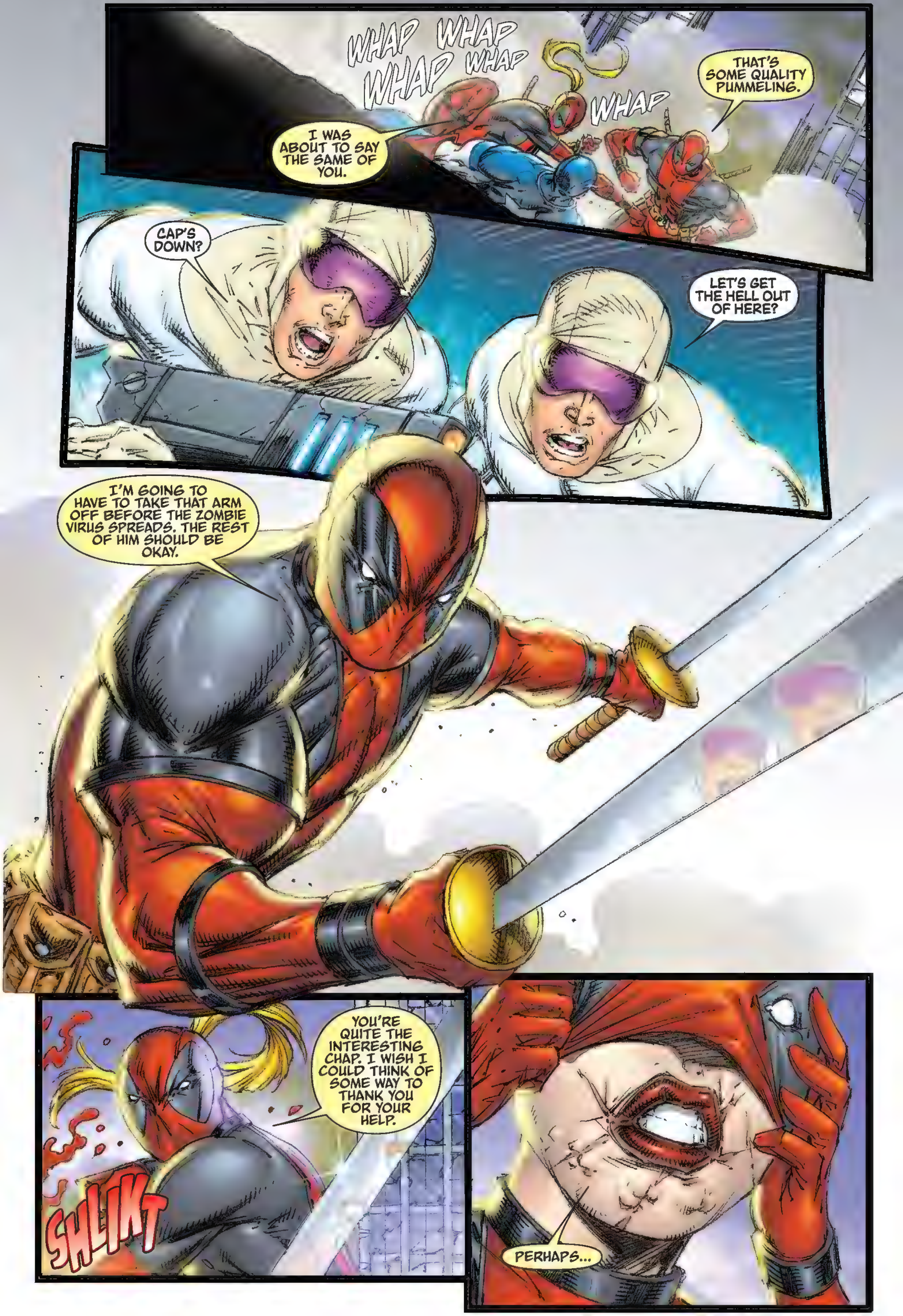

OH. MY. GODDESS.
WILL YOU %@&%$ PICK ME UP ALREADY!?
OKAY, OKAY. GET A LOAD OF HER.
VA-VOOM. WE'RE HOT! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE BEEN SENT TO THIS REALITY INSTEAD OF STUCK IN DINO-LAND WITH YOU?
YEAH, WELL, JUST WATCH AND LEARN FROM THIS QUALITY DON JUAN ACTION.
LADY, IT'S STILL NOT TOO LATE TO DO THE RIGHT THING. STOP THIS REBELLION AND SWEAR LOYALTY TO YOUR COUNTRY. YOUR EXAMPLE WILL MEAN A LOT TO THE OTHER HEROS WHO'VE MADE THE WRONG DECISION.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU'RE SUPPORTING A GOVERNMENT THAT'S APPOINTED ITSELF BIG BROTHER, STRIPPING AWAY LIBERTIES, CREATING A FASCIST STATE "FOR OUR OWN GOOD." ALSO, I THINK SHIELDS ARE QUEER.

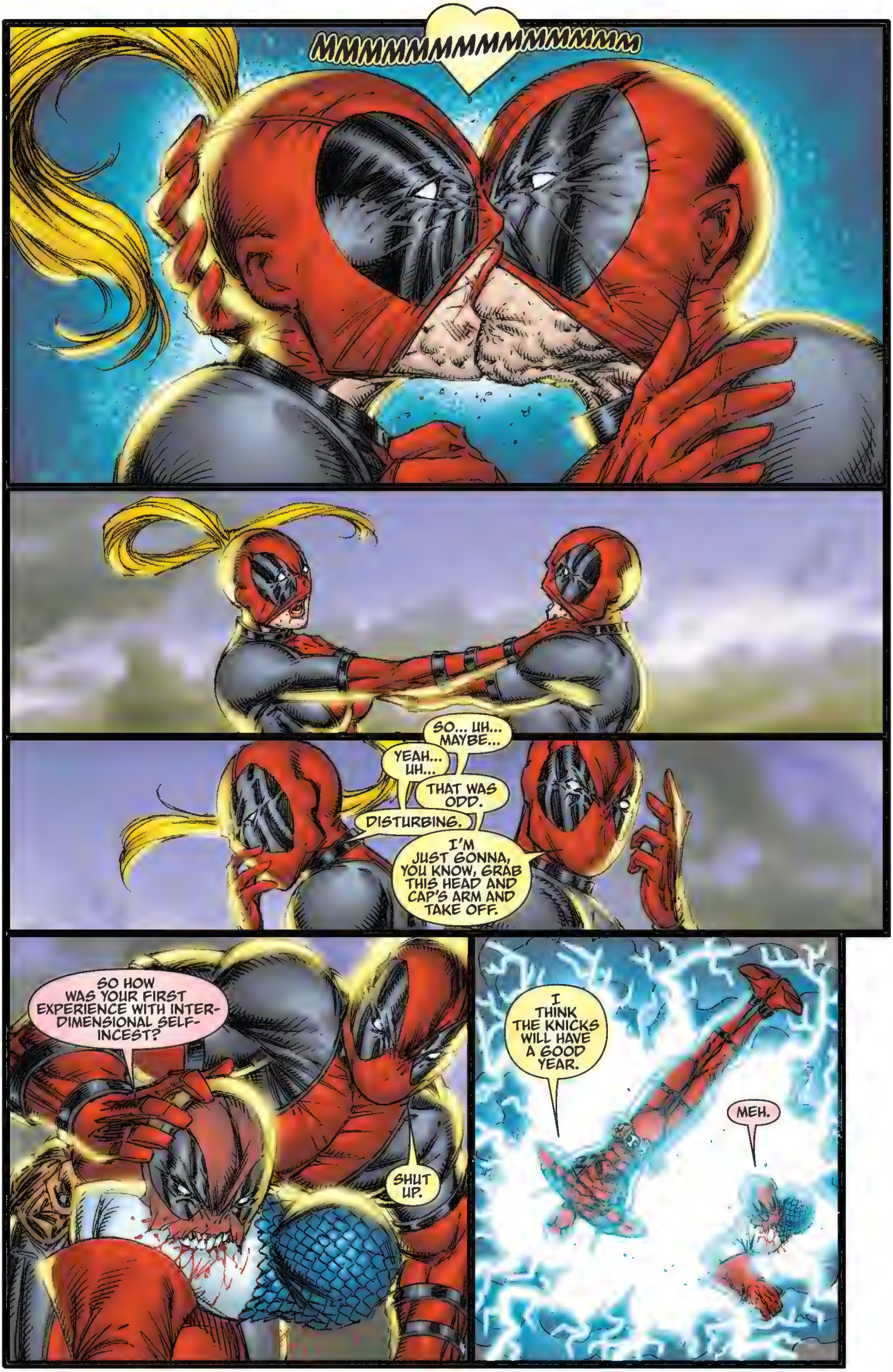

THIS IS THE FATE OF OUR NATION WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOU WOULDN'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST --
TA-DA!
SMAK!
ALL PART OF THE SERVICE, MILADY. WINDBAGS DISPOSED OF. ROMANTIC FANTASIES FULFILLED.
WELL, I DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP, BUT I DO ADMIRE YOUR FASHION SENSE.
YEAH, WE COVERED THAT IN THE LAST UNIVERSE. WHAT SAY WE GET A COUPLE OF FRESCAS AND--
BLONG!

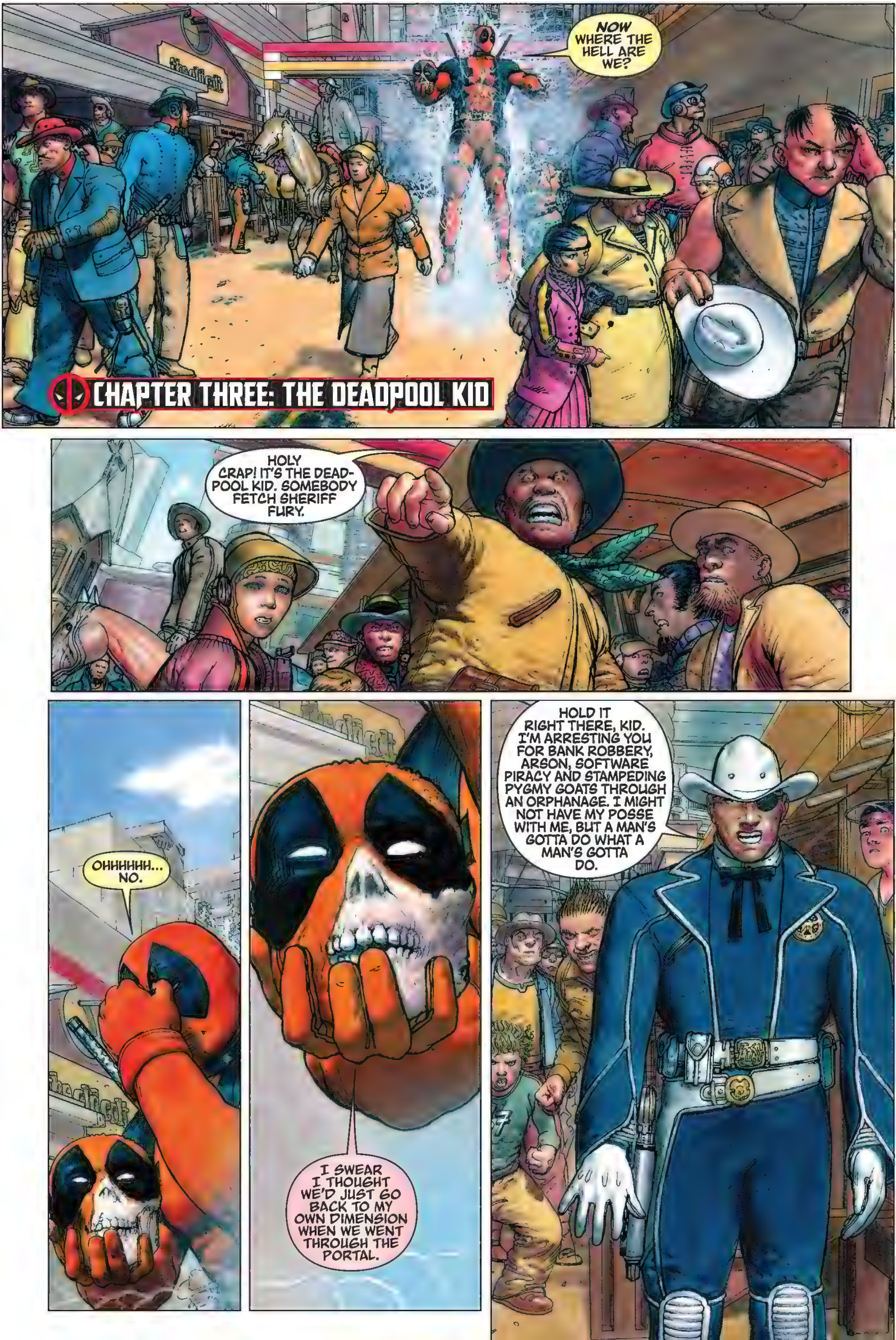

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A TWIN BROTHER.
NEVER SEEN HIM, BUT I LIKE THE CUT OF HIS JIB. I FREELY ADMIT I DON'T KNOW WHAT A JIB IS.
AND NOW IT'S WHOOP-ASS TIME.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL LOOK UP JIB LATER IN WIKIPEDIA.
SO BE IT. EVERYBODY STAY BACK. THIS IS BETWEEN THE COSTUMES.


BAPP!
WHAMM!
HOLD HIM OFF. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
LEAVING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SMACKDOWN IS NO WAY TO WIN A GIRL'S HEART.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR SIDE-KICK HAS TAKEN A POWDER.
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS. DON'T FRET. YOU HAVE MY *FULL ATTENTION* NOW.


PLANG!
HEY, CAP!
CATCH!
INCOMING!
CHOMP!
WHAT THE %&*%?!?!
NOW!
WHUFF!
KRUNCH!

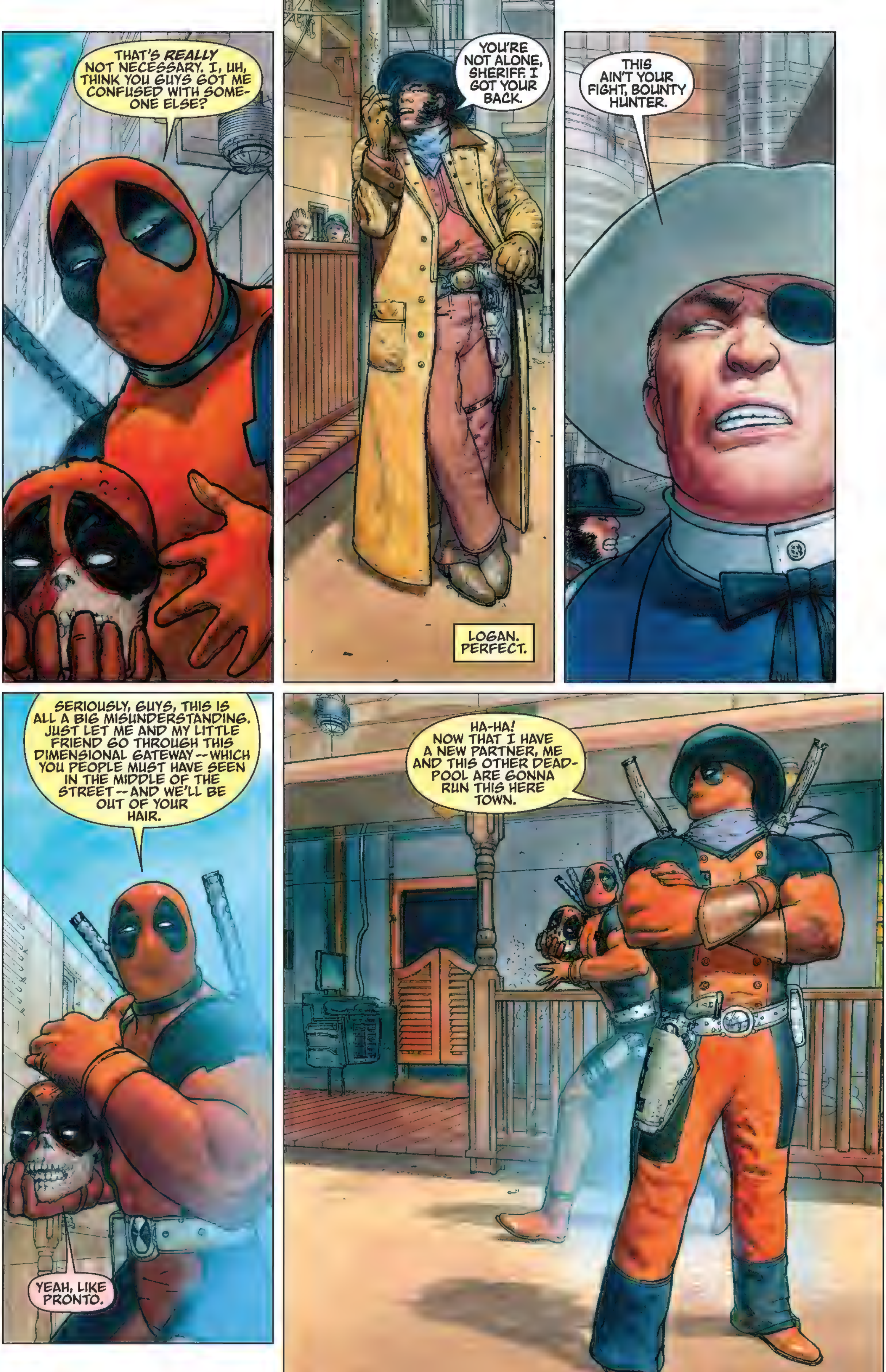

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP
WHAP
THAT'S SOME QUALITY PUMMELING.
I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME OF YOU.
CAP'S DOWN?
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THAT ARM OFF BEFORE THE ZOMBIE VIRUS SPREADS. THE REST OF HIM SHOULD BE OKAY.
YOU'RE QUITE THE INTERESTING CHAP. I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.
SHLIKT
PERHAPS...

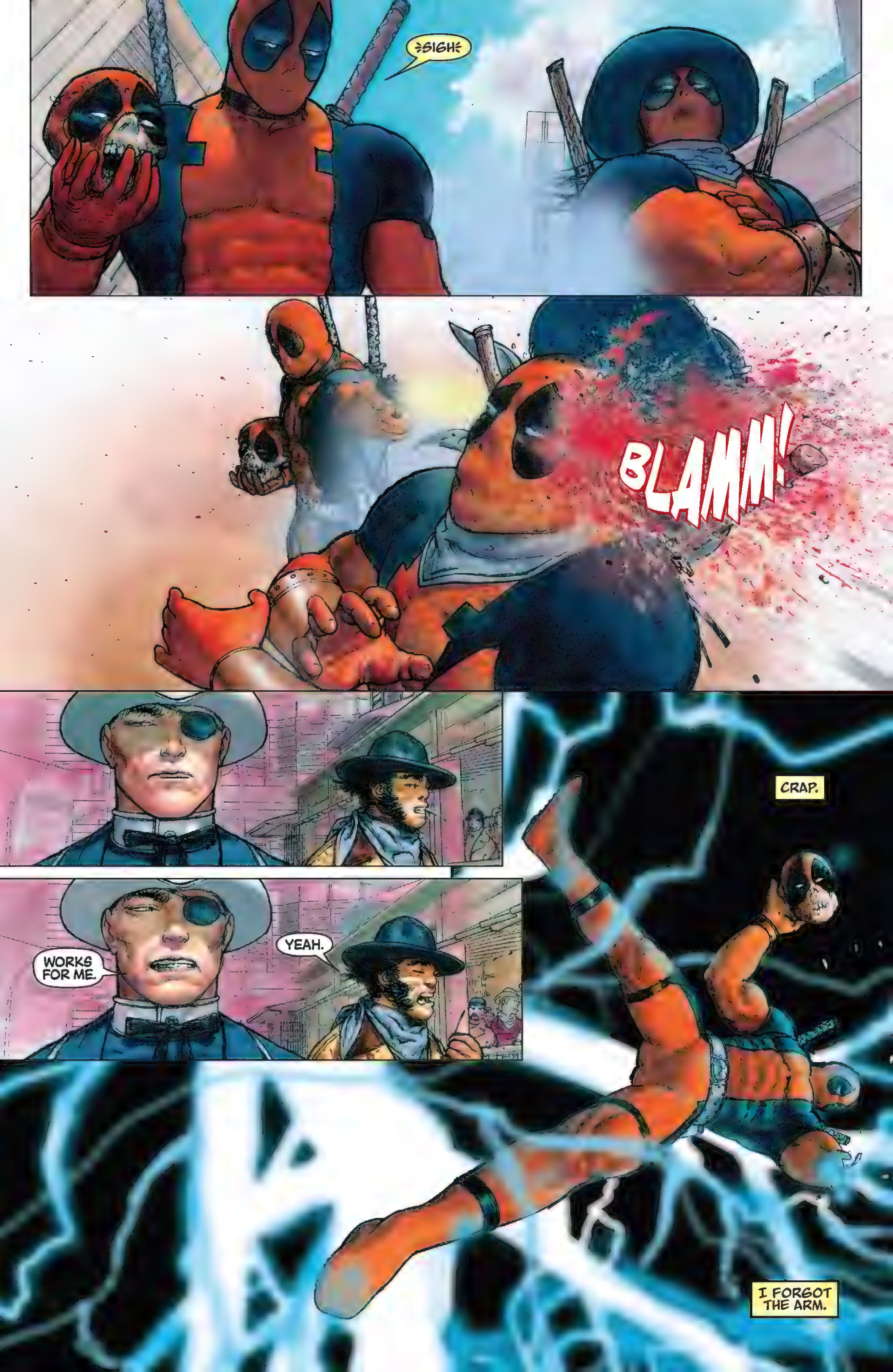

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SO... UH... MAYBE...
YEAH... UH...
THAT WAS ODD.
DISTURBING.
I'M JUST GONNA, YOU KNOW, GRAB THIS HEAD AND CAP'S ARM AND TAKE OFF.
SO HOW WAS YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH INTER-DIMENSIONAL SELF-INCEST?
SHUT UP.
I THINK THE KNICKS WILL HAVE A GOOD YEAR.
MEH.

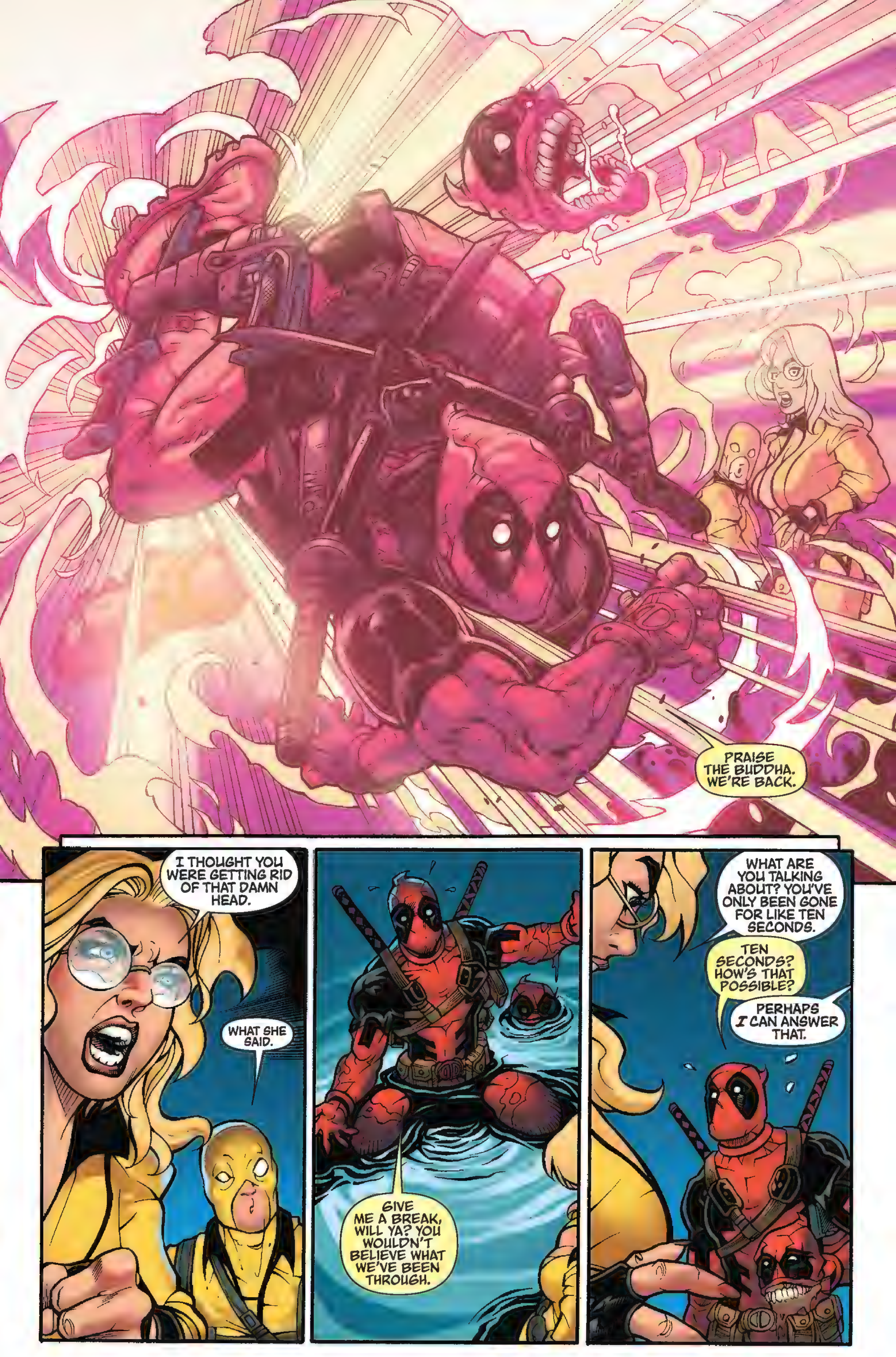


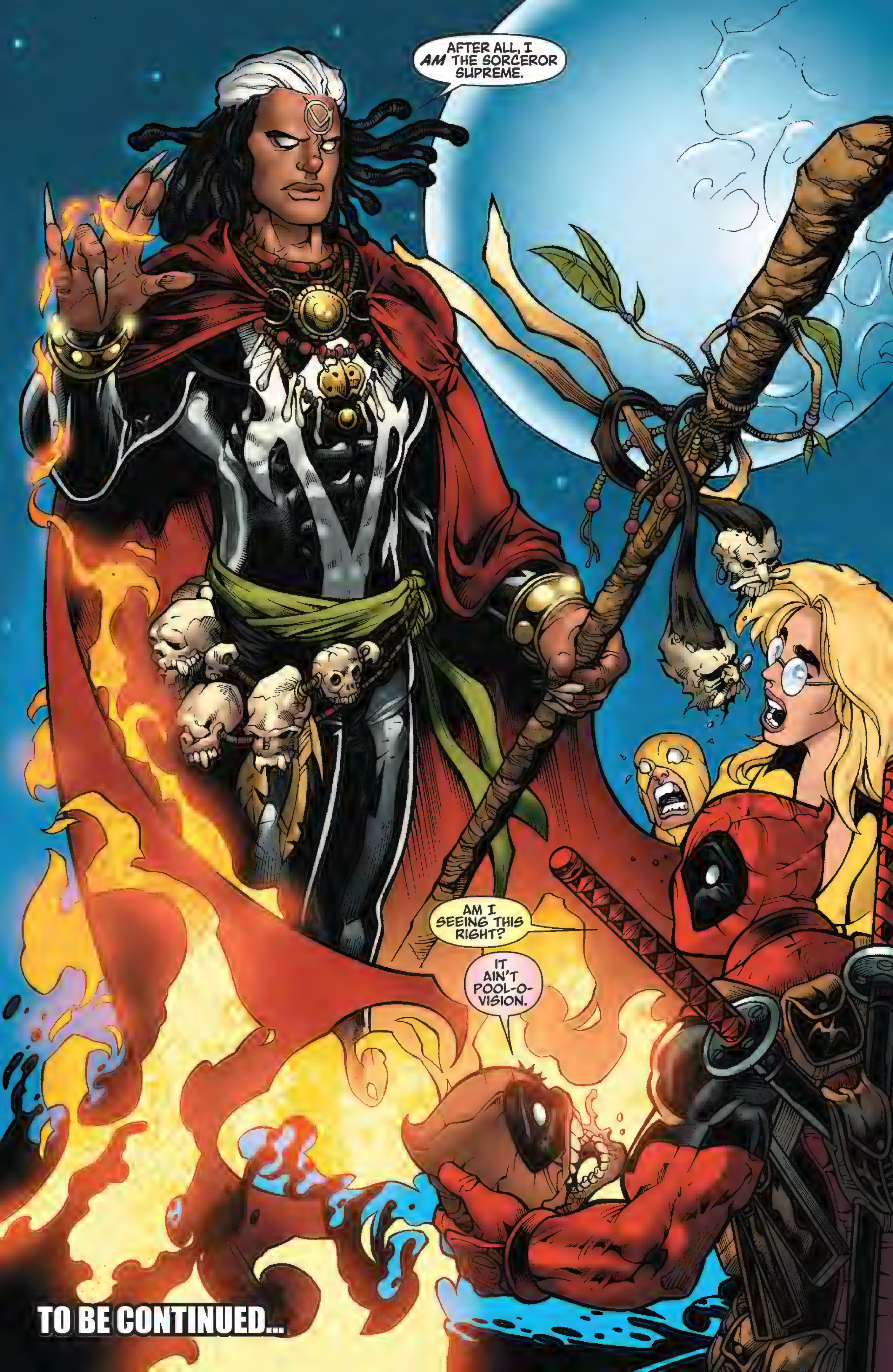
CHAPTER THREE: THE DEADPOOL KID

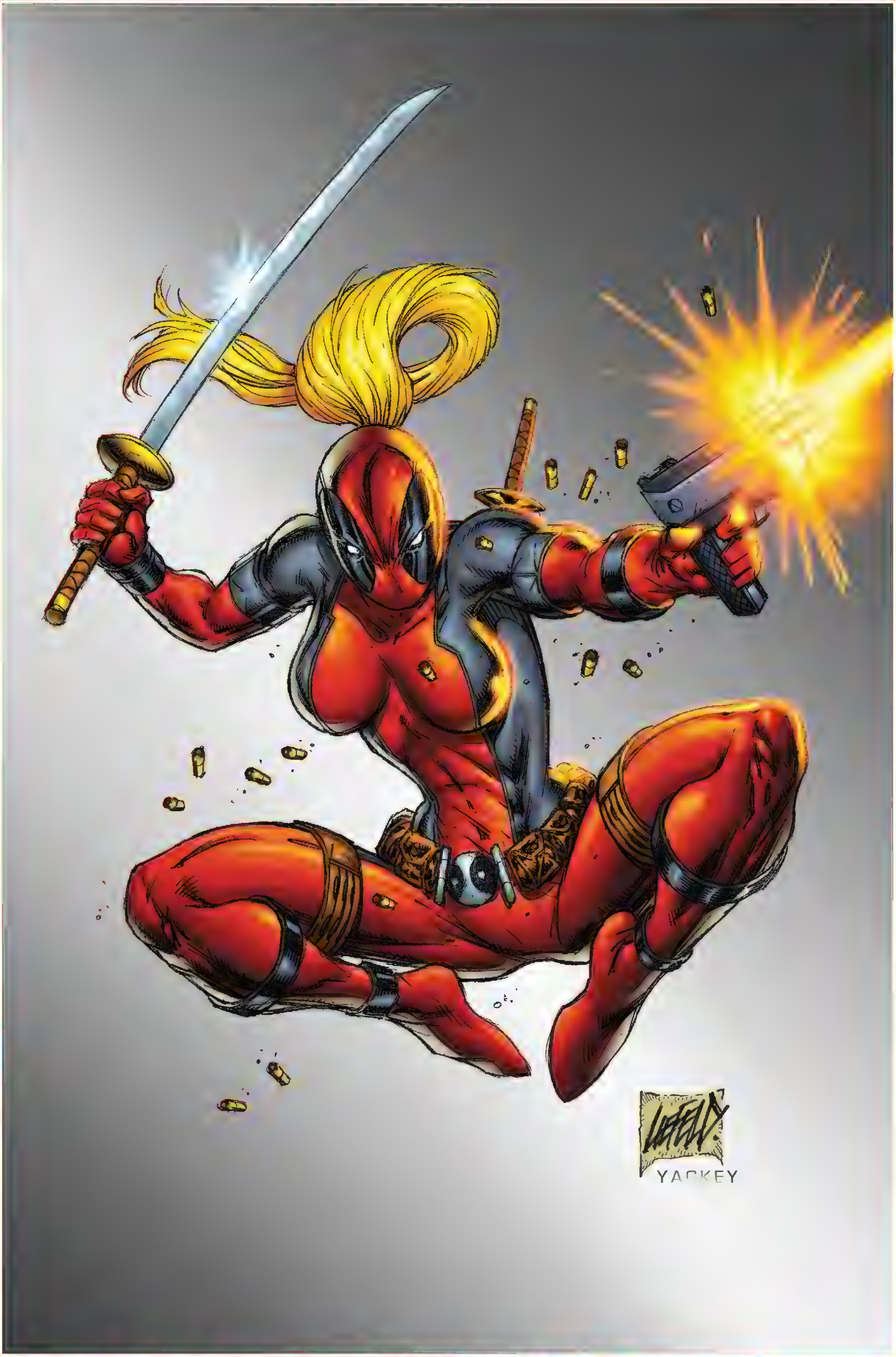
NOW WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
HOLY CRAP! IT'S THE DEADPOOL KID. SOMEBODY FETCH SHERIFF FURY.
OHHHHHH... NO.
I SWEAR I THOUGHT WE'D JUST GO BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION WHEN WE WENT THROUGH THE PORTAL.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, KID. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR BANK ROBBERY, ARSON, SOFTWARE PIRACY AND STAMPEDING PYGMY GOATS THROUGH AN ORPHANAGE. I MIGHT NOT HAVE MY POSSE WITH ME, BUT A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO.


THAT'S *REALLY* NOT NECESSARY. I, UH, THINK YOU GUYS GOT ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE, SHERIFF. I GOT YOUR BACK.
LOGAN. PERFECT.
THIS AIN'T YOUR FIGHT, BOUNTY HUNTER.
SERIOUSLY, GUYS, THIS IS ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING. JUST LET ME AND MY LITTLE FRIEND GO THROUGH THIS DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY--WHICH YOU PEOPLE MUST HAVE SEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET--AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.
YEAH, LIKE PRONTO.
HA-HA! NOW THAT I HAVE A NEW PARTNER, ME AND THIS OTHER DEADPOOL ARE GONNA RUN THIS HERE TOWN.

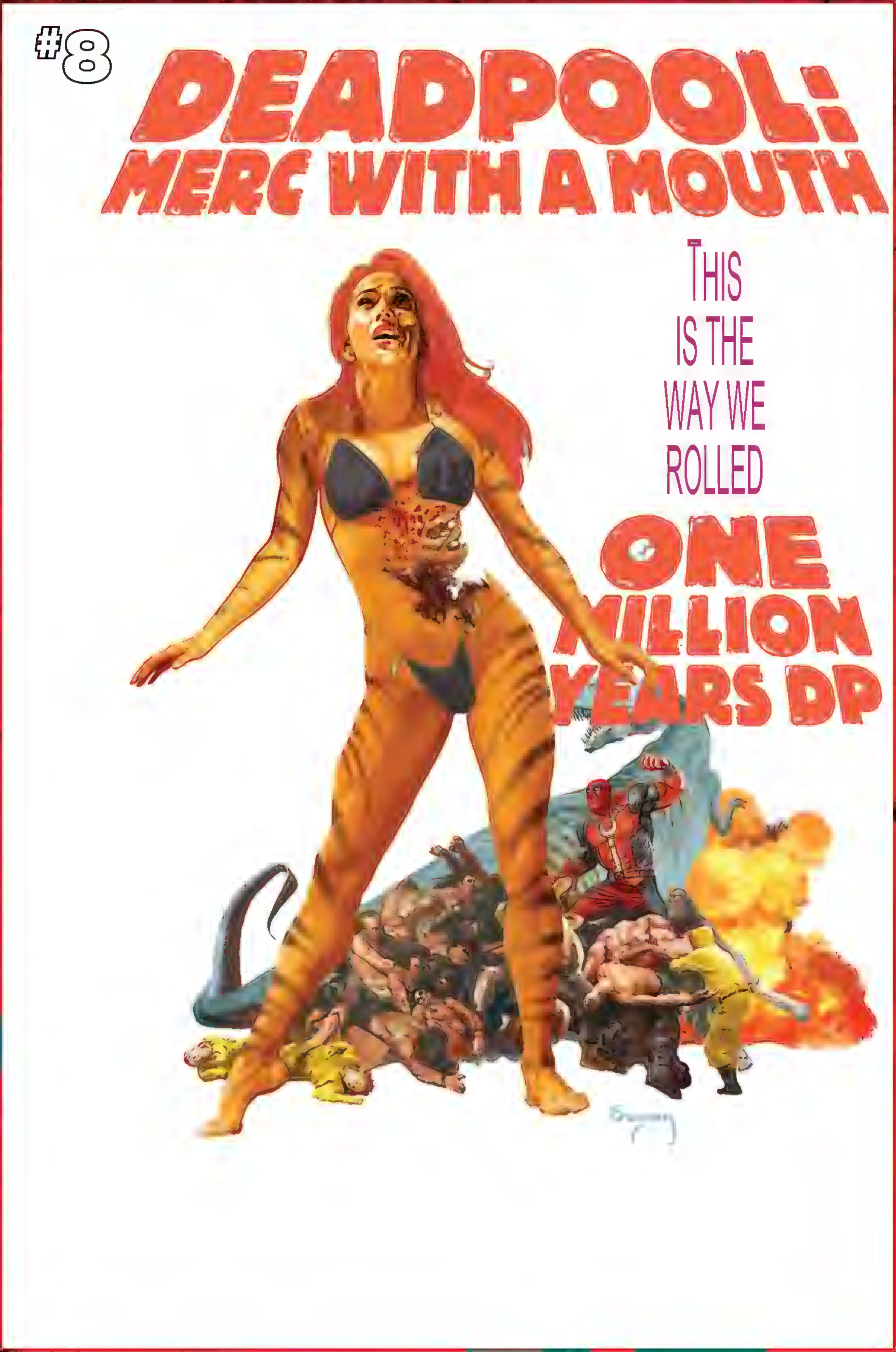

SIGH
BLAMM!
WORKS FOR ME.
YEAH.
CRAP.
I FORGOT THE ARM.

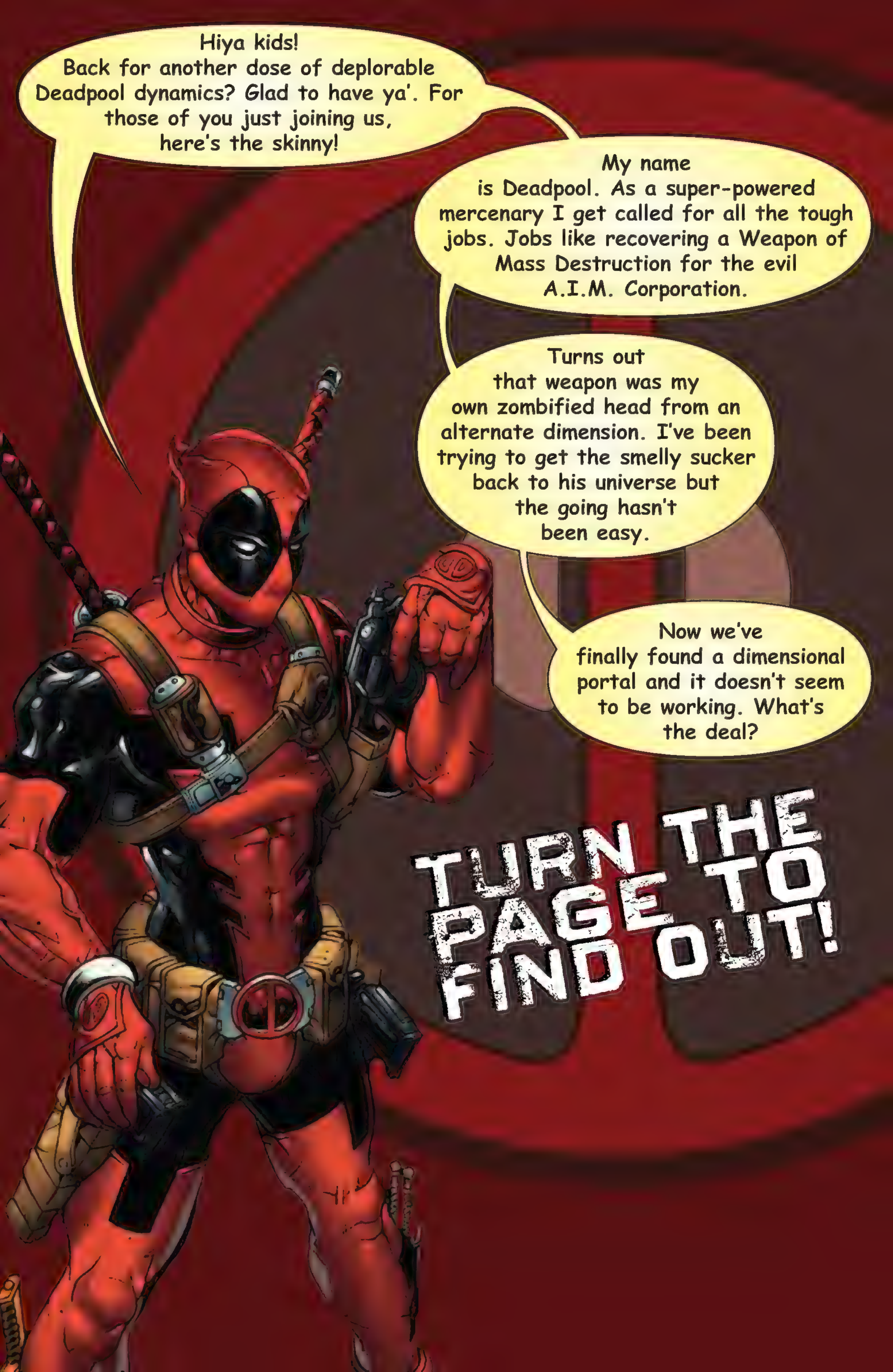

PRAISE THE BUDDHA. WE'RE BACK.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING RID OF THAT DAMN HEAD.
WHAT SHE SAID.
GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA? YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FOR LIKE TEN SECONDS.
TEN SECONDS? HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?
PERHAPS *I* CAN ANSWER THAT.

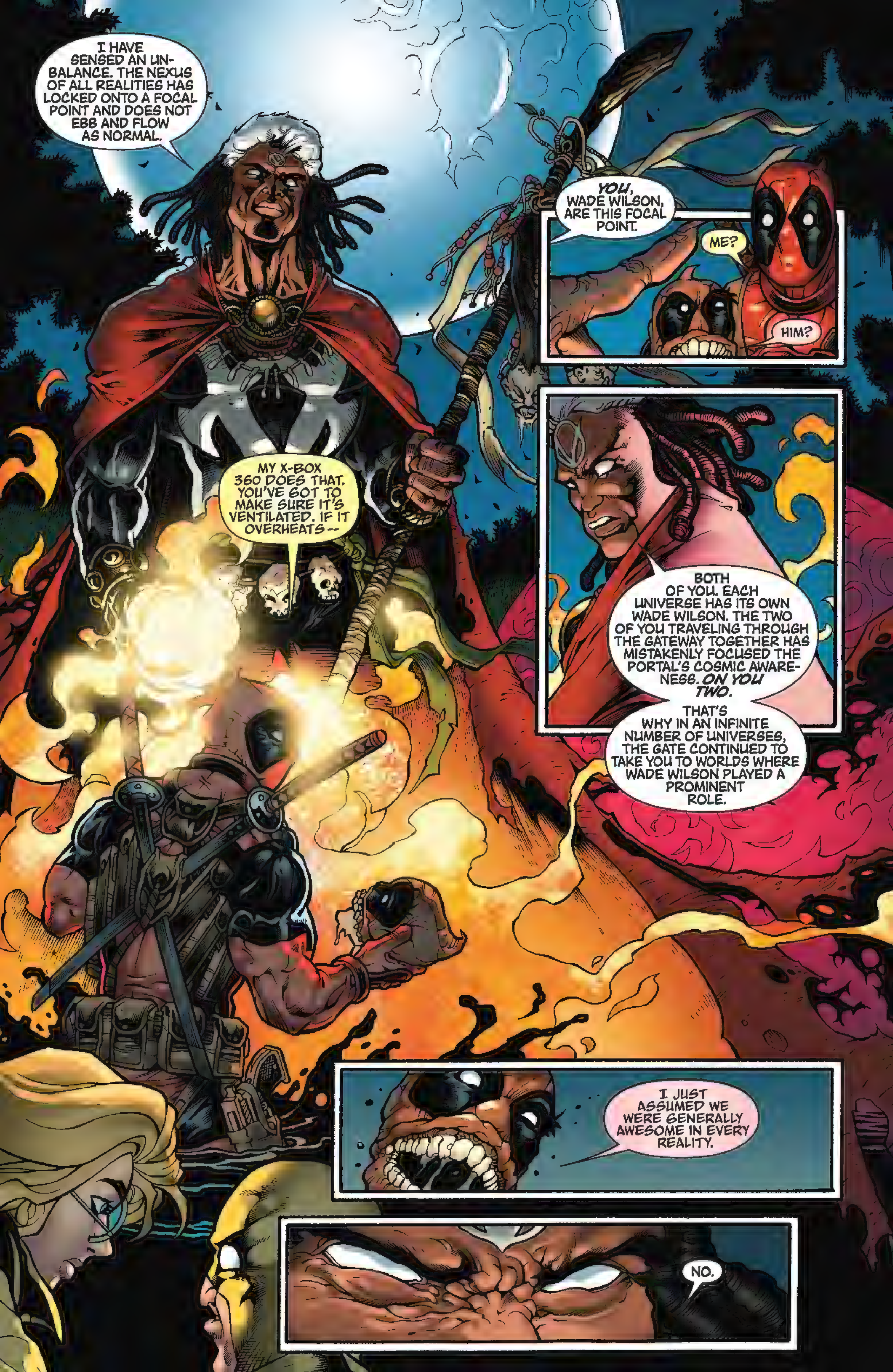

AFTER ALL, I *AM* THE SORCEROR SUPREME.
AM I SEEING THIS RIGHT?
IT AIN'T POOL-O-VISION.
TO BE CONTINUED...

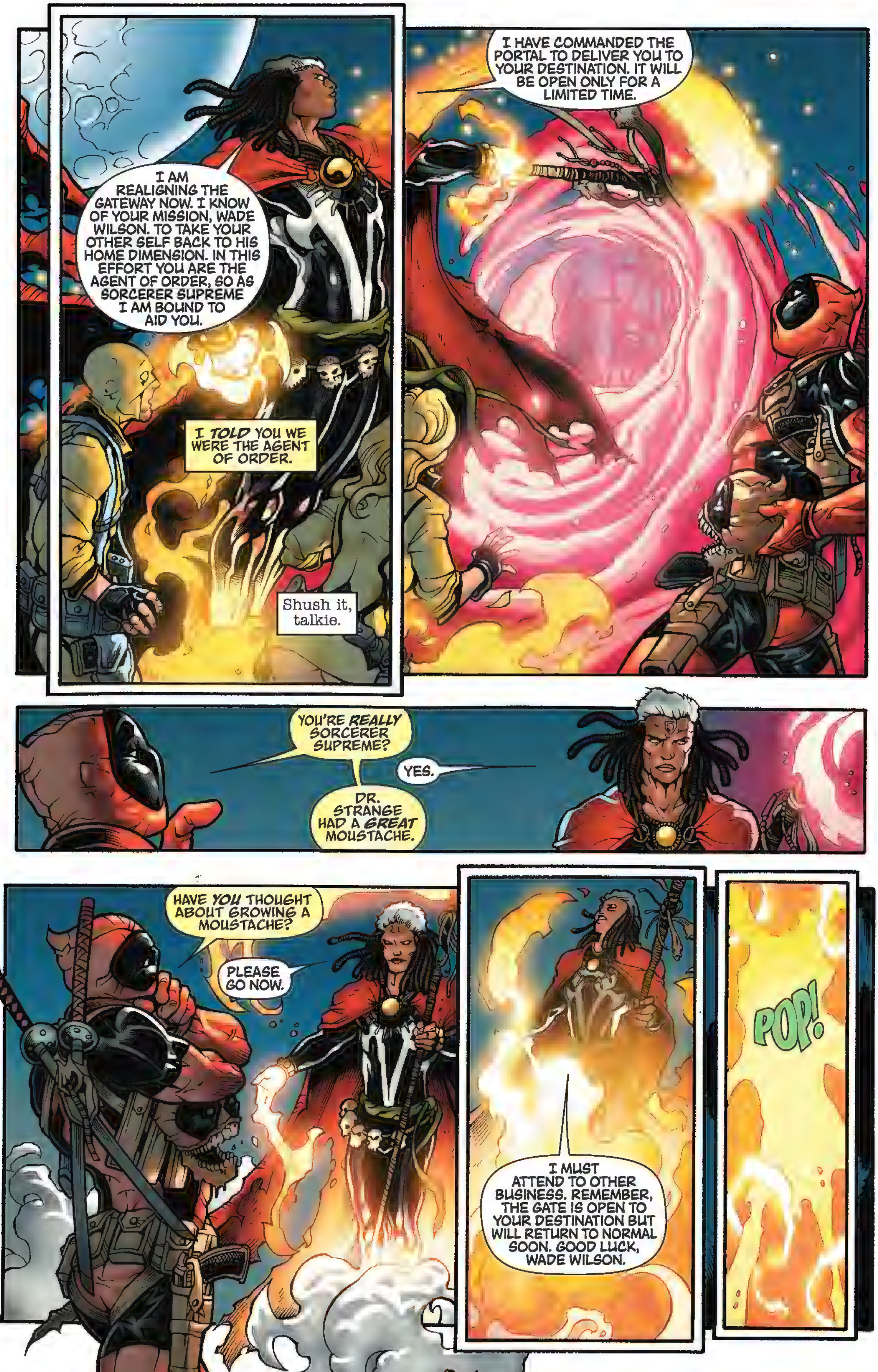

LIEFELD
YACKEY

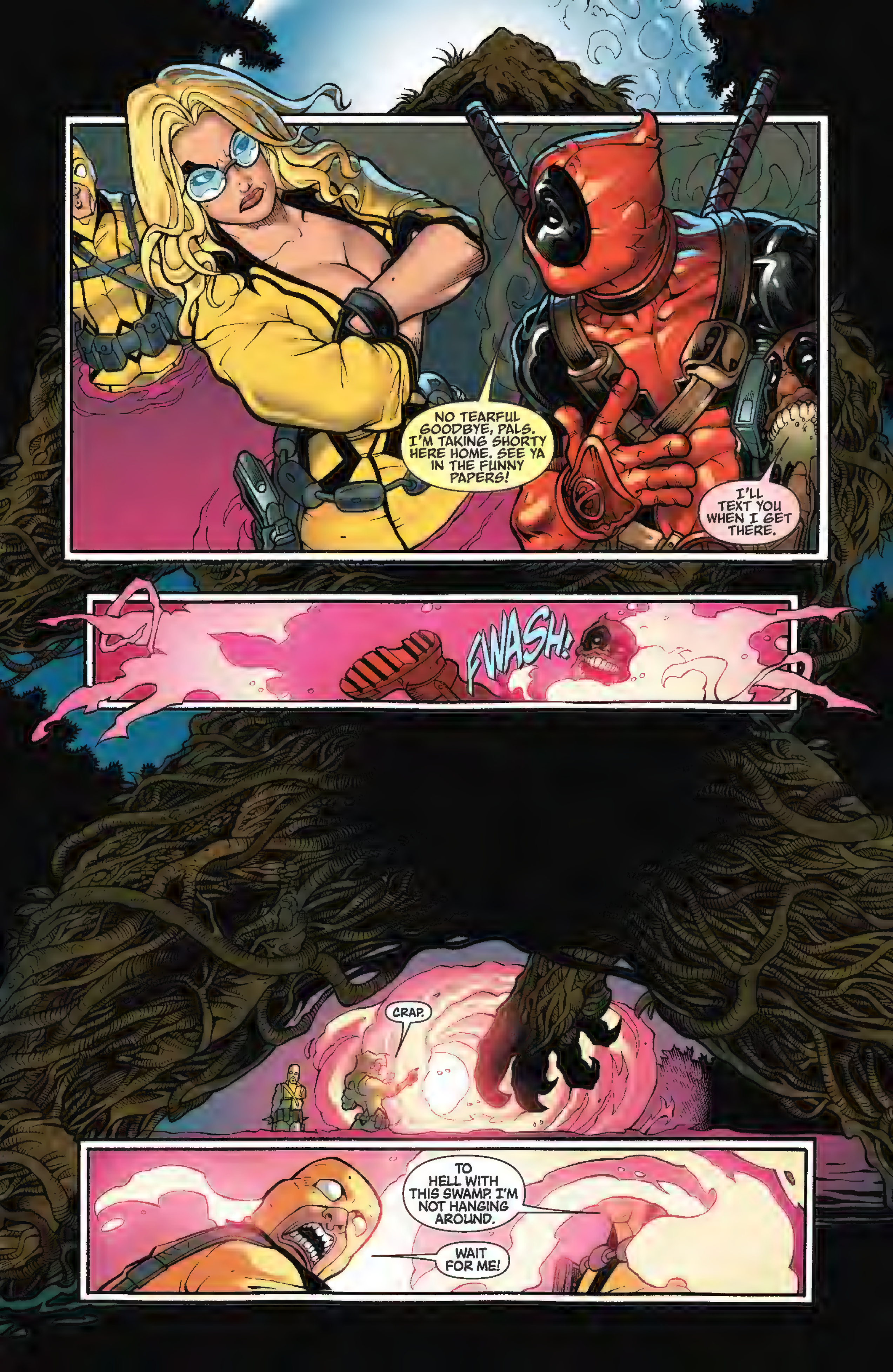
Issue #7 2nd printing variant by Rob Liefeld & Matt Yackey

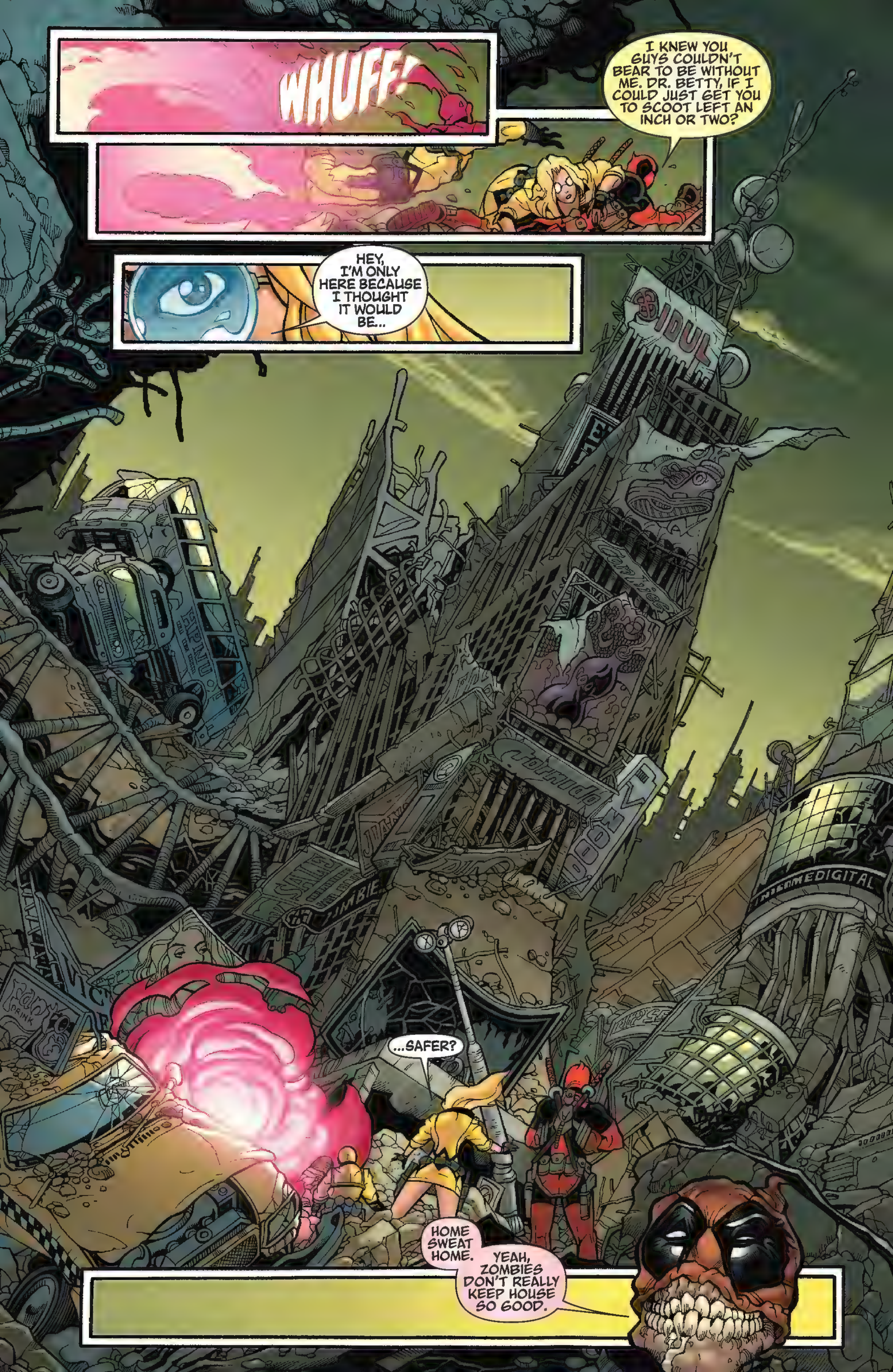

#8
DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH
THIS IS THE WAY WE ROLLED
ONE MILLION YEARS DP

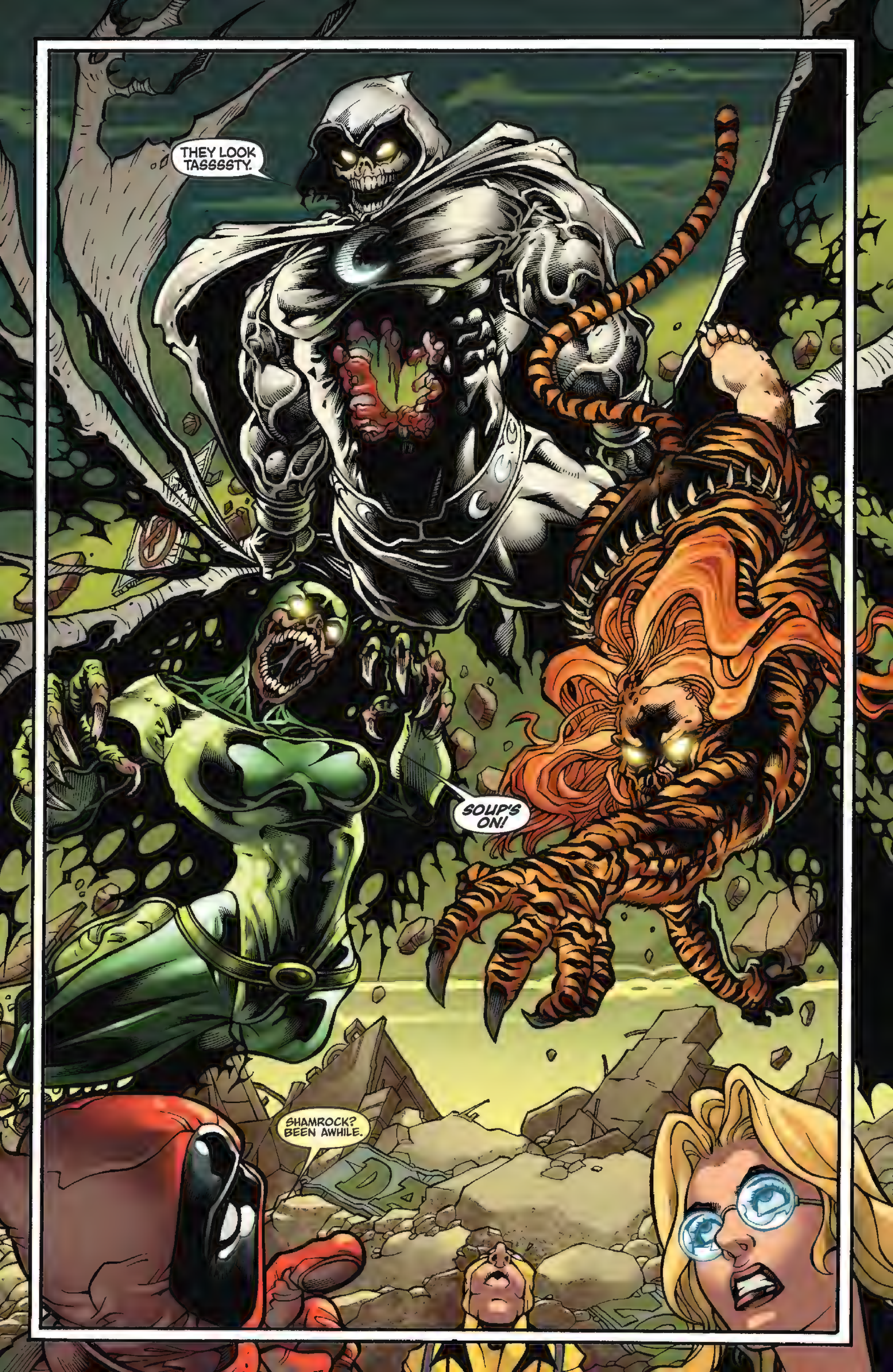

Hiya kids! Back for another dose of deplorable Deadpool dynamics? Glad to have ya'. For those of you just joining us, here's the skinny!
My name is Deadpool. As a super-powered mercenary I get called for all the tough jobs. Jobs like recovering a Weapon of Mass Destruction for the evil A.I.M. Corporation.
Turns out that weapon was my own zombified head from an alternate dimension. I've been trying to get the smelly sucker back to his universe but the going hasn't been easy.
Now we've finally found a dimensional portal and it doesn't seem to be working. What's the deal?
TURN THE PAGE TO FIND OUT!

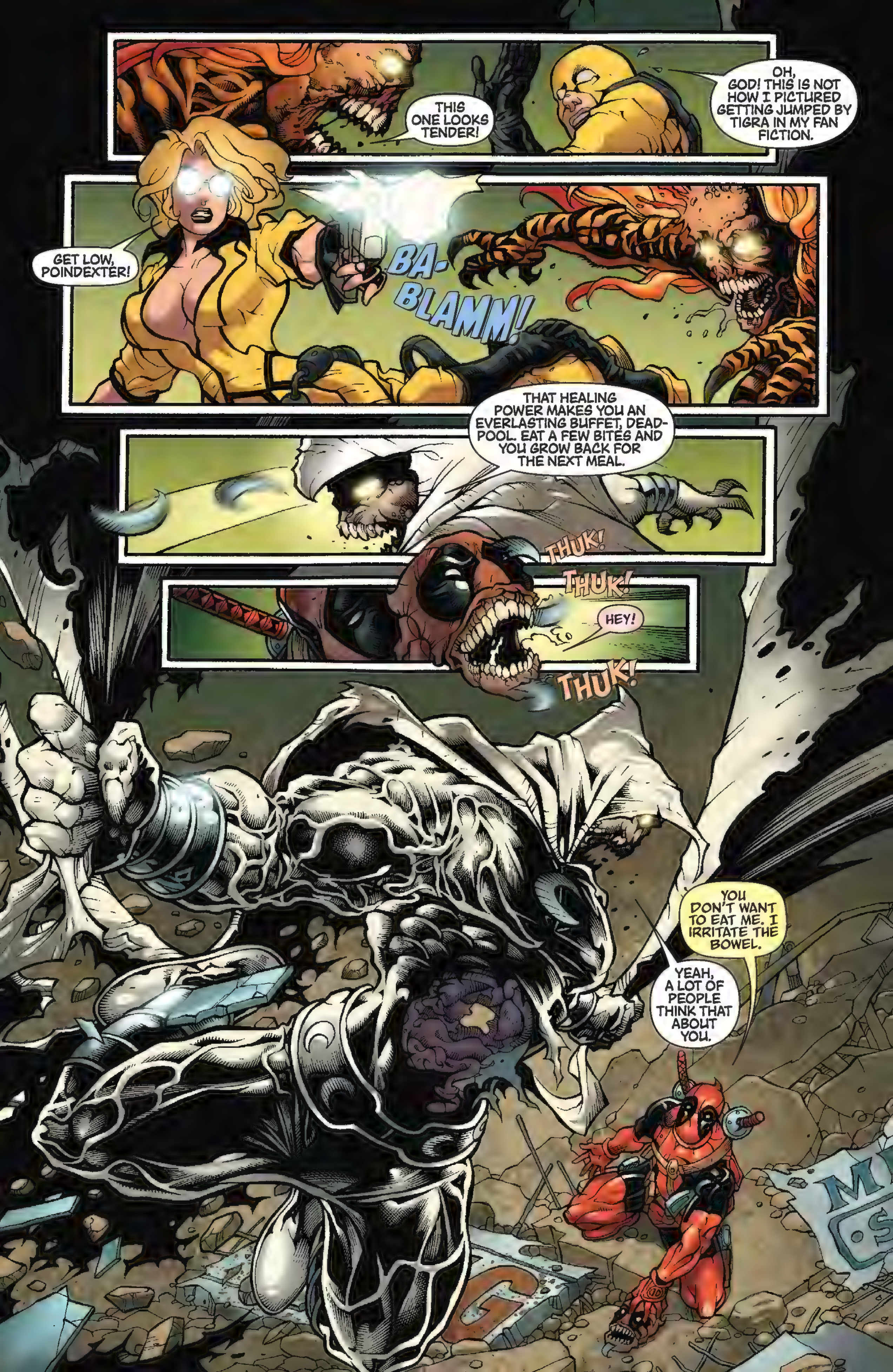

I HAVE SENSED AN UNBALANCE. THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES HAS LOCKED ONTO A FOCAL POINT AND DOES NOT EBB AND FLOW AS NORMAL.
YOU, WADE WILSON, ARE THIS FOCAL POINT.
ME?
HIM?
MY X-BOX 360 DOES THAT. YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT'S VENTILATED. IF IT OVERHEATS --
BOTH OF YOU. EACH UNIVERSE HAS ITS OWN WADE WILSON. THE TWO OF YOU TRAVELING THROUGH THE GATEWAY TOGETHER HAS MISTAKENLY FOCUSED THE PORTAL'S COSMIC AWARENESS. *ON YOU TWO.*
THAT'S WHY IN AN INFINITE NUMBER OF UNIVERSES, THE GATE CONTINUED TO TAKE YOU TO WORLDS WHERE WADE WILSON PLAYED A PROMINENT ROLE.
I JUST ASSUMED WE WERE GENERALLY AWESOME IN EVERY REALITY.
NO.

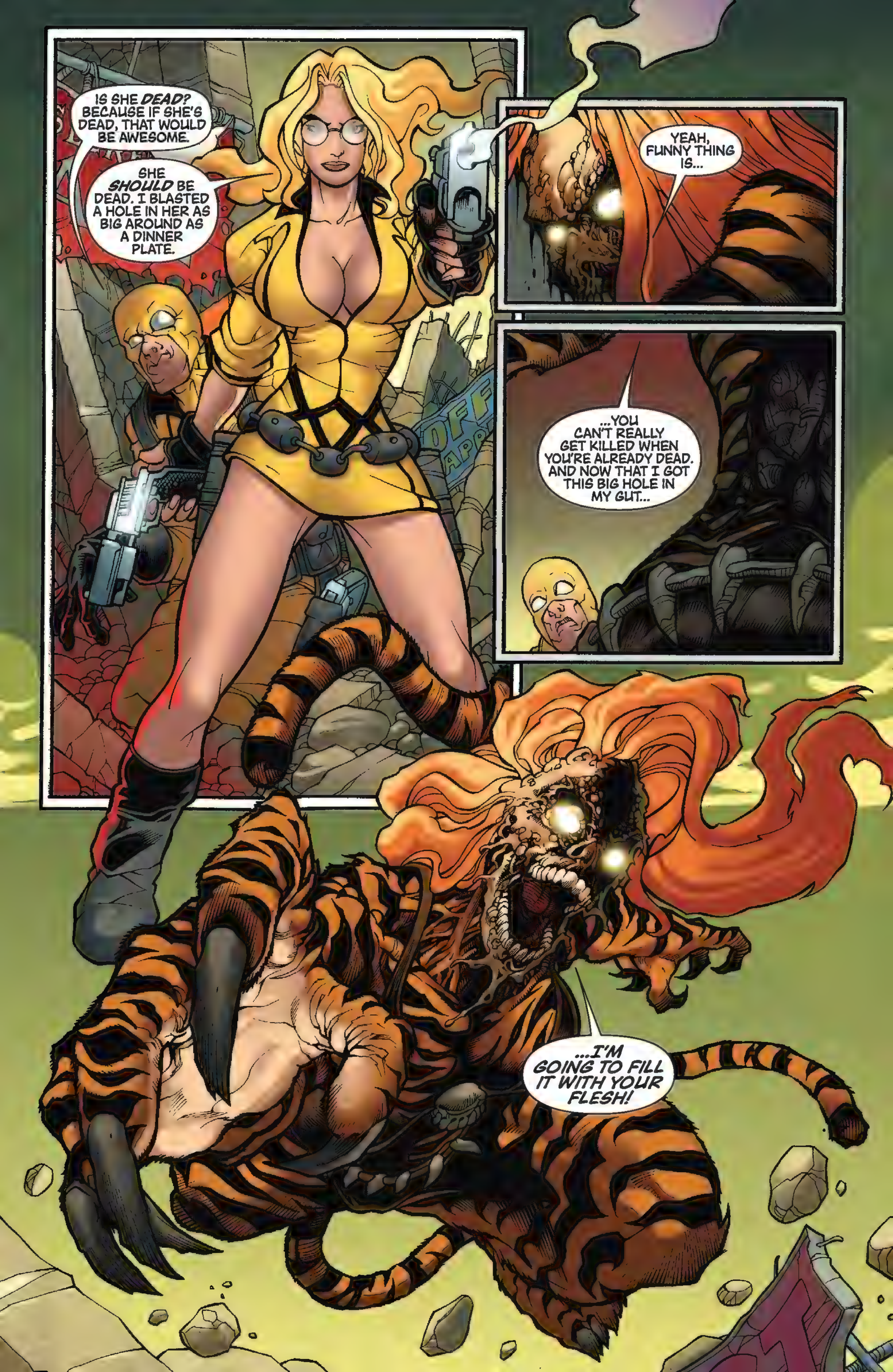

I AM REALIGNING THE GATEWAY NOW. I KNOW OF YOUR MISSION, WADE WILSON. TO TAKE YOUR OTHER SELF BACK TO HIS HOME DIMENSION. IN THIS EFFORT YOU ARE THE AGENT OF ORDER, SO AS SORCERER SUPREME I AM BOUND TO AID YOU.
I *TOLD* YOU WE WERE THE AGENT OF ORDER.
Shush it, talkie.
I HAVE COMMANDED THE PORTAL TO DELIVER YOU TO YOUR DESTINATION. IT WILL BE OPEN ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME.
YOU'RE *REALLY* SORCERER SUPREME?
YES.
DR. STRANGE HAD A *GREAT* MOUSTACHE.
HAVE *YOU* THOUGHT ABOUT GROWING A MOUSTACHE?
PLEASE GO NOW.
I MUST ATTEND TO OTHER BUSINESS. REMEMBER, THE GATE IS OPEN TO YOUR DESTINATION BUT WILL RETURN TO NORMAL SOON. GOOD LUCK, WADE WILSON.
POP!

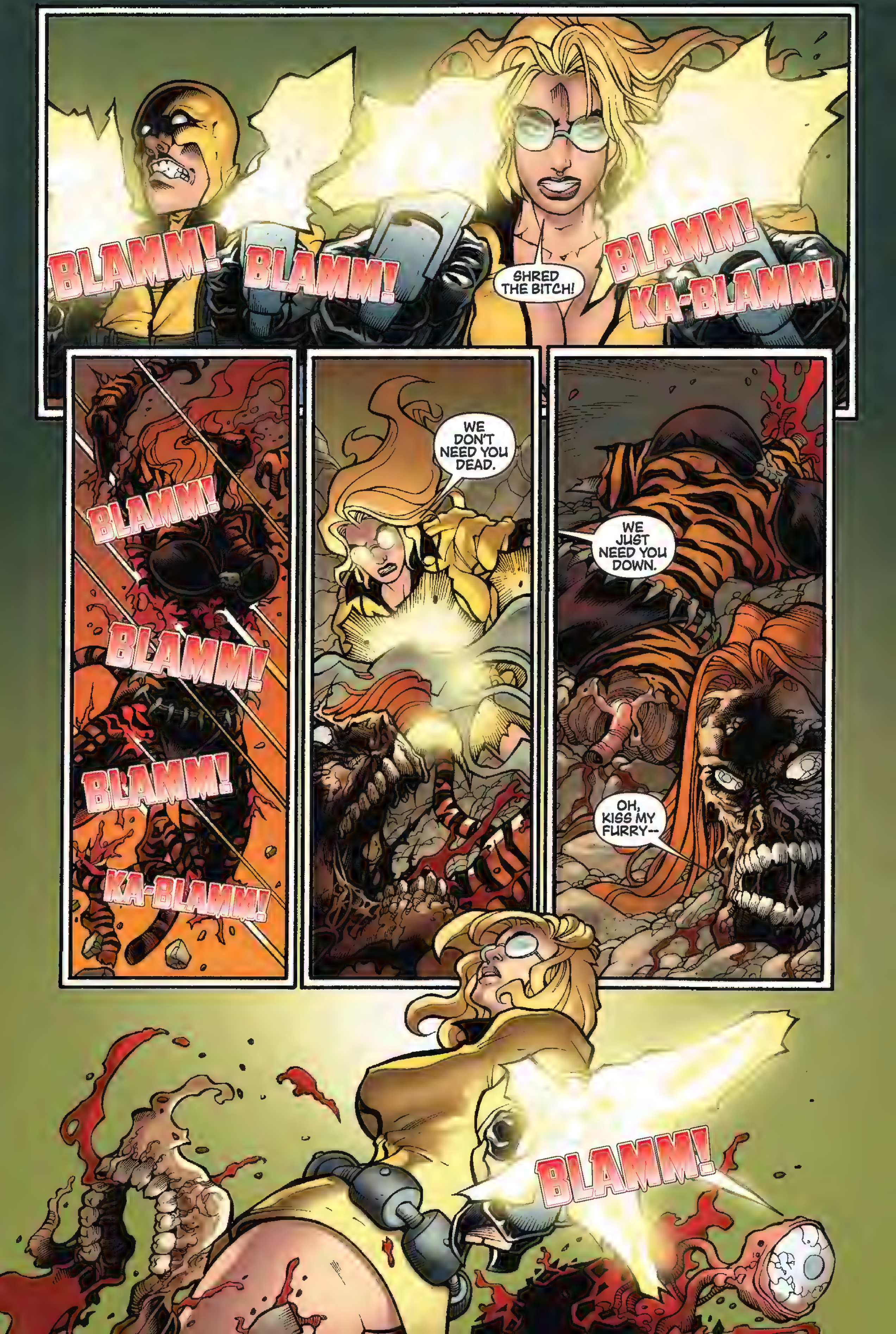

NO TEARFUL GOODBYE, PALS. I'M TAKING SHORTY HERE HOME. SEE YA IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!
I'LL TEXT YOU WHEN I GET THERE.
FWASH!
CRAP.
TO HELL WITH THIS SWAMP. I'M NOT HANGING AROUND.
WAIT FOR ME!

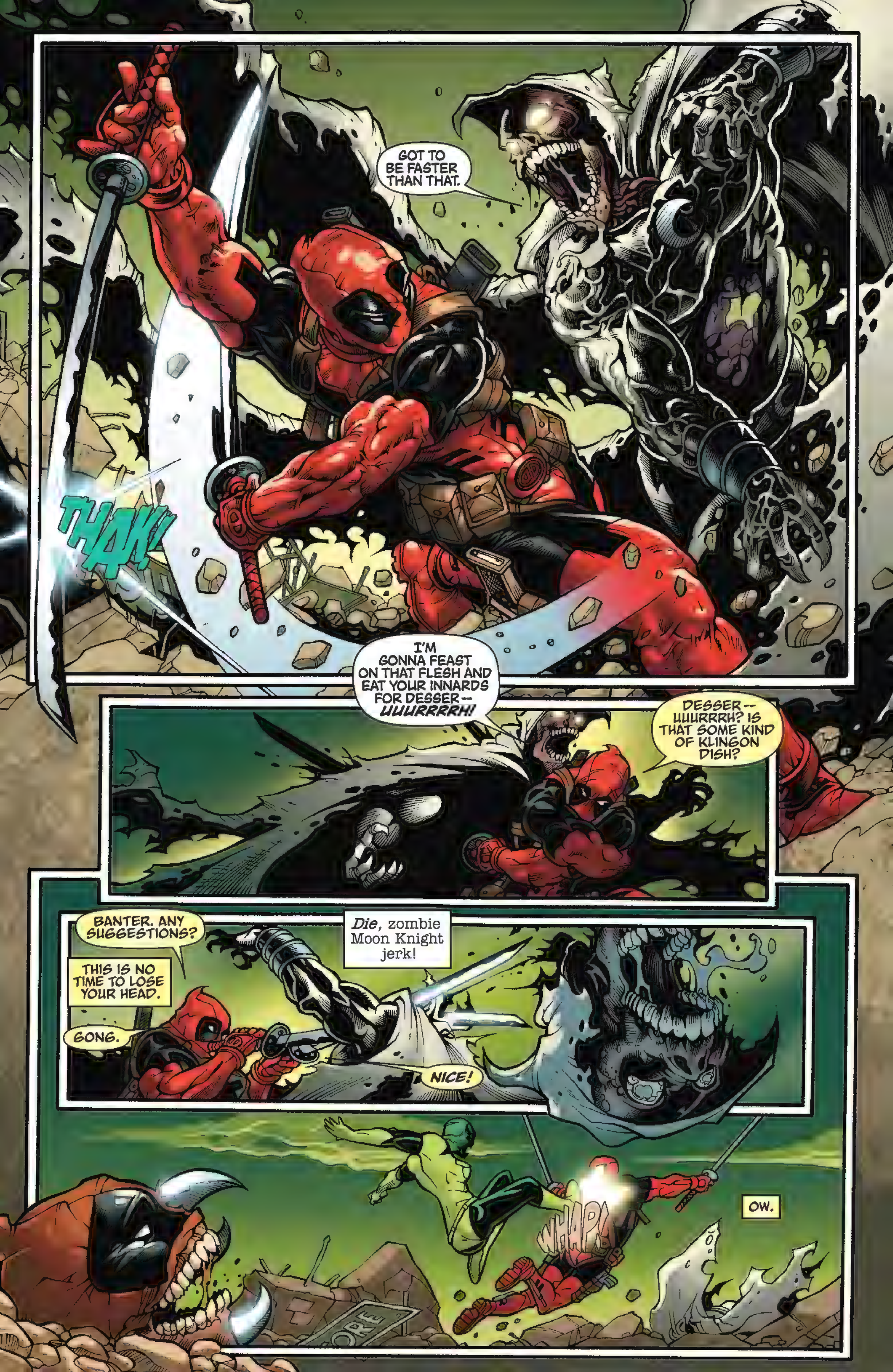

WHUFF!
I KNEW YOU GUYS COULDN'T BEAR TO BE WITHOUT ME. DR. BETTY, IF I COULD JUST GET YOU TO SCOOT LEFT AN INCH OR TWO?
HEY, I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE...
IDUL
ZOMBIE
MEDIGITAL
...SAFER?
HOME SWEAT HOME.
YEAH, ZOMBIES DON'T REALLY KEEP HOUSE SO GOOD.

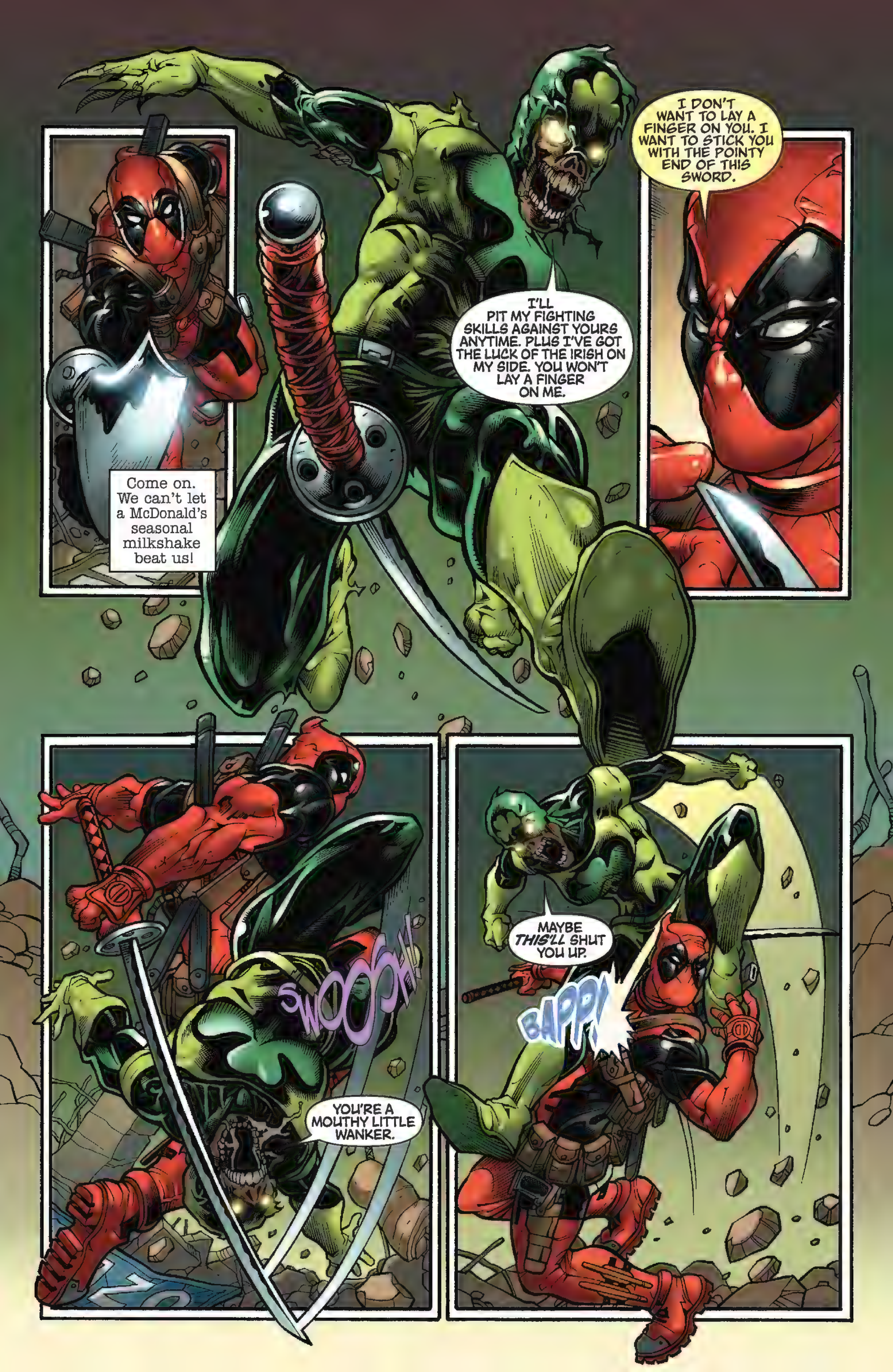

THEY LOOK TASSSSTY.
SOUP'S ON!
SHAMROCK? BEEN AWHILE.

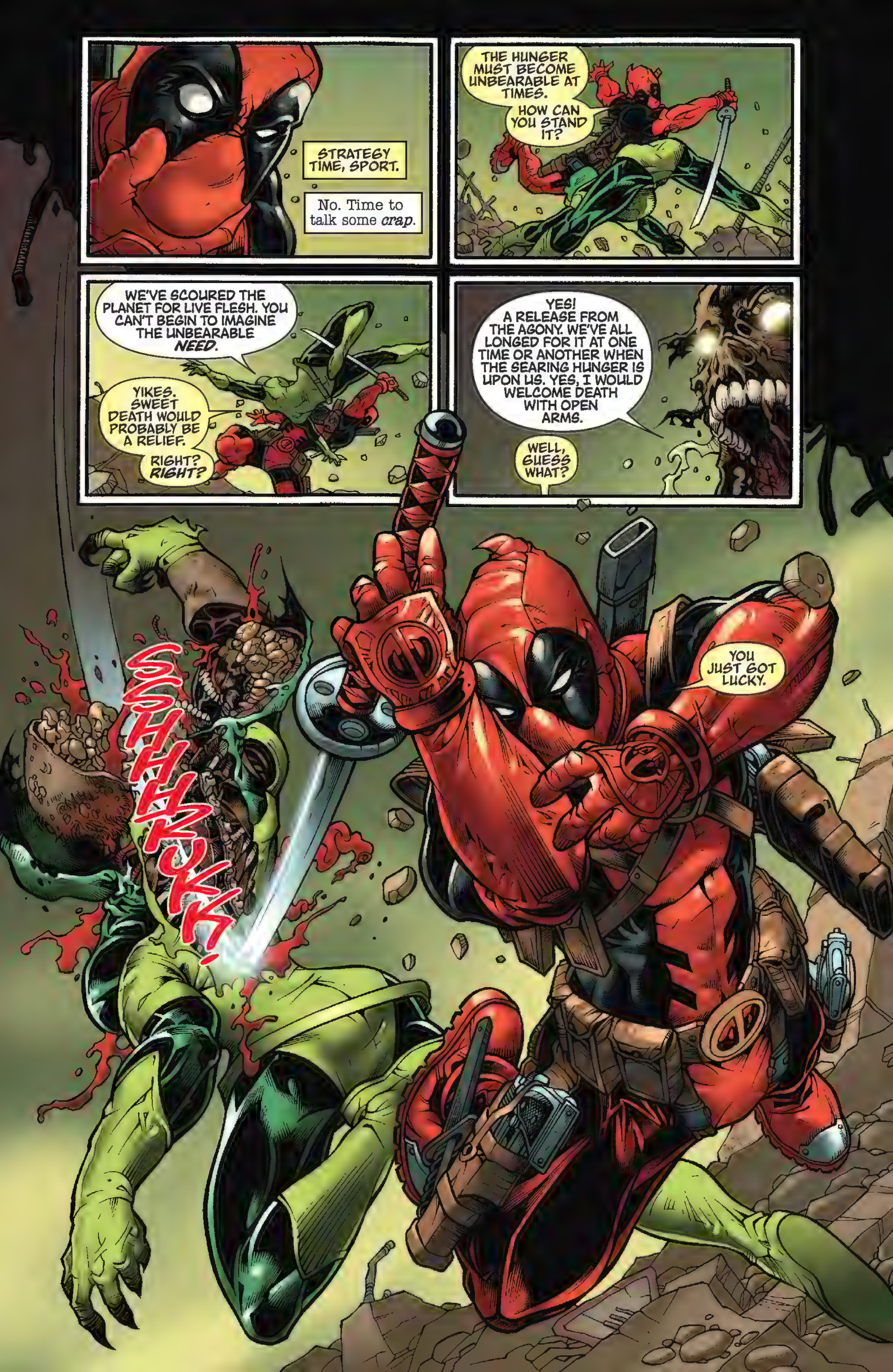

THIS ONE LOOKS TENDER!
OH, GOD! THIS IS NOT HOW I PICTURED GETTING JUMPED BY TIGRA IN MY FAN FICTION.
GET LOW, POINDEXTER!
BA-BLAMM!
THAT HEALING POWER MAKES YOU AN EVERLASTING BUFFET, DEADPOOL. EAT A FEW BITES AND YOU GROW BACK FOR THE NEXT MEAL.
THUK!
THUK!
HEY!
THUK!
YOU DON'T WANT TO EAT ME. I IRRITATE THE BOWEL.
YEAH, A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK THAT ABOUT YOU.

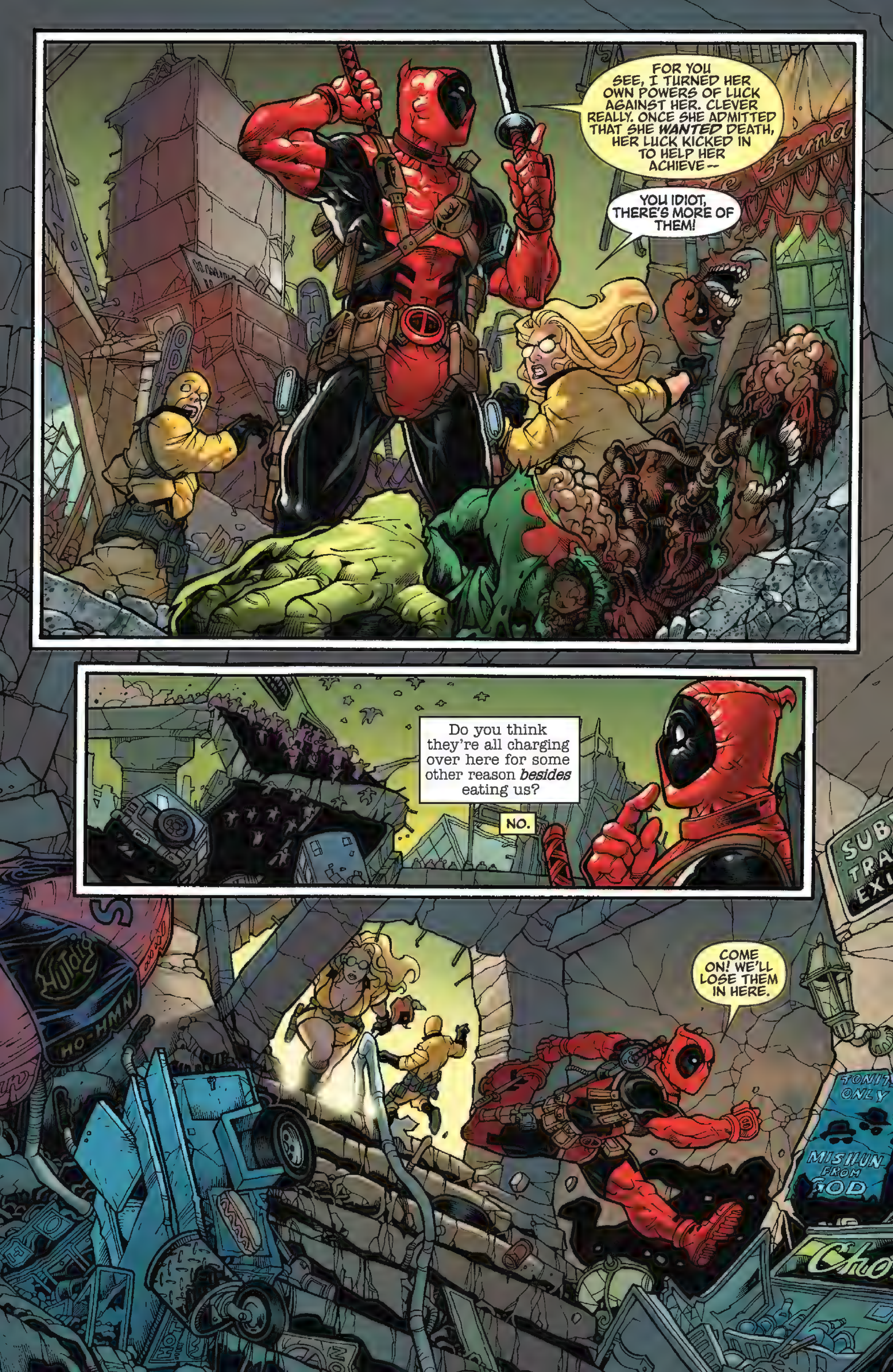

IS SHE *DEAD?* BECAUSE IF SHE'S DEAD, THAT WOULD BE AWESOME.
SHE *SHOULD* BE DEAD. I BLASTED A HOLE IN HER AS BIG AROUND AS A DINNER PLATE.
YEAH, FUNNY THING IS...
...YOU CAN'T REALLY GET KILLED WHEN YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD. AND NOW THAT I GOT THIS BIG HOLE IN MY GUT...
...I'M GOING TO FILL IT WITH YOUR FLESH!

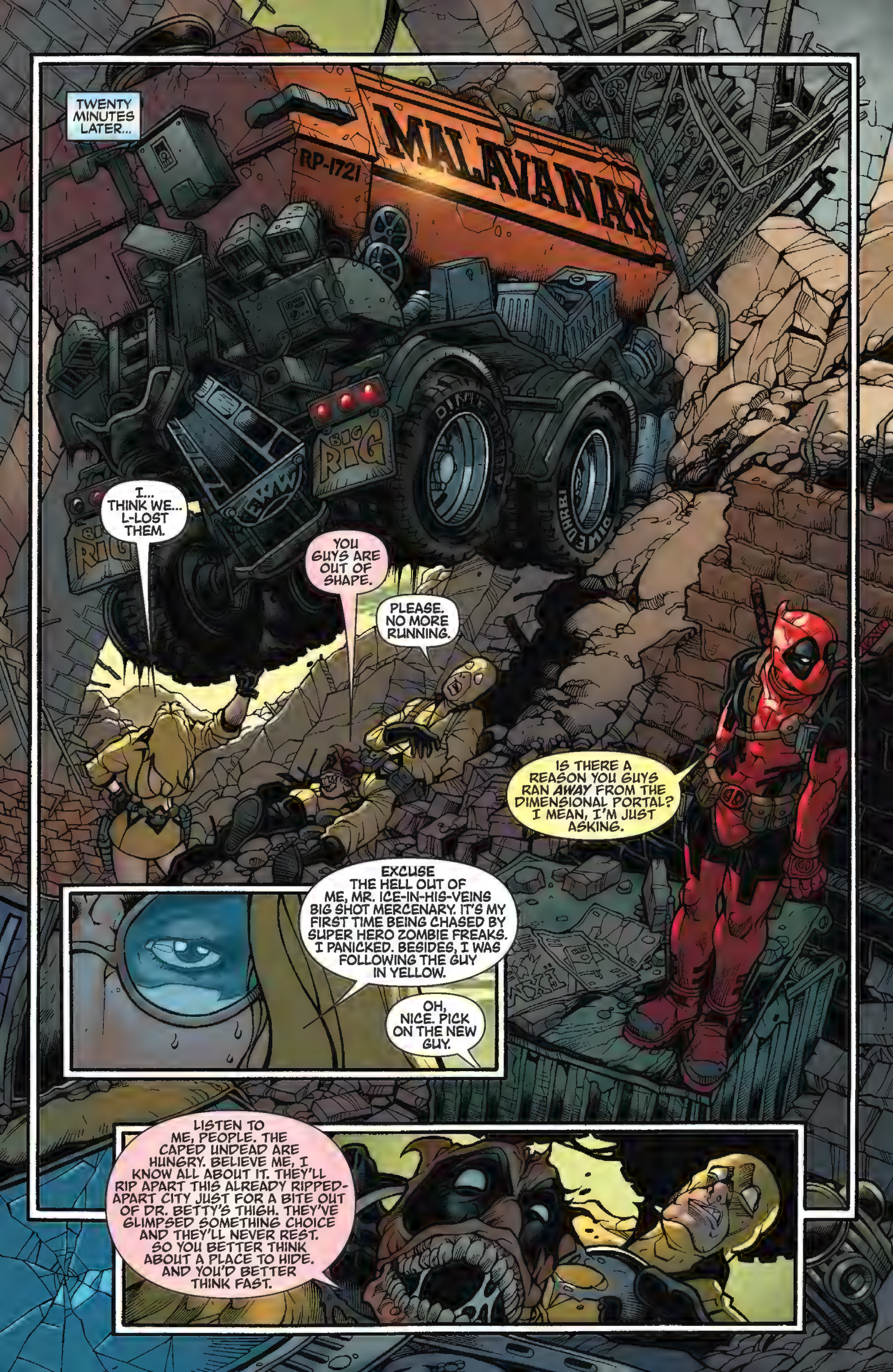

BLAMM!
BLAMM!
SHRED THE BITCH!
BLAMM!
KA-BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
KA-BLAMM!
WE DON'T NEED YOU DEAD.
WE JUST NEED YOU DOWN.
OH, KISS MY FURRY--
BLAMM!

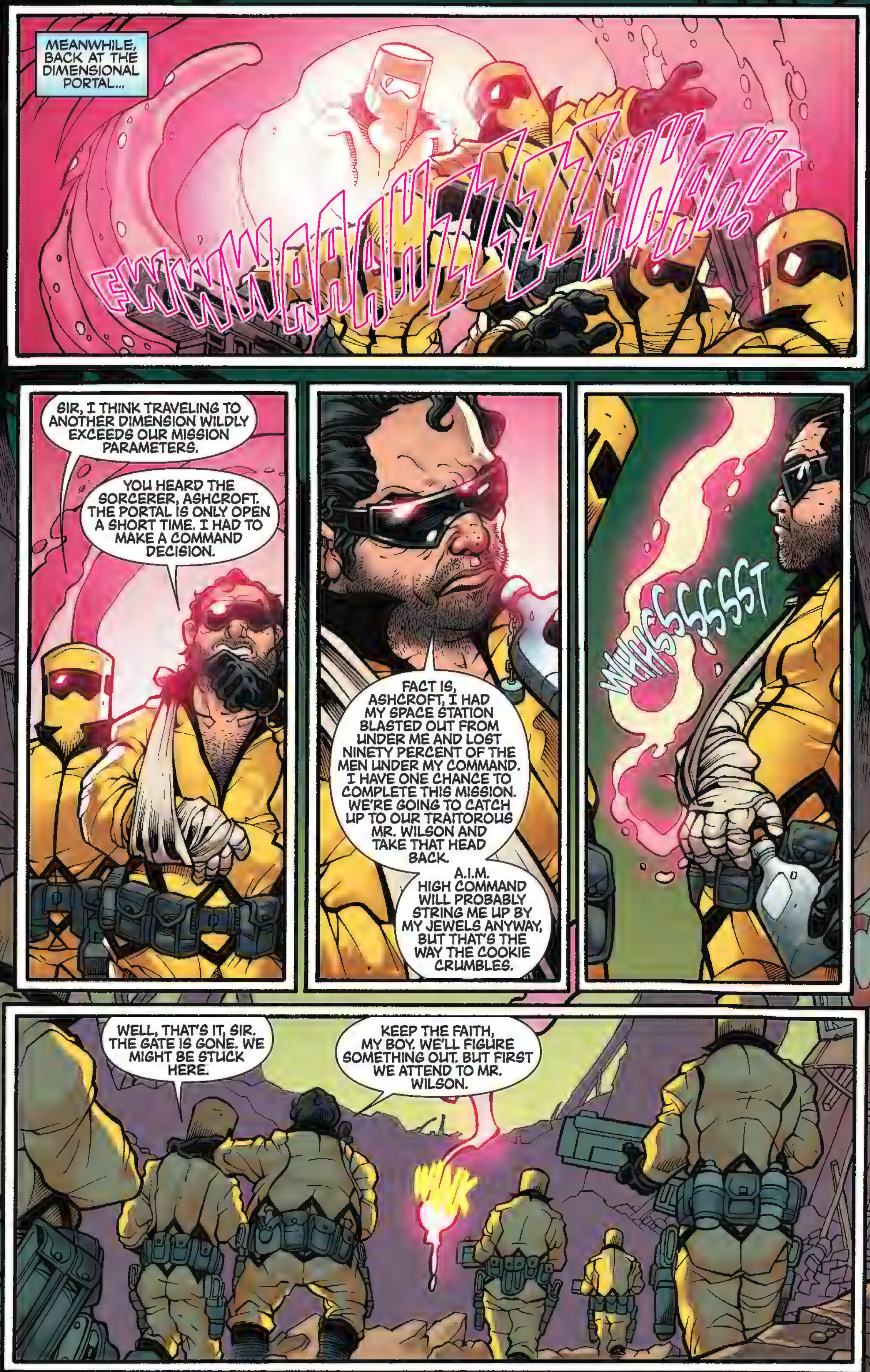

GOT TO BE FASTER THAN THAT.
THAK!
I'M GONNA FEAST ON THAT FLESH AND EAT YOUR INNARDS FOR DESSER-- UUURRRRH!
DESSER-- UUURRRH? IS THAT SOME KIND OF KLINGON DISH?
BANTER. ANY SUGGESTIONS?
THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE YOUR HEAD.
GONG.
Die, zombie Moon Knight jerk!
NICE!
WHAP!
OW.
ORE

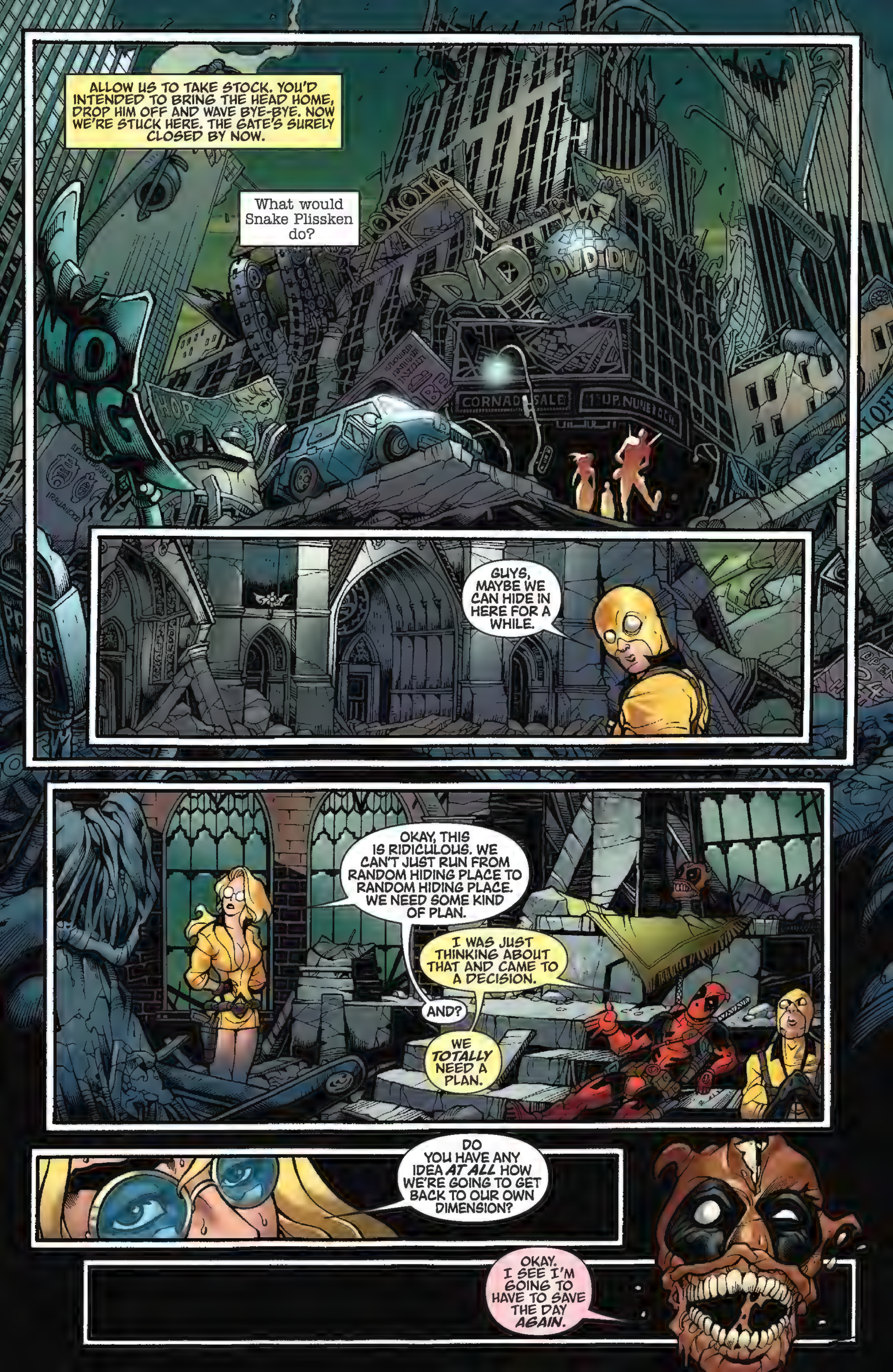

Come on. We can't let a McDonald's seasonal milkshake beat us!
I'LL PIT MY FIGHTING SKILLS AGAINST YOURS ANYTIME. PLUS I'VE GOT THE LUCK OF THE IRISH ON MY SIDE. YOU WON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME.
I DON'T WANT TO LAY A FINGER ON YOU. I WANT TO STICK YOU WITH THE POINTY END OF THIS SWORD.
SWOOSH!
YOU'RE A MOUTHY LITTLE WANKER.
MAYBE *THIS'LL* SHUT YOU UP.
BAPP!

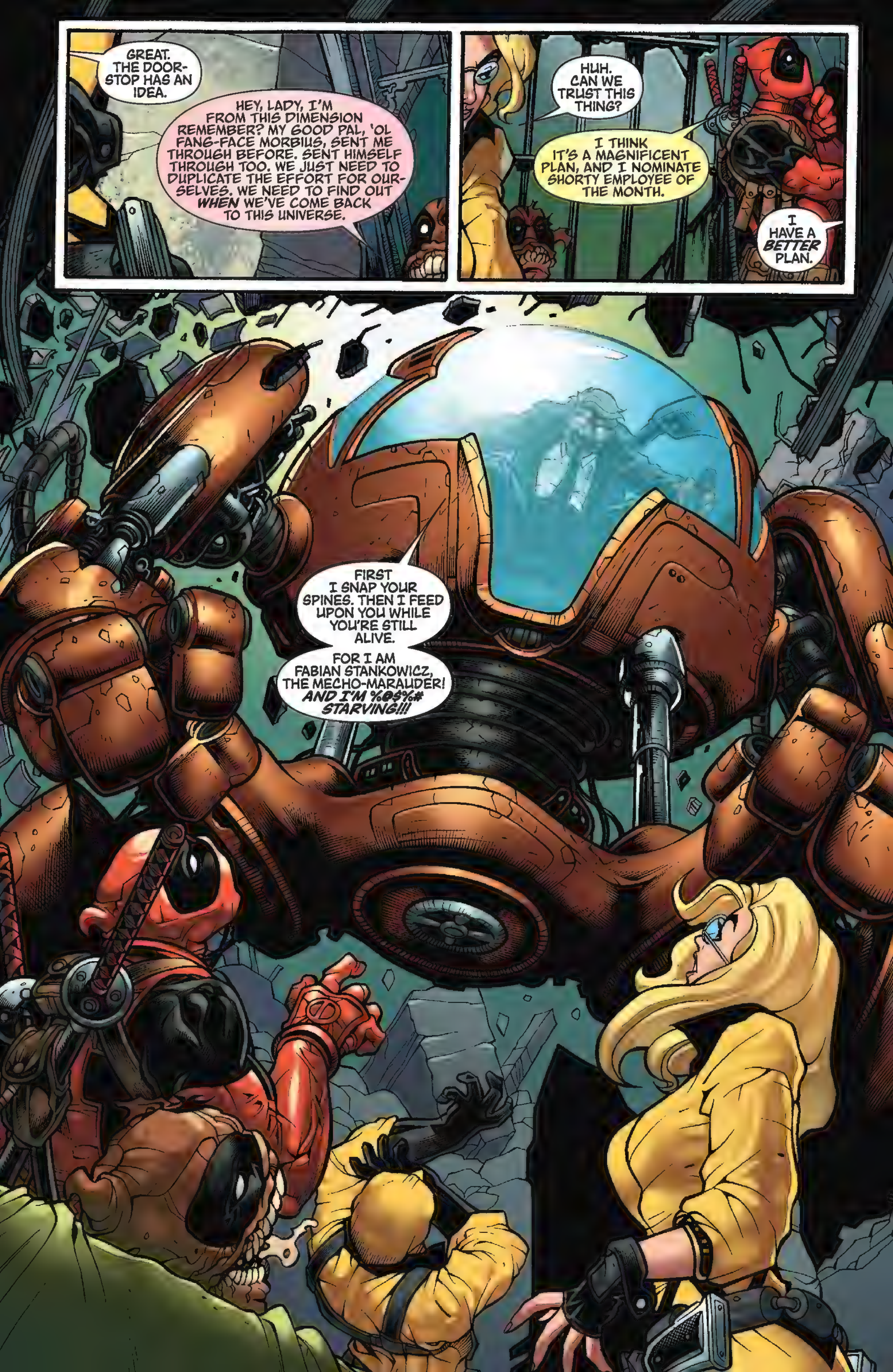

STRATEGY TIME, SPORT.
No. Time to talk some *crap*.
THE HUNGER MUST BECOME UNBEARABLE AT TIMES.
HOW CAN YOU STAND IT?
WE'VE SCOURED THE PLANET FOR LIVE FLESH. YOU CAN'T BEGIN TO IMAGINE THE UNBEARABLE ***NEED***.
YIKES. SWEET DEATH WOULD PROBABLY BE A RELIEF.
RIGHT? ***RIGHT?***
YES! A RELEASE FROM THE AGONY. WE'VE ALL LONGED FOR IT AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER WHEN THE SEARING HUNGER IS UPON US. YES, I WOULD WELCOME DEATH WITH OPEN ARMS.
WELL, GUESS WHAT?
SSHHHKUKK!
YOU JUST GOT LUCKY.

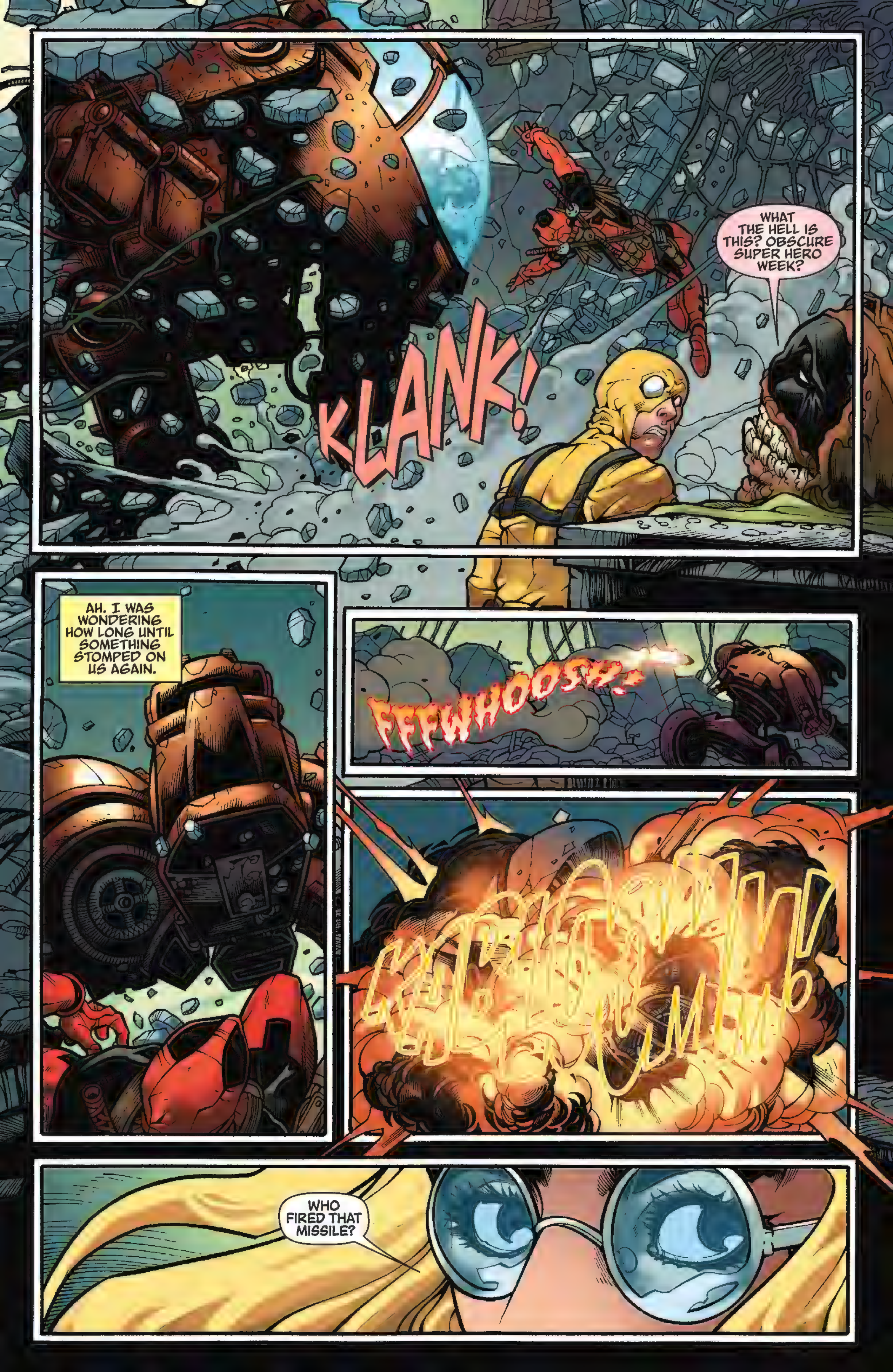

FOR YOU SEE, I TURNED HER OWN POWERS OF LUCK AGAINST HER. CLEVER REALLY. ONCE SHE ADMITTED THAT SHE *WANTED* DEATH, HER LUCK KICKED IN TO HELP HER ACHIEVE --
YOU IDIOT, THERE'S MORE OF THEM!
Do you think they're all charging over here for some other reason *besides* eating us?
NO.
COME ON! WE'LL LOSE THEM IN HERE.
HO-HMN
SUB TRA EXI
TONITE ONLY
MISIIUN FROM GOD
Cho

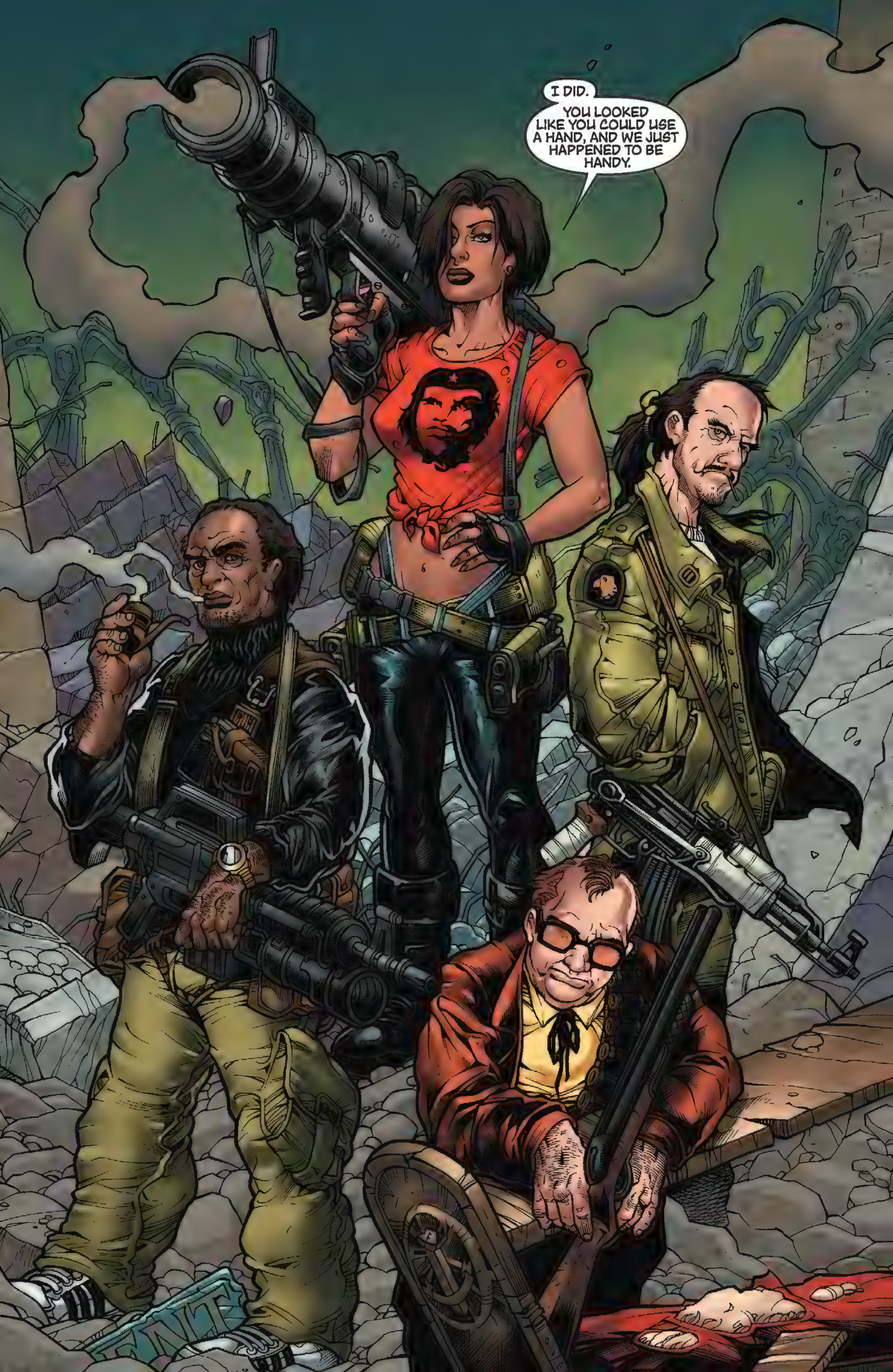

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
MALAVANA
RP-1721
BIG RIG
I... THINK WE... L-LOST THEM.
YOU GUYS ARE OUT OF SHAPE.
PLEASE. NO MORE RUNNING.
IS THERE A REASON YOU GUYS RAN *AWAY* FROM THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL? I MEAN, I'M JUST ASKING.
EXCUSE THE HELL OUT OF ME, MR. ICE-IN-HIS-VEINS BIG SHOT MERCENARY. IT'S MY FIRST TIME BEING CHASED BY SUPER HERO ZOMBIE FREAKS. I PANICKED. BESIDES, I WAS FOLLOWING THE GUY IN YELLOW.
OH, NICE. PICK ON THE NEW GUY.
LISTEN TO ME, PEOPLE. THE CAPED UNDEAD ARE HUNGRY. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT. THEY'LL RIP APART THIS ALREADY RIPPED-APART CITY JUST FOR A BITE OUT OF DR. BETTY'S THIGH. THEY'VE GLIMPSED SOMETHING CHOICE AND THEY'LL NEVER REST. SO YOU BETTER THINK ABOUT A PLACE TO HIDE. AND YOU'D BETTER THINK FAST.

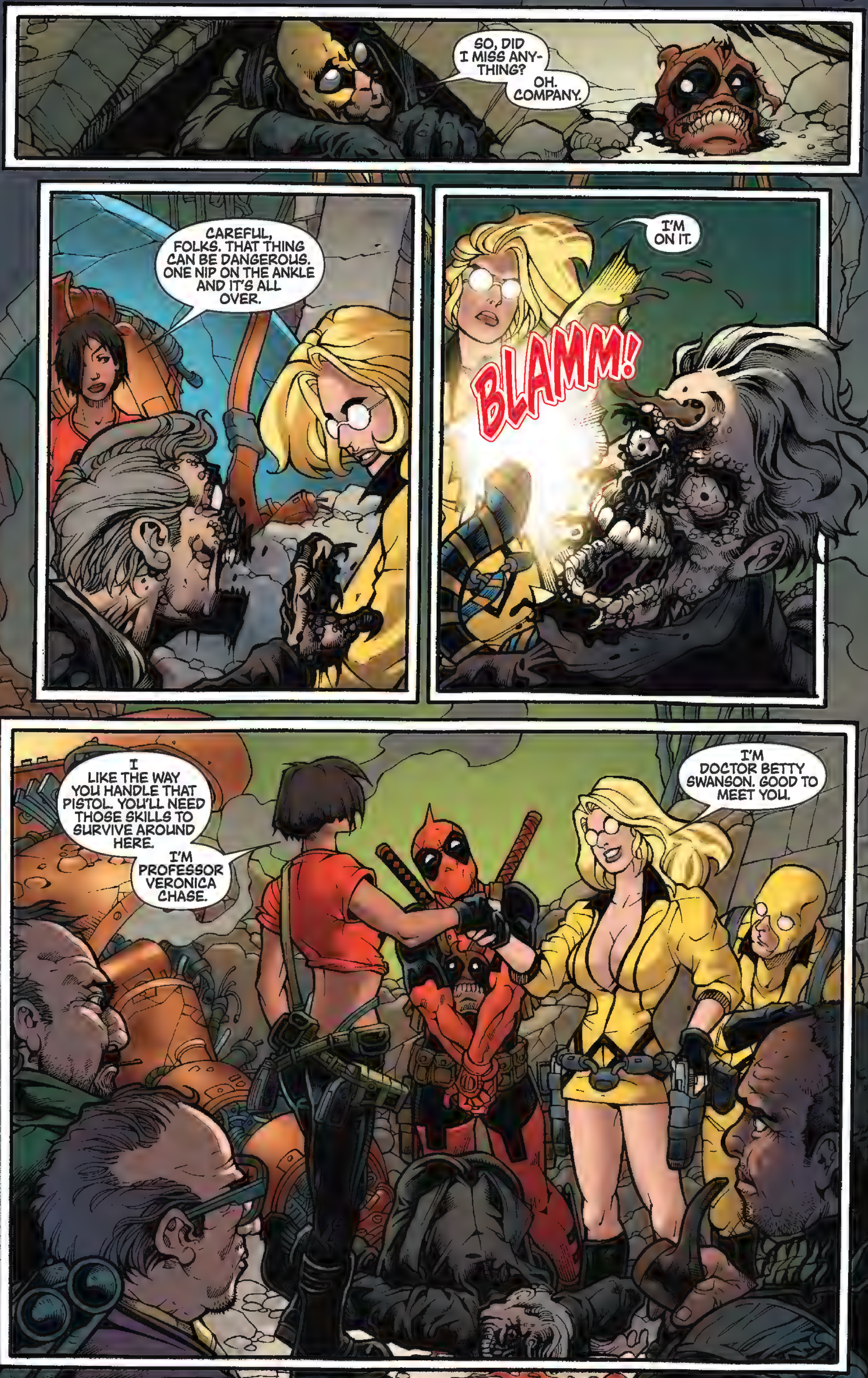

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL...
CWWWAAAHZZZZZHHAAK!
SIR, I THINK TRAVELING TO ANOTHER DIMENSION WILDLY EXCEEDS OUR MISSION PARAMETERS.
YOU HEARD THE SORCERER, ASHCROFT. THE PORTAL IS ONLY OPEN A SHORT TIME. I HAD TO MAKE A COMMAND DECISION.
FACT IS, ASHCROFT, I HAD MY SPACE STATION BLASTED OUT FROM UNDER ME AND LOST NINETY PERCENT OF THE MEN UNDER MY COMMAND. I HAVE ONE CHANCE TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION. WE'RE GOING TO CATCH UP TO OUR TRAITOROUS MR. WILSON AND TAKE THAT HEAD BACK.
A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND WILL PROBABLY STRING ME UP BY MY JEWELS ANYWAY, BUT THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES.
WHHSSSSSST
WELL, THAT'S IT, SIR. THE GATE IS GONE. WE MIGHT BE STUCK HERE.
KEEP THE FAITH, MY BOY. WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT. BUT FIRST WE ATTEND TO MR. WILSON.
WINK

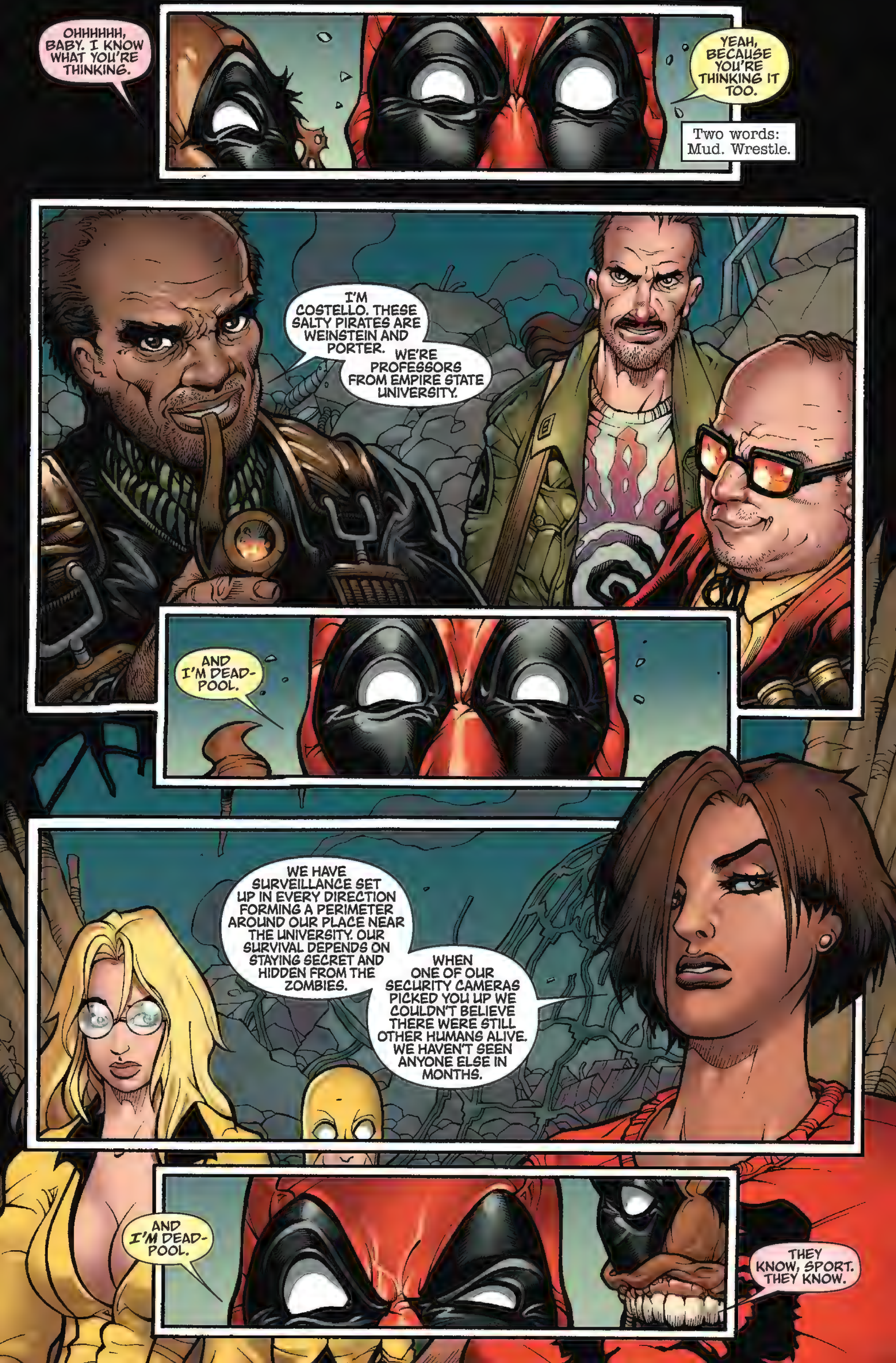

ALLOW US TO TAKE STOCK. YOU'D INTENDED TO BRING THE HEAD HOME, DROP HIM OFF AND WAVE BYE-BYE. NOW WE'RE STUCK HERE. THE GATE'S SURELY CLOSED BY NOW.
What would Snake Plissken do?
GUYS, MAYBE WE CAN HIDE IN HERE FOR A WHILE.
OKAY, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WE CAN'T JUST RUN FROM RANDOM HIDING PLACE TO RANDOM HIDING PLACE. WE NEED SOME KIND OF PLAN.
I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THAT AND CAME TO A DECISION.
AND?
WE *TOTALLY* NEED A PLAN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA *AT ALL* HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET BACK TO OUR OWN DIMENSION?
OKAY. I SEE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SAVE THE DAY *AGAIN*.

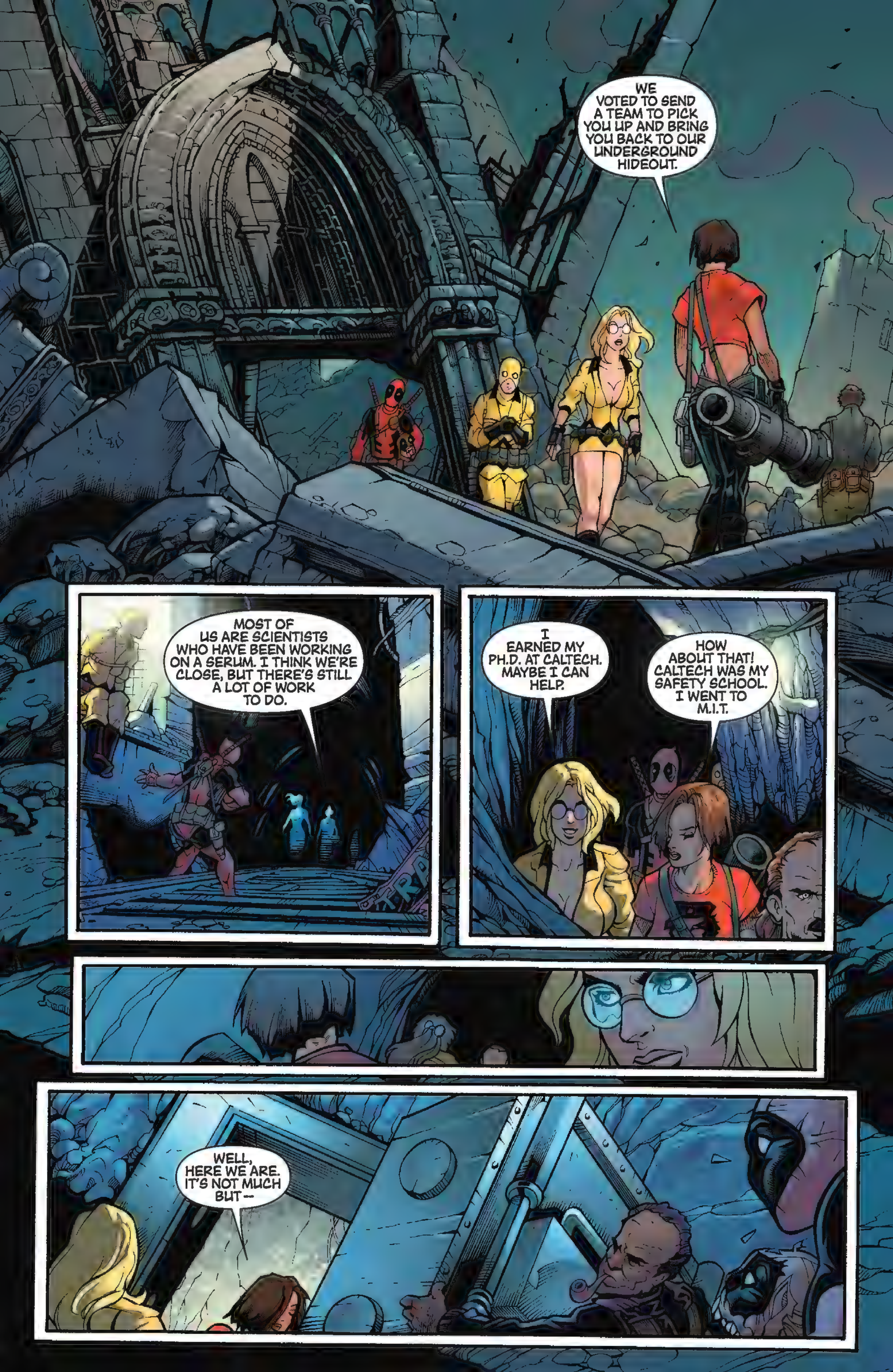

GREAT. THE DOORSTOP HAS AN IDEA.
HEY, LADY, I'M FROM THIS DIMENSION REMEMBER? MY GOOD PAL, 'OL FANG-FACE MORBIUS, SENT ME THROUGH BEFORE. SENT HIMSELF THROUGH TOO. WE JUST NEED TO DUPLICATE THE EFFORT FOR OURSELVES. WE NEED TO FIND OUT *WHEN* WE'VE COME BACK TO THIS UNIVERSE.
HUH. CAN WE TRUST THIS THING?
I THINK IT'S A MAGNIFICENT PLAN, AND I NOMINATE SHORTY EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH.
I HAVE A *BETTER* PLAN.
FIRST I SNAP YOUR SPINES. THEN I FEED UPON YOU WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
FOR I AM FABIAN STANKOWICZ, THE MECHO-MARAUDER! *AND I'M %@$%# STARVING!!!*

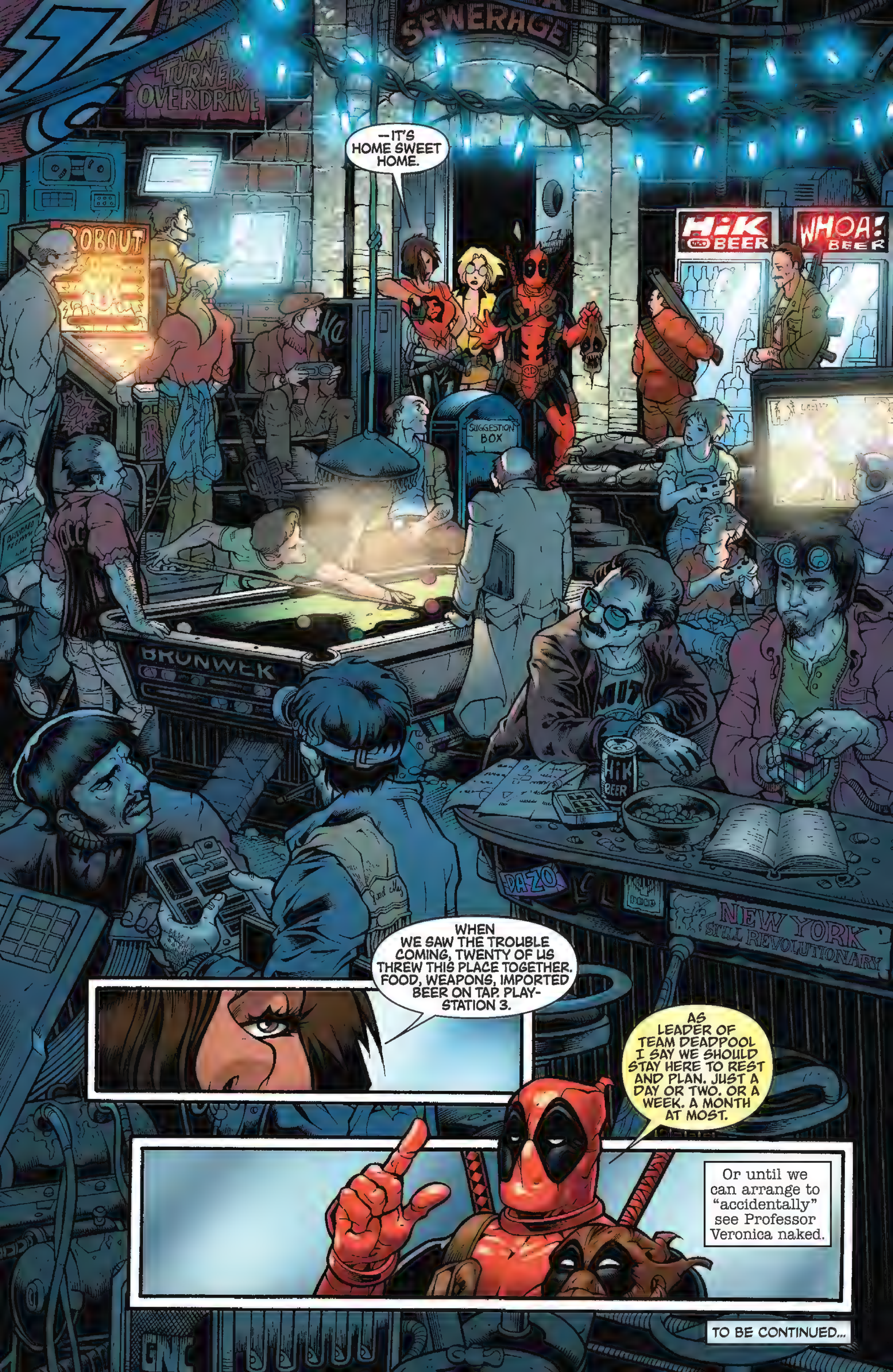

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? OBSCURE SUPER HERO WEEK?
KLANK!
AH. I WAS WONDERING HOW LONG UNTIL SOMETHING STOMPED ON US AGAIN.
FFFWHOOSH!
WHO FIRED THAT MISSILE?


I DID.
YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU COULD USE A HAND, AND WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE HANDY.


SO, DID I MISS ANYTHING?
OH. COMPANY.
CAREFUL, FOLKS. THAT THING CAN BE DANGEROUS. ONE NIP ON THE ANKLE AND IT'S ALL OVER.
I'M ON IT.
BLAMM!
I LIKE THE WAY YOU HANDLE THAT PISTOL. YOU'LL NEED THOSE SKILLS TO SURVIVE AROUND HERE.
I'M PROFESSOR VERONICA CHASE.
I'M DOCTOR BETTY SWANSON. GOOD TO MEET YOU.

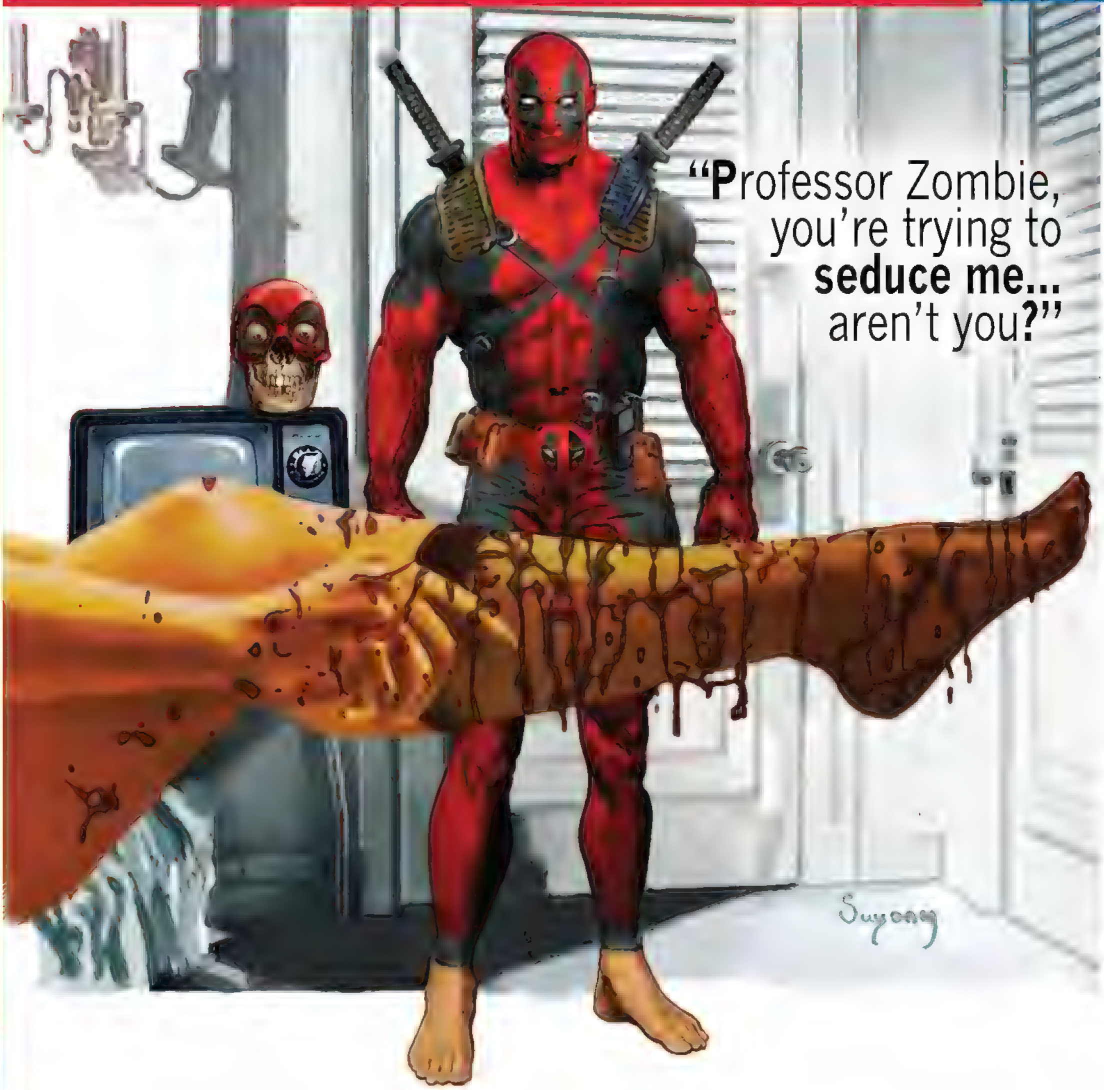

OHHHHHH, BABY. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
YEAH, BECAUSE YOU'RE THINKING IT TOO.
Two words: Mud. Wrestle.
I'M COSTELLO. THESE SALTY PIRATES ARE WEINSTEIN AND PORTER.
WE'RE PROFESSORS FROM EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY.
AND I'M DEADPOOL.
WE HAVE SURVEILLANCE SET UP IN EVERY DIRECTION FORMING A PERIMETER AROUND OUR PLACE NEAR THE UNIVERSITY. OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON STAYING SECRET AND HIDDEN FROM THE ZOMBIES.
WHEN ONE OF OUR SECURITY CAMERAS PICKED YOU UP WE COULDN'T BELIEVE THERE WERE STILL OTHER HUMANS ALIVE. WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE ELSE IN MONTHS.
AND I'M DEADPOOL.
THEY KNOW, SPORT. THEY KNOW.


WE VOTED TO SEND A TEAM TO PICK YOU UP AND BRING YOU BACK TO OUR UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT.
MOST OF US ARE SCIENTISTS WHO HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A SERUM. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE, BUT THERE'S STILL A LOT OF WORK TO DO.
I EARNED MY PH.D. AT CALTECH. MAYBE I CAN HELP.
HOW ABOUT THAT! CALTECH WAS MY SAFETY SCHOOL. I WENT TO M.I.T.
WELL, HERE WE ARE. IT'S NOT MUCH BUT--

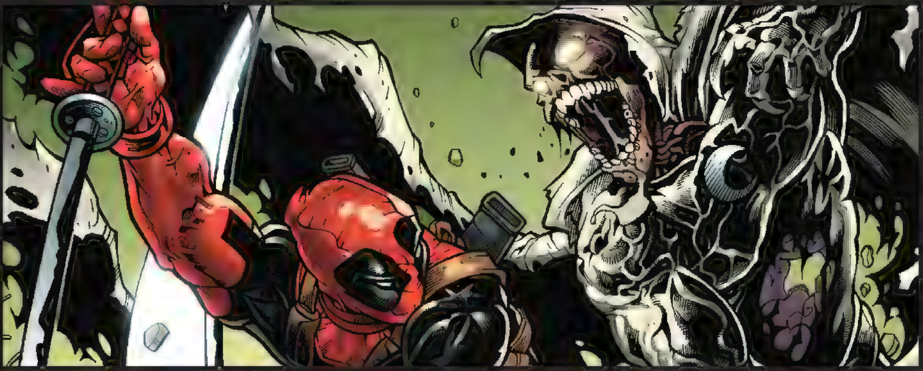

SEWERAGE
TURNER OVERDRIVE
ROBOUT
—IT'S HOME SWEET HOME.
H:K BEER
WHOA! BEER
SUGGESTION BOX
BRUNWEK
Hi:K BEER
DAZO
NEW YORK STILL REVOLUTIONARY
WHEN WE SAW THE TROUBLE COMING, TWENTY OF US THREW THIS PLACE TOGETHER. FOOD, WEAPONS, IMPORTED BEER ON TAP. PLAYSTATION 3.
AS LEADER OF TEAM DEADPOOL I SAY WE SHOULD STAY HERE TO REST AND PLAN. JUST A DAY OR TWO. OR A WEEK. A MONTH AT MOST.
Or until we can arrange to "accidentally" see Professor Veronica naked.
TO BE CONTINUED...

#9

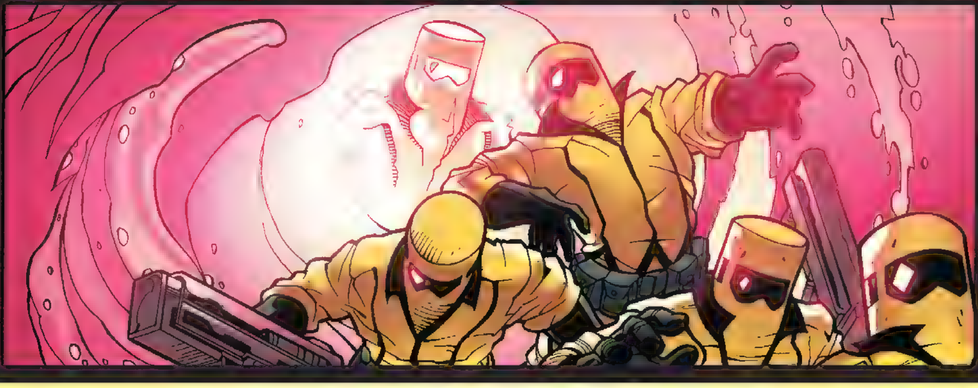
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH



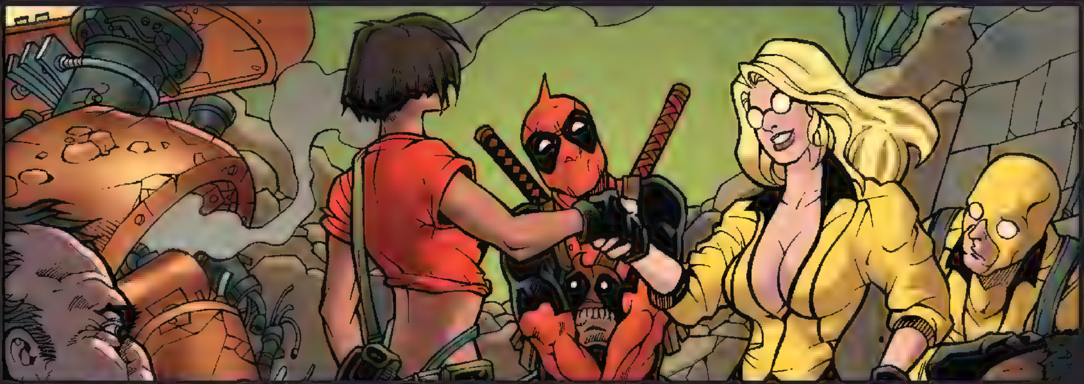
"Professor Zombie,
you're trying to
seduce me...
aren't you?"



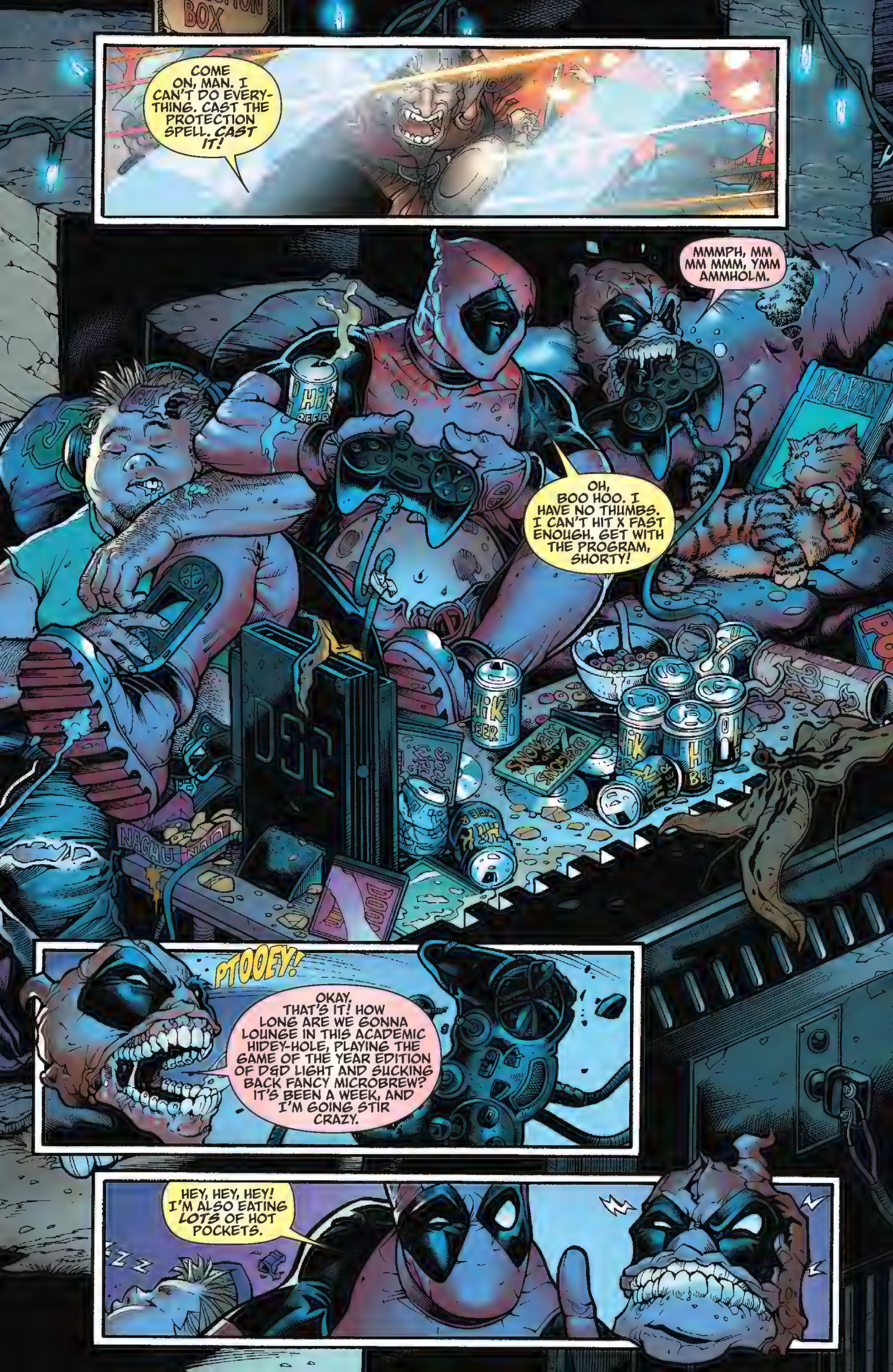
Our favorite mercenary Deadpool is trapped in a universe that has been overrun by zombies. And they're all trying to eat him and his friends!

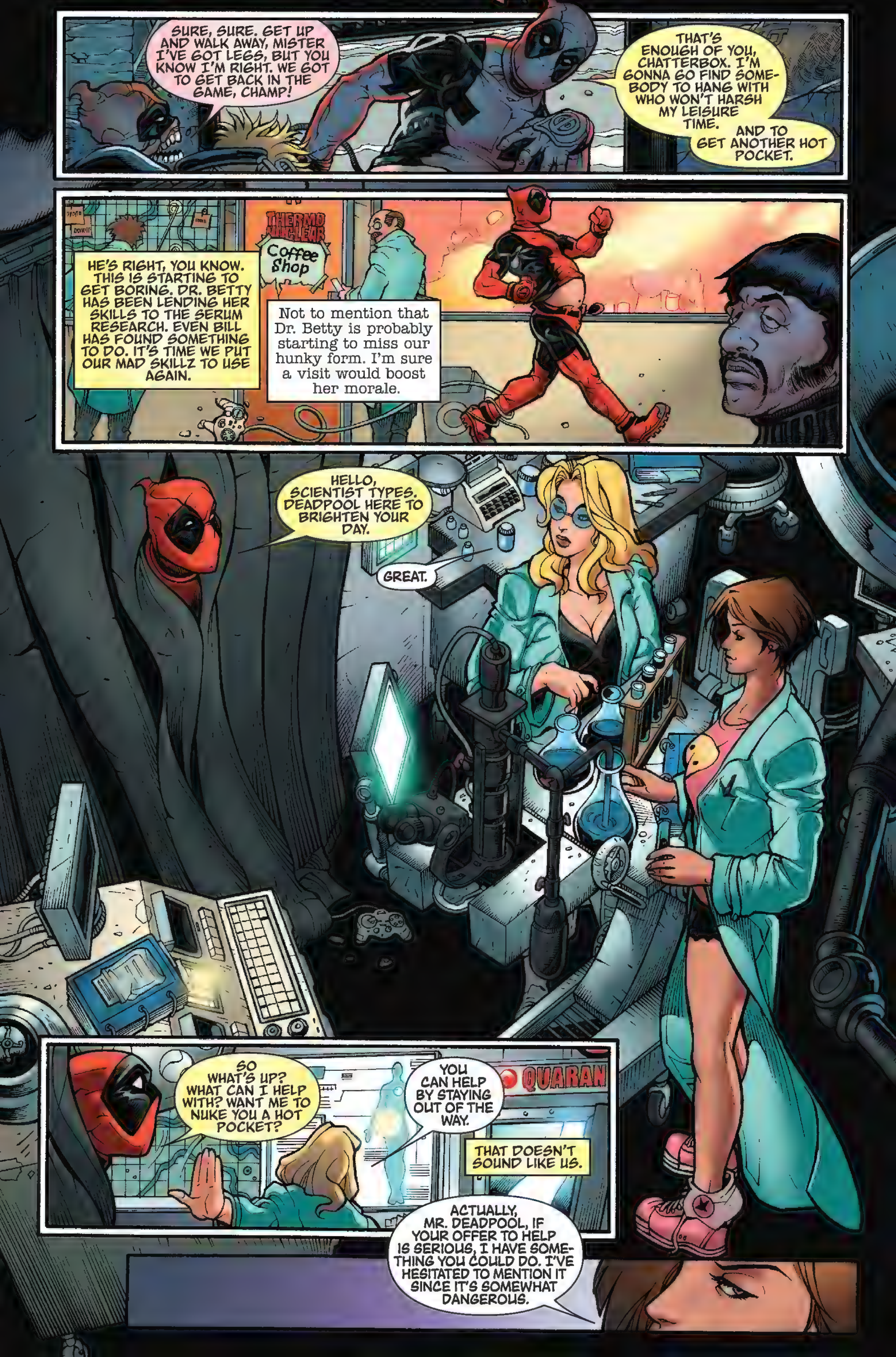


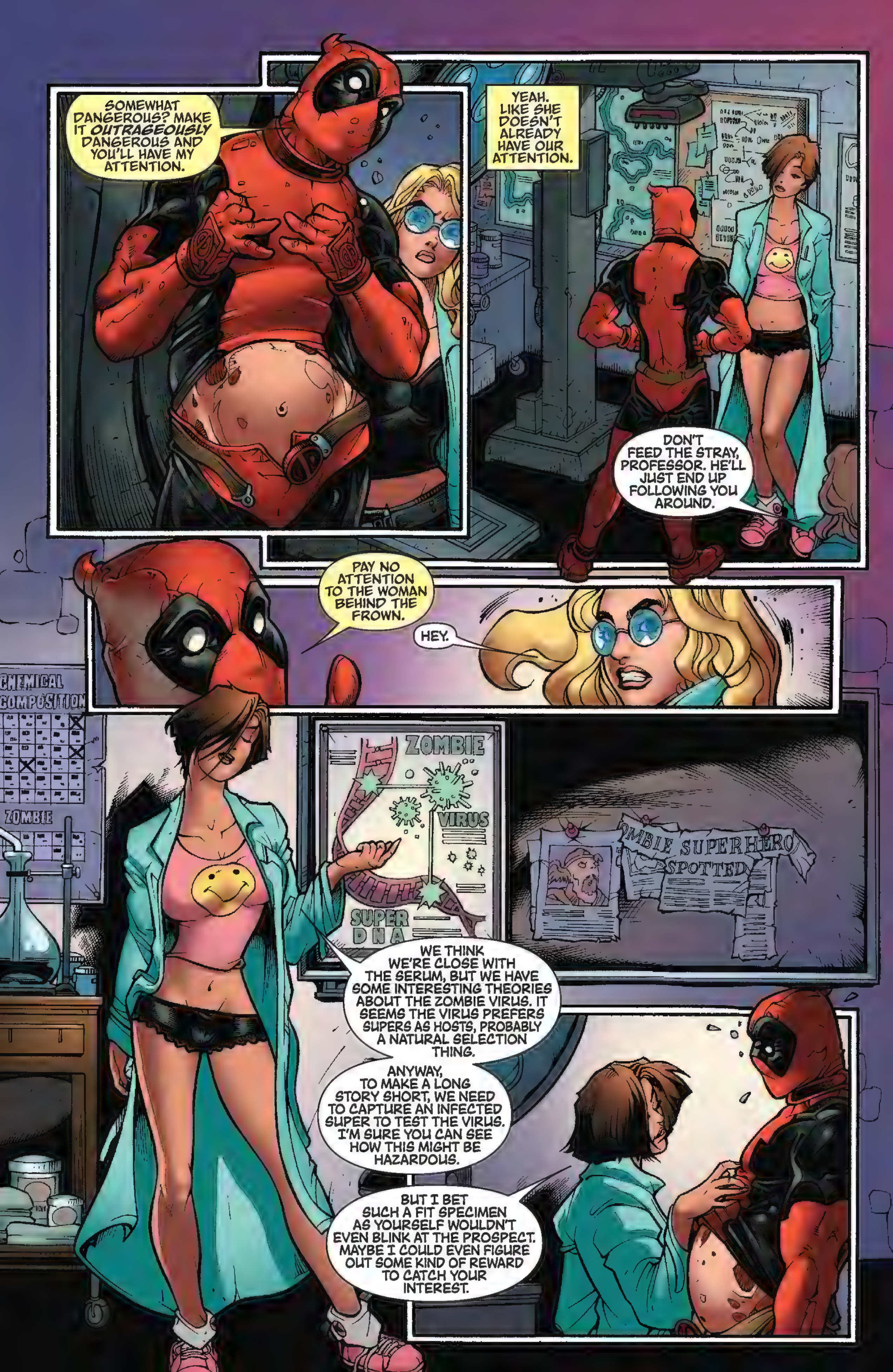
Deadpool is trying to return his decapitated zombified (but still very chatty) head to this dimension, which the evil A.I.M corporation was trying to use as a weapon. A.I.M soldiers pursued Deadpool to the zombie dimension, but now the portal is closed!

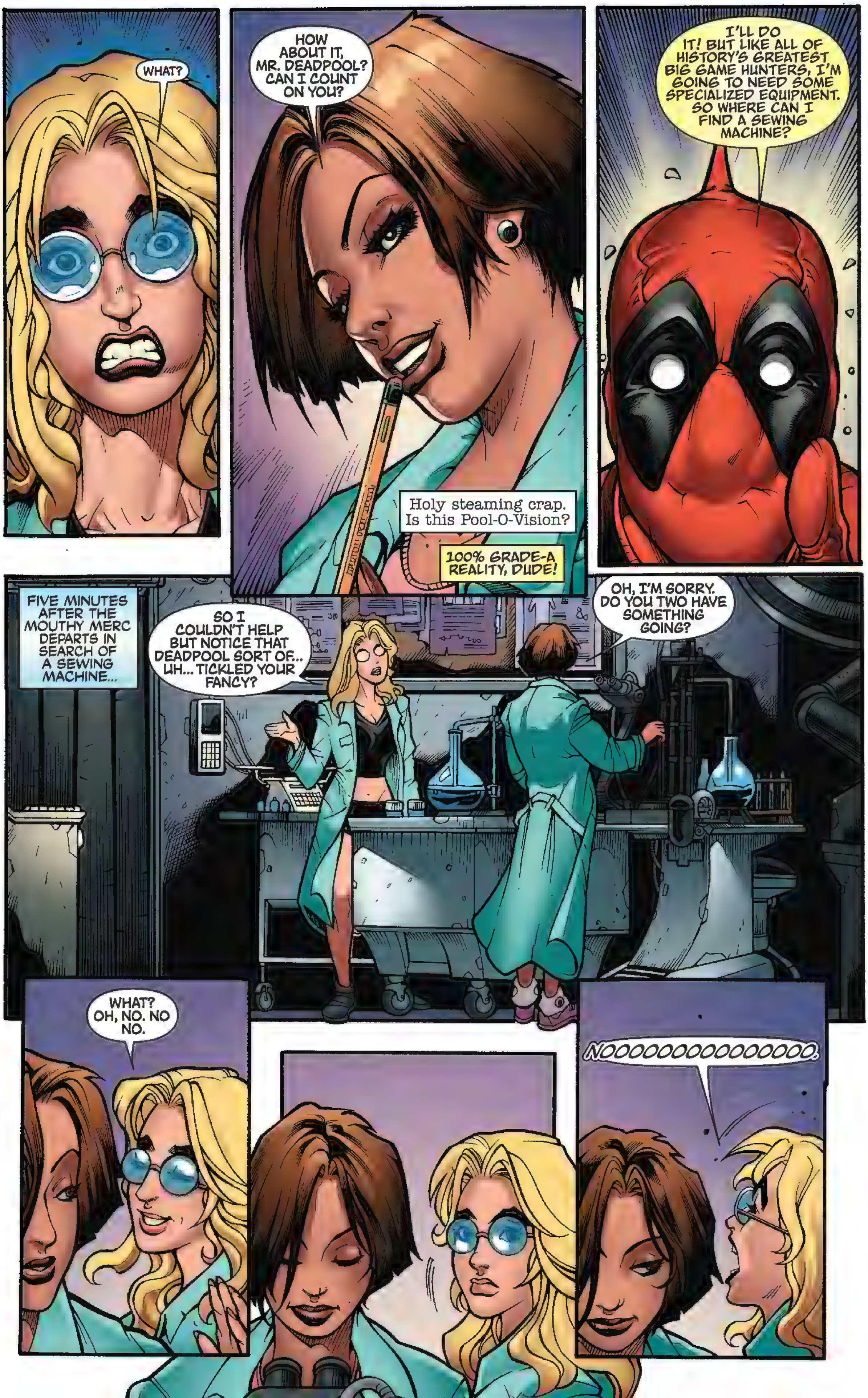


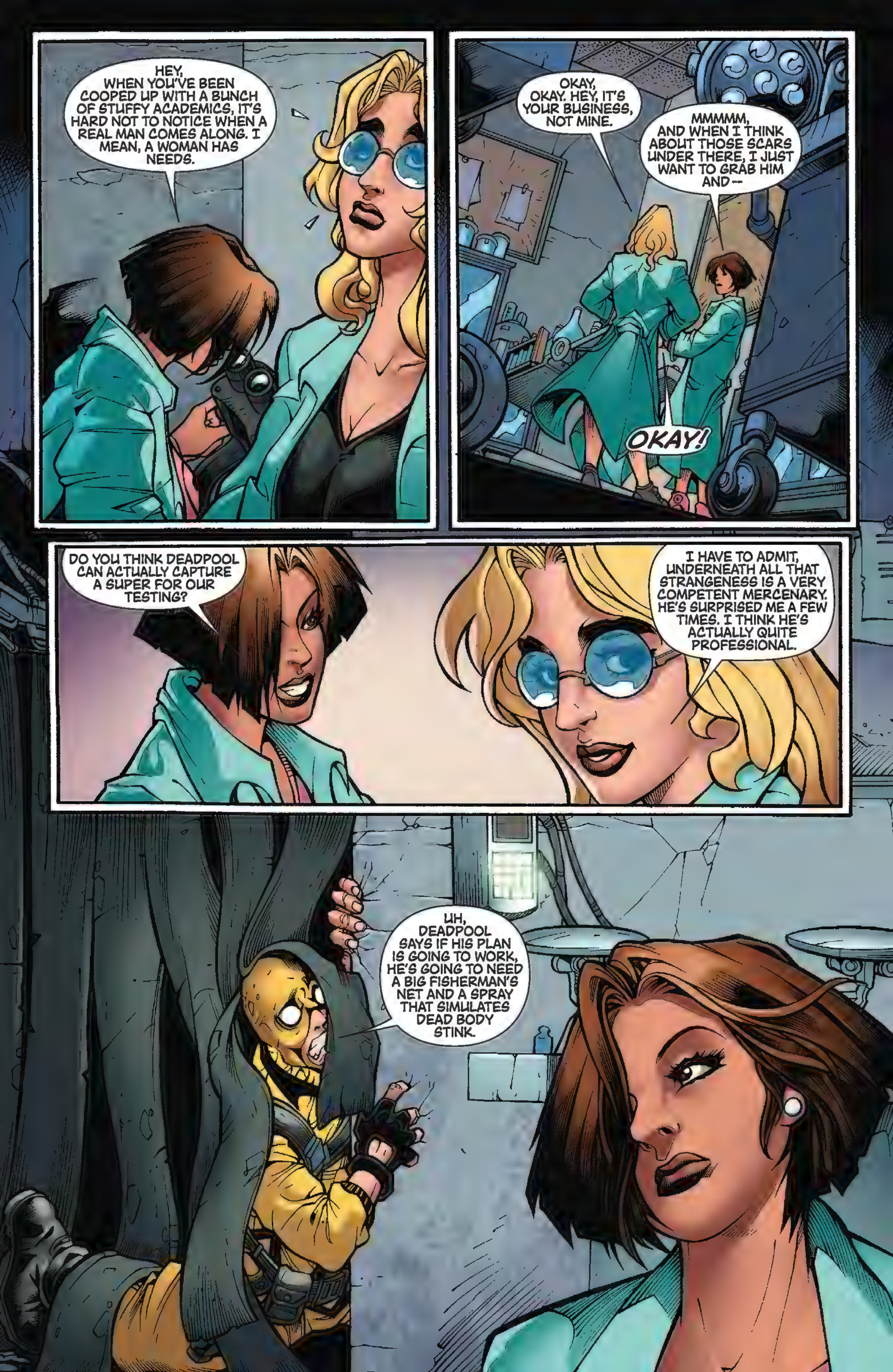
Luckily Deadpool, his teammate Dr. Betty and ex-A.I.M-grunt-turned-sidekick Bill have found some help. Survivors of the zombie apocalypse save their butts from being chewed on and take them to safe haven...

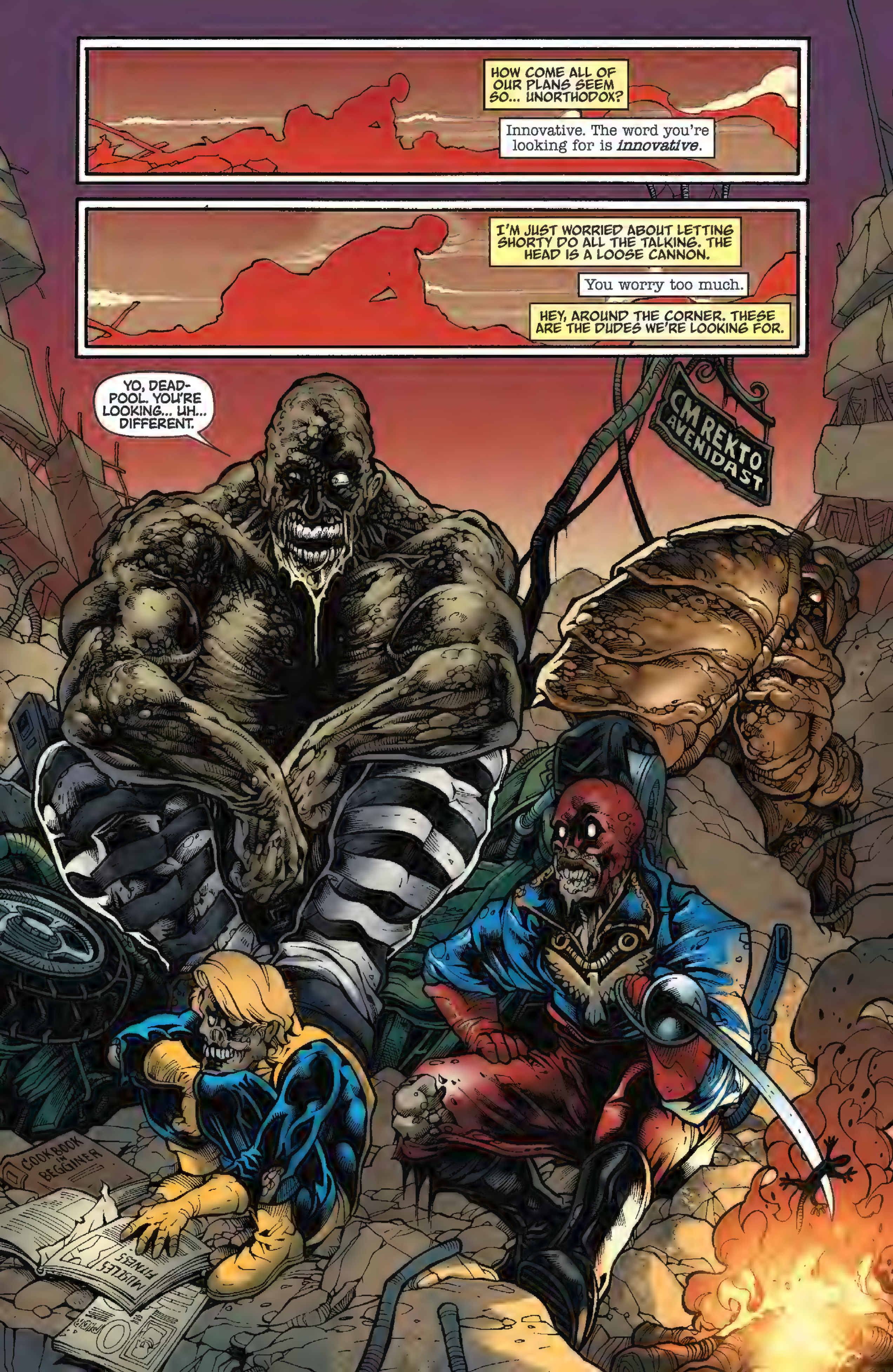

COME ON, MAN. I CAN'T DO EVERYTHING. CAST THE PROTECTION SPELL. *CAST IT!*
MMMPH, MM MM MMM, YMM AMMHOLM.
OH, BOO HOO. I HAVE NO THUMBS. I CAN'T HIT X FAST ENOUGH. GET WITH THE PROGRAM, SHORTY!
HiK BEER
MAXEN
NACHU NACH
PTOOEY!
OKAY. THAT'S IT! HOW LONG ARE WE GONNA LOUNGE IN THIS ACADEMIC HIDEY-HOLE, PLAYING THE GAME OF THE YEAR EDITION OF D&D LIGHT AND SUCKING BACK FANCY MICROBREW? IT'S BEEN A WEEK, AND I'M GOING STIR CRAZY.
HEY, HEY, HEY! I'M ALSO EATING *LOTS* OF HOT POCKETS.
Z Z Z

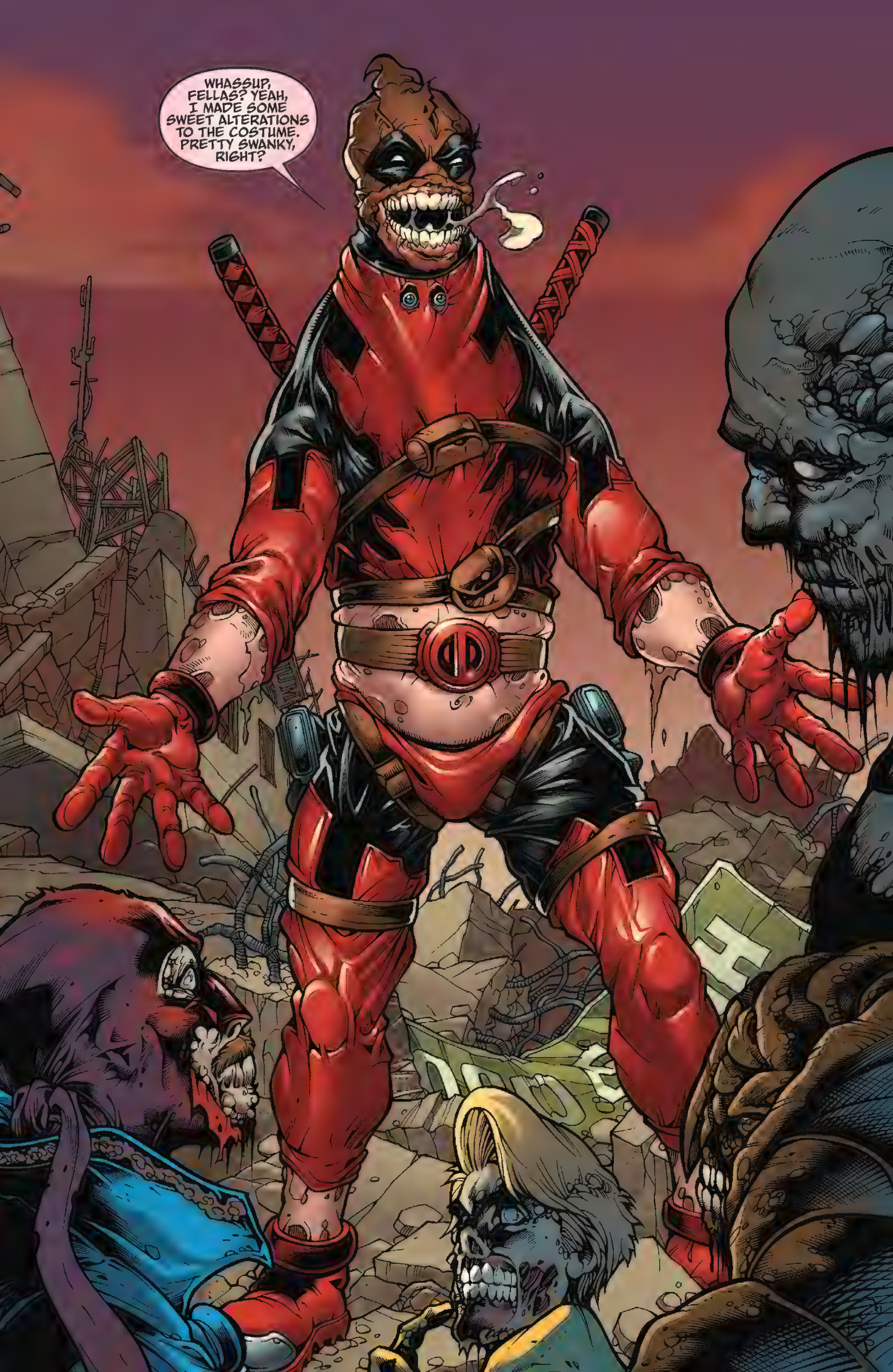

SURE, SURE. GET UP AND WALK AWAY, MISTER I'VE GOT LEGS, BUT YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT. WE GOT TO GET BACK IN THE GAME, CHAMP!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOU, CHATTERBOX. I'M GONNA GO FIND SOMEBODY TO HANG WITH WHO WON'T HARSH MY LEISURE TIME.
AND TO GET ANOTHER HOT POCKET.
THERMO NUCLEAR
Coffee Shop
HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW. THIS IS STARTING TO GET BORING. DR. BETTY HAS BEEN LENDING HER SKILLS TO THE SERUM RESEARCH. EVEN BILL HAS FOUND SOMETHING TO DO. IT'S TIME WE PUT OUR MAD SKILLZ TO USE AGAIN.
Not to mention that Dr. Betty is probably starting to miss our hunky form. I'm sure a visit would boost her morale.
HELLO, SCIENTIST TYPES. DEADPOOL HERE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY.
GREAT.
SO WHAT'S UP? WHAT CAN I HELP WITH? WANT ME TO NUKE YOU A HOT POCKET?
YOU CAN HELP BY STAYING OUT OF THE WAY.
QUARAN
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE US.
ACTUALLY, MR. DEADPOOL, IF YOUR OFFER TO HELP IS SERIOUS, I HAVE SOMETHING YOU COULD DO. I'VE HESITATED TO MENTION IT SINCE IT'S SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS.

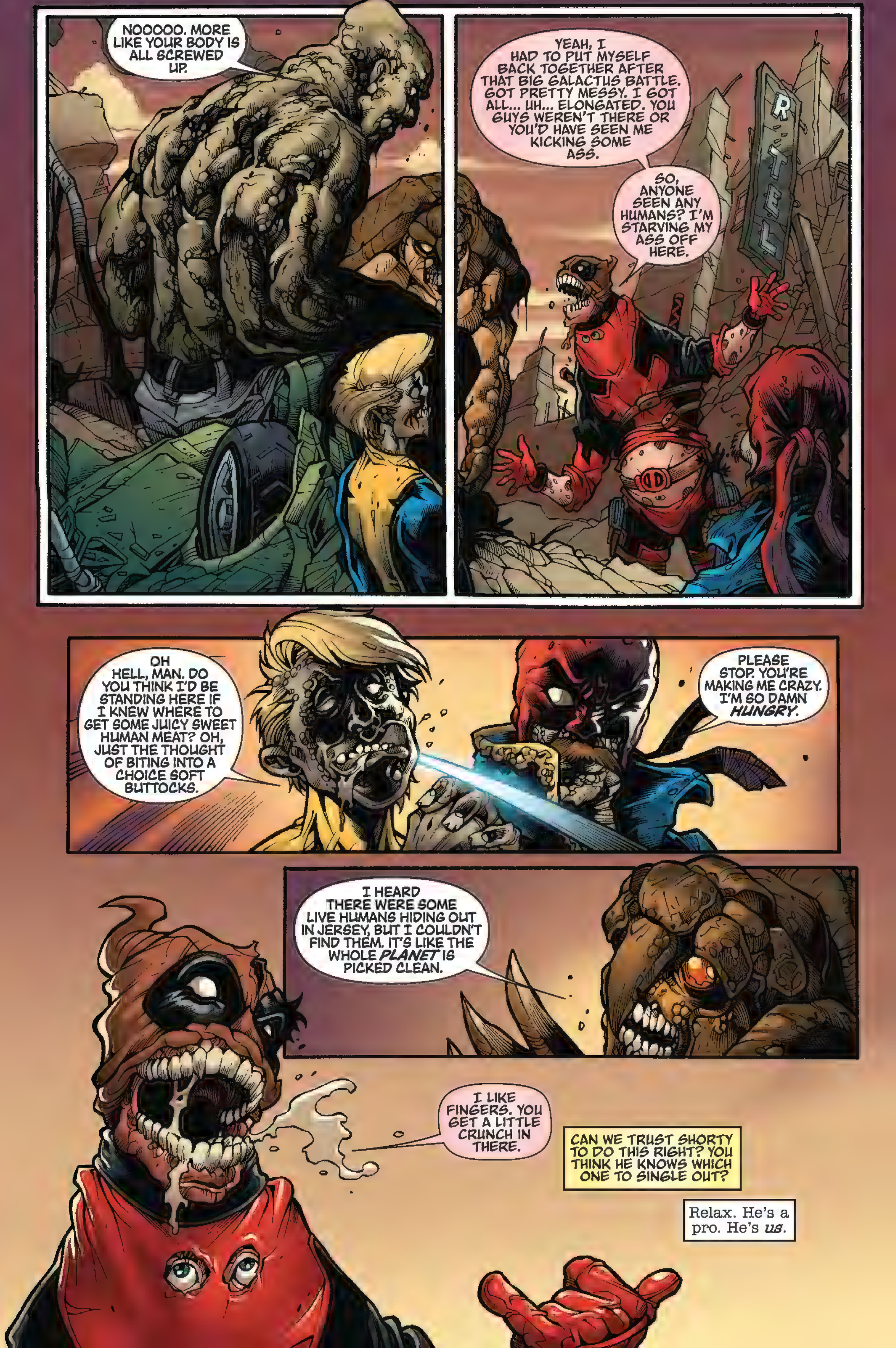

SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS? MAKE IT *OUTRAGEOUSLY* DANGEROUS AND YOU'LL HAVE MY ATTENTION.
YEAH. LIKE SHE DOESN'T ALREADY HAVE OUR ATTENTION.
DON'T FEED THE STRAY, PROFESSOR. HE'LL JUST END UP FOLLOWING YOU AROUND.
PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE WOMAN BEHIND THE FROWN.
HEY.
CHEMICAL COMPOSITION
ZOMBIE
ZOMBIE
VIRUS
SUPER DNA
OMBIE SUPERHERO SPOTTED
WE THINK WE'RE CLOSE WITH THE SERUM, BUT WE HAVE SOME INTERESTING THEORIES ABOUT THE ZOMBIE VIRUS. IT SEEMS THE VIRUS PREFERS SUPERS AS HOSTS, PROBABLY A NATURAL SELECTION THING.
ANYWAY, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, WE NEED TO CAPTURE AN INFECTED SUPER TO TEST THE VIRUS. I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE HOW THIS MIGHT BE HAZARDOUS.
BUT I BET SUCH A FIT SPECIMEN AS YOURSELF WOULDN'T EVEN BLINK AT THE PROSPECT. MAYBE I COULD EVEN FIGURE OUT SOME KIND OF REWARD TO CATCH YOUR INTEREST.

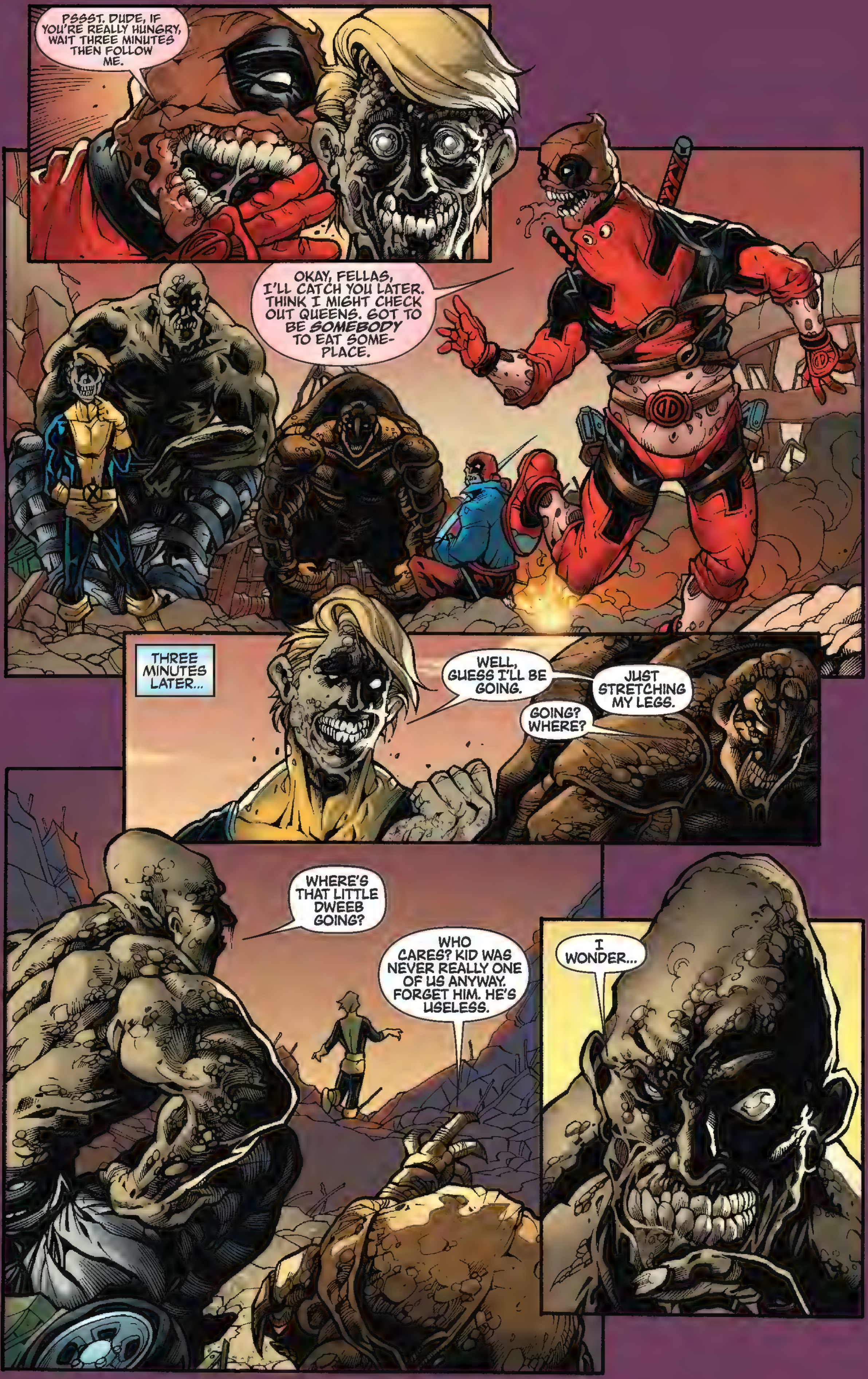

WHAT?
HOW ABOUT IT, MR. DEADPOOL? CAN I COUNT ON YOU?
Holy steaming crap. Is this Pool-O-Vision?
100% GRADE-A REALITY, DUDE!
I'LL DO IT! BUT LIKE ALL OF HISTORY'S GREATEST BIG GAME HUNTERS, I'M GOING TO NEED SOME SPECIALIZED EQUIPMENT. SO WHERE CAN I FIND A SEWING MACHINE?
FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE MOUTHY MERC DEPARTS IN SEARCH OF A SEWING MACHINE...
SO I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT DEADPOOL SORT OF... UH... TICKLED YOUR FANCY?
OH, I'M SORRY. DO YOU TWO HAVE SOMETHING GOING?
WHAT? OH, NO. NO NO.
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

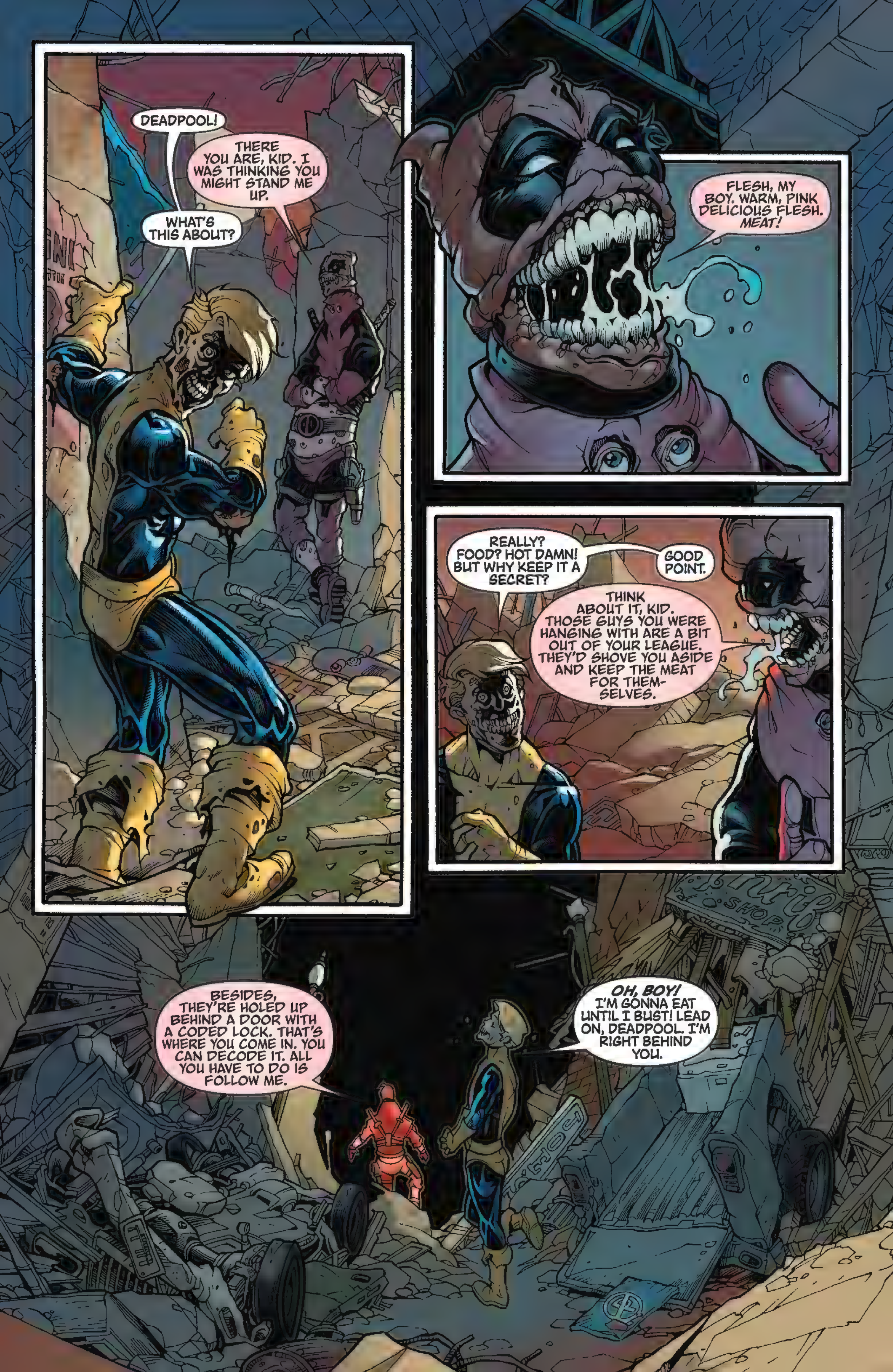

HEY, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN COOPED UP WITH A BUNCH OF STUFFY ACADEMICS, IT'S HARD NOT TO NOTICE WHEN A REAL MAN COMES ALONG. I MEAN, A WOMAN HAS NEEDS.
OKAY, OKAY. HEY, IT'S YOUR BUSINESS, NOT MINE.
MMMMM, AND WHEN I THINK ABOUT THOSE SCARS UNDER THERE, I JUST WANT TO GRAB HIM AND--
OKAY!
DO YOU THINK DEADPOOL CAN ACTUALLY CAPTURE A SUPER FOR OUR TESTING?
I HAVE TO ADMIT, UNDERNEATH ALL THAT STRANGENESS IS A VERY COMPETENT MERCENARY. HE'S SURPRISED ME A FEW TIMES. I THINK HE'S ACTUALLY QUITE PROFESSIONAL.
UH, DEADPOOL SAYS IF HIS PLAN IS GOING TO WORK, HE'S GOING TO NEED A BIG FISHERMAN'S NET AND A SPRAY THAT SIMULATES DEAD BODY STINK.

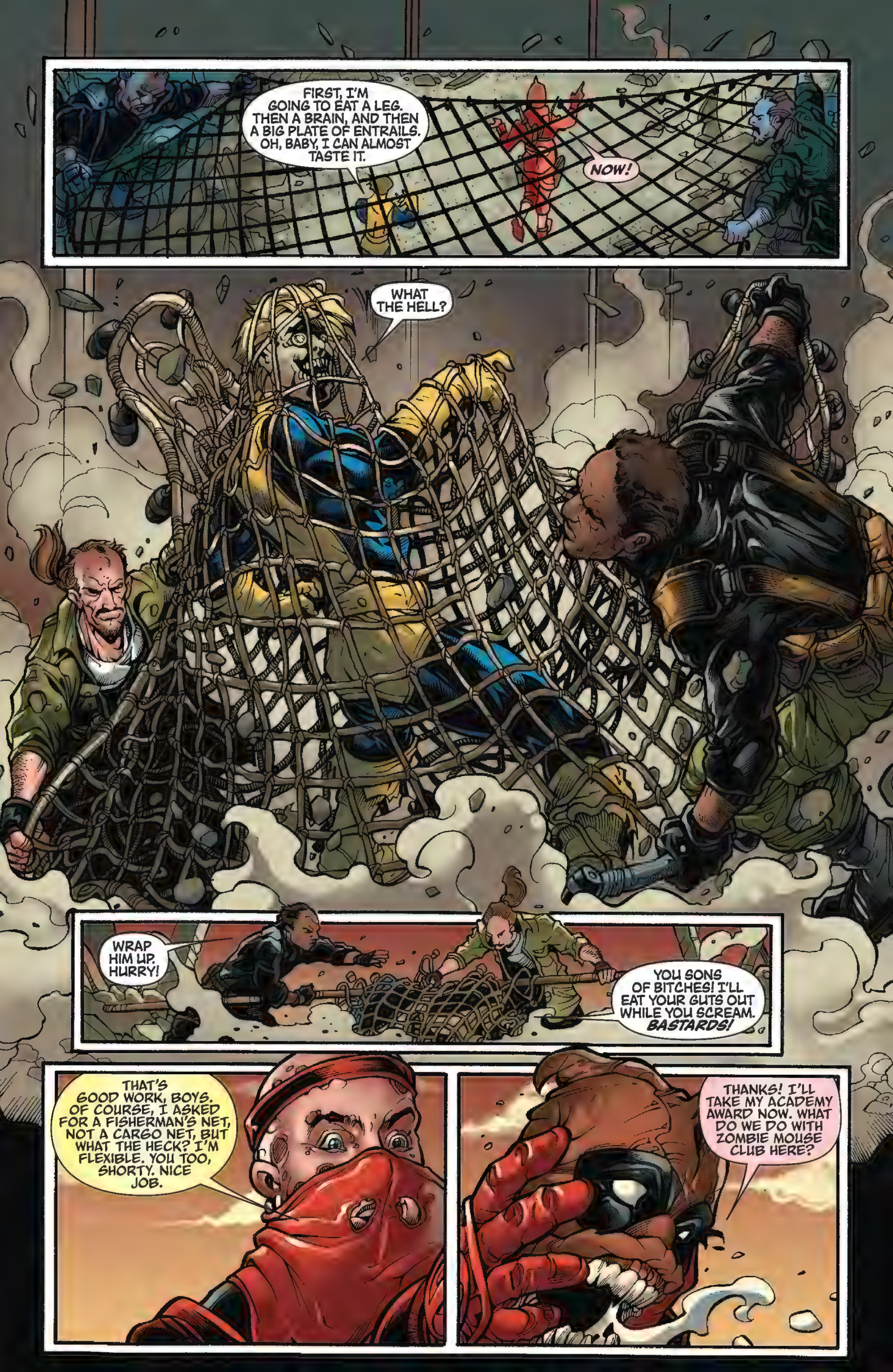

HOW COME ALL OF OUR PLANS SEEM SO... UNORTHODOX?
Innovative. The word you're looking for is *innovative*.
I'M JUST WORRIED ABOUT LETTING SHORTY DO ALL THE TALKING. THE HEAD IS A LOOSE CANNON.
You worry too much.
HEY, AROUND THE CORNER. THESE ARE THE DUDES WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
YO, DEAD-POOL. YOU'RE LOOKING... UH... DIFFERENT.
CM REKTO AVENIDA ST
COOKBOOK IN BEGGINER

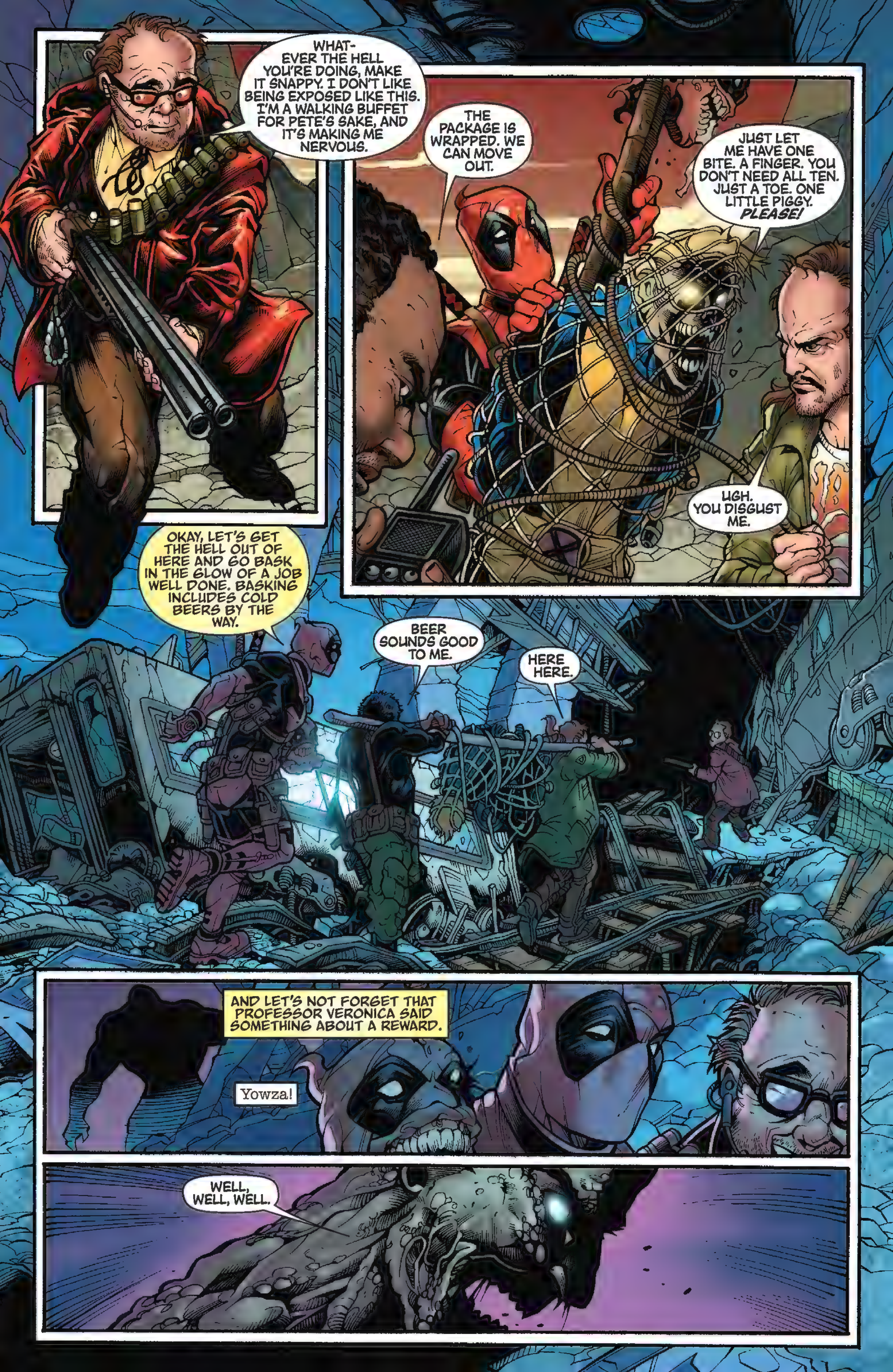

WHASSUP, FELLAS? YEAH, I MADE SOME SWEET ALTERATIONS TO THE COSTUME. PRETTY SWANKY, RIGHT?

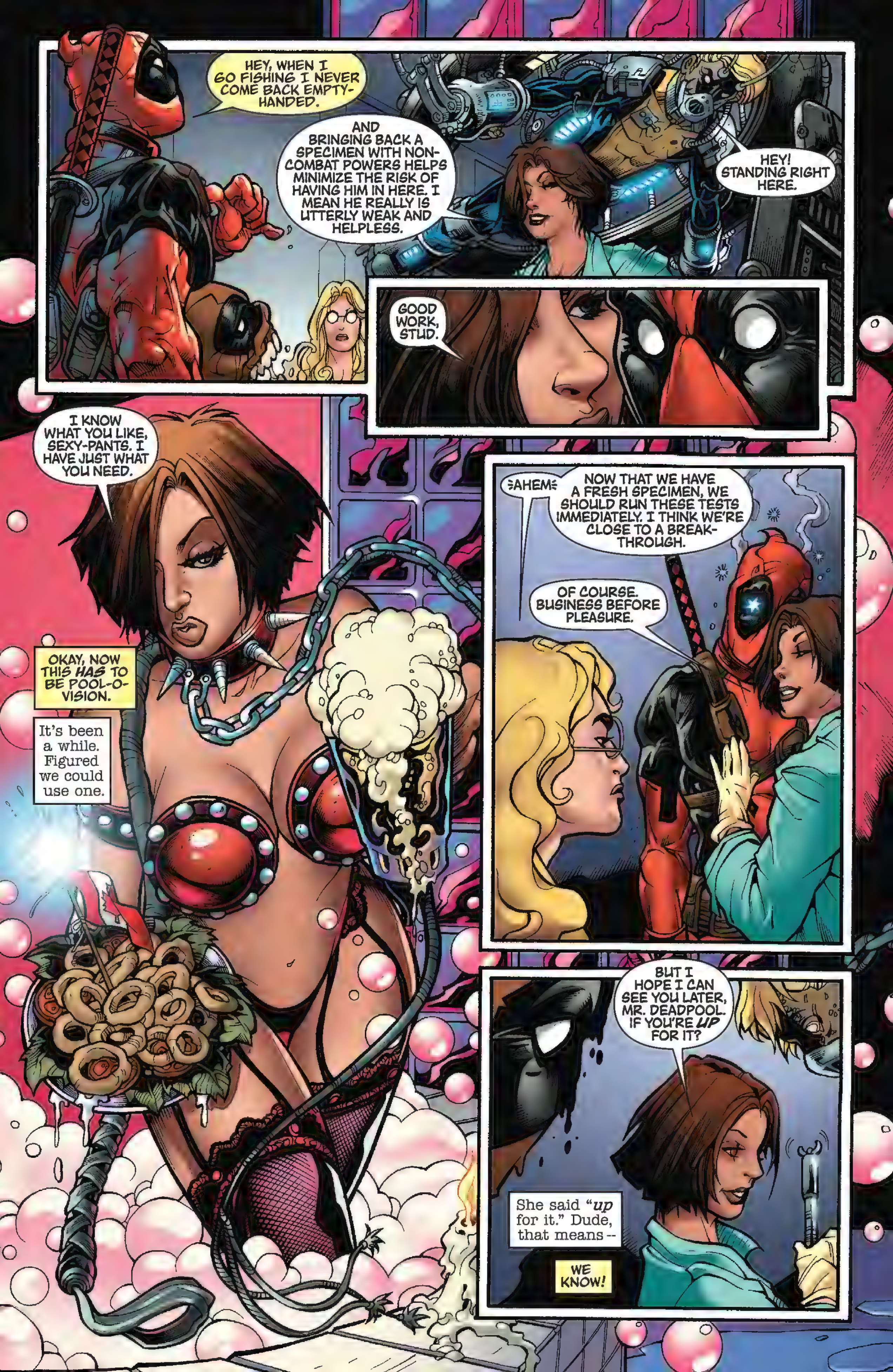

NOOOOO. MORE LIKE YOUR BODY IS ALL SCREWED UP.
YEAH, I HAD TO PUT MYSELF BACK TOGETHER AFTER THAT BIG GALACTUS BATTLE. GOT PRETTY MESSY. I GOT ALL... UH... ELONGATED. YOU GUYS WEREN'T THERE OR YOU'D HAVE SEEN ME KICKING SOME ASS.
SO, ANYONE SEEN ANY HUMANS? I'M STARVING MY ASS OFF HERE.
RTEL
OH HELL, MAN. DO YOU THINK I'D BE STANDING HERE IF I KNEW WHERE TO GET SOME JUICY SWEET HUMAN MEAT? OH, JUST THE THOUGHT OF BITING INTO A CHOICE SOFT BUTTOCKS.
PLEASE STOP. YOU'RE MAKING ME CRAZY. I'M SO DAMN *HUNGRY*.
I HEARD THERE WERE SOME LIVE HUMANS HIDING OUT IN JERSEY, BUT I COULDN'T FIND THEM. IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE *PLANET* IS PICKED CLEAN.
I LIKE FINGERS. YOU GET A LITTLE CRUNCH IN THERE.
CAN WE TRUST SHORTY TO DO THIS RIGHT? YOU THINK HE KNOWS WHICH ONE TO SINGLE OUT?
Relax. He's a pro. He's *us*.

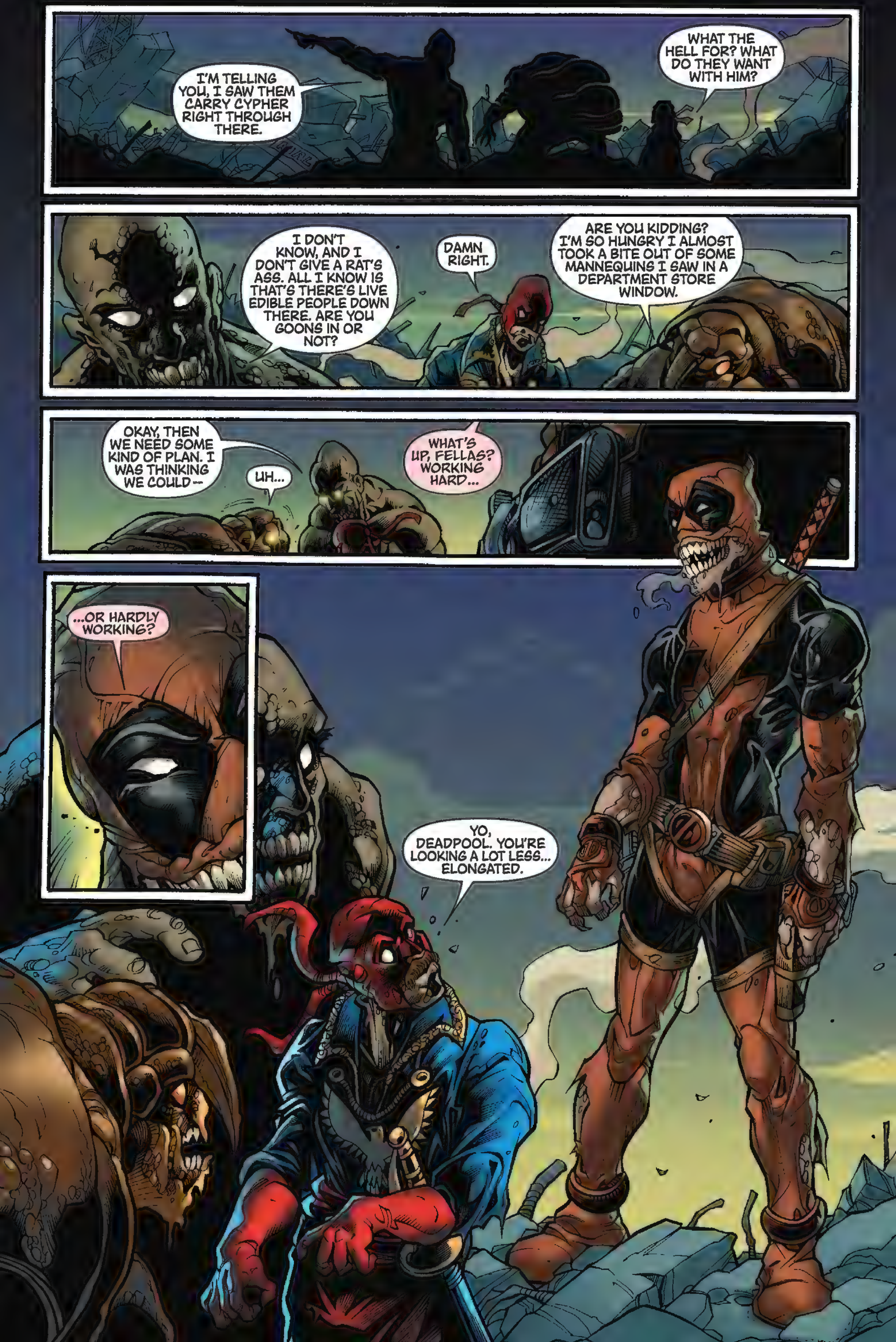

PSSST. DUDE, IF YOU'RE REALLY HUNGRY, WAIT THREE MINUTES THEN FOLLOW ME.
OKAY, FELLAS, I'LL CATCH YOU LATER. THINK I MIGHT CHECK OUT QUEENS. GOT TO BE *SOMEBODY* TO EAT SOMEPLACE.
THREE MINUTES LATER...
WELL, GUESS I'LL BE GOING.
JUST STRETCHING MY LEGS.
GOING? WHERE?
WHERE'S THAT LITTLE DWEEB GOING?
WHO CARES? KID WAS NEVER REALLY ONE OF US ANYWAY. FORGET HIM. HE'S USELESS.
I WONDER...

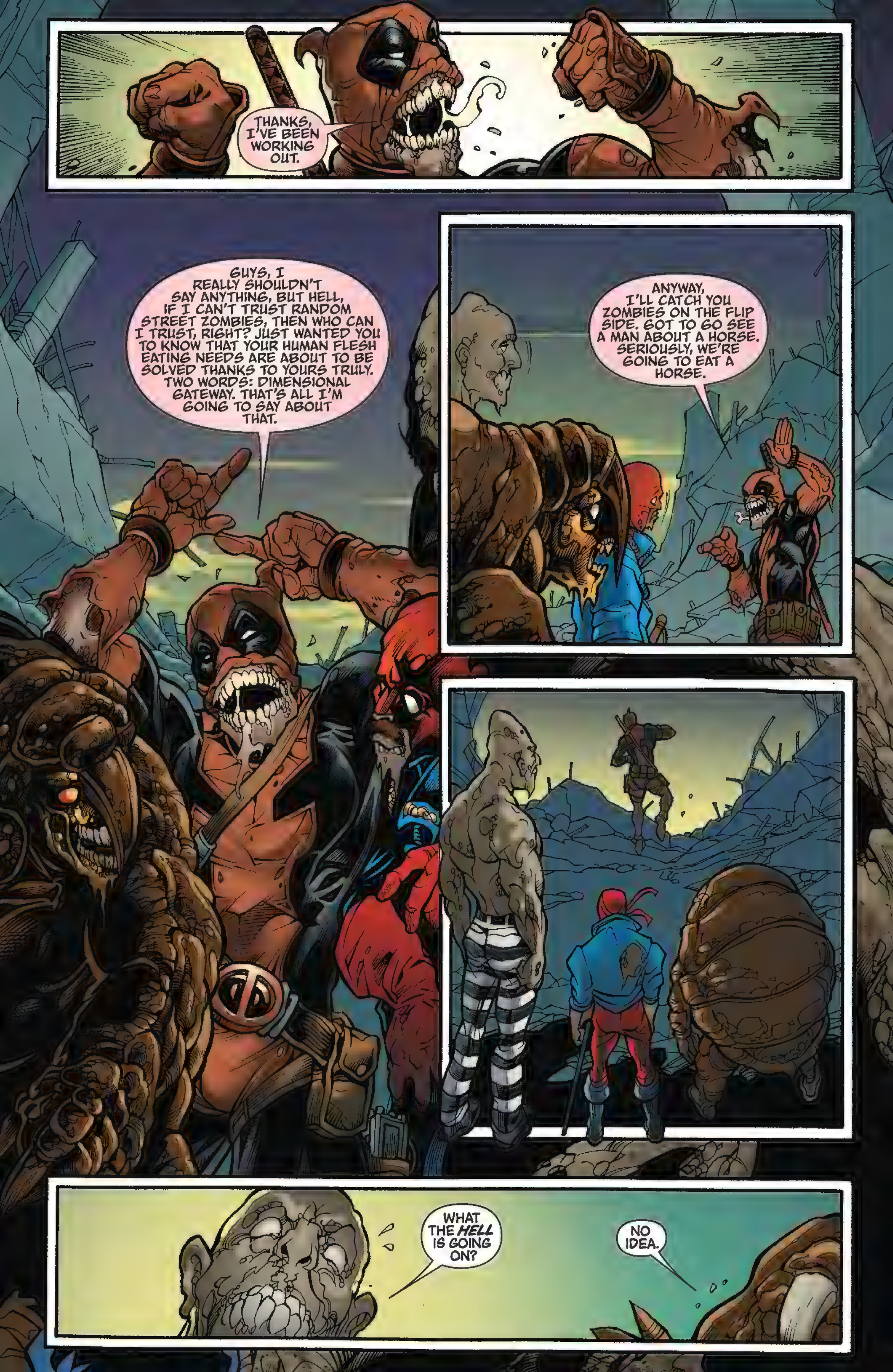

DEADPOOL!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
THERE YOU ARE, KID. I WAS THINKING YOU MIGHT STAND ME UP.
FLESH, MY BOY. WARM, PINK DELICIOUS FLESH. *MEAT!*
REALLY? FOOD? HOT DAMN! BUT WHY KEEP IT A SECRET?
GOOD POINT.
THINK ABOUT IT, KID. THOSE GUYS YOU WERE HANGING WITH ARE A BIT OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE. THEY'D SHOVE YOU ASIDE AND KEEP THE MEAT FOR THEMSELVES.
SHOP
BESIDES, THEY'RE HOLED UP BEHIND A DOOR WITH A CODED LOCK. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN. YOU CAN DECODE IT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW ME.
OH, BOY! I'M GONNA EAT UNTIL I BUST! LEAD ON, DEADPOOL. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

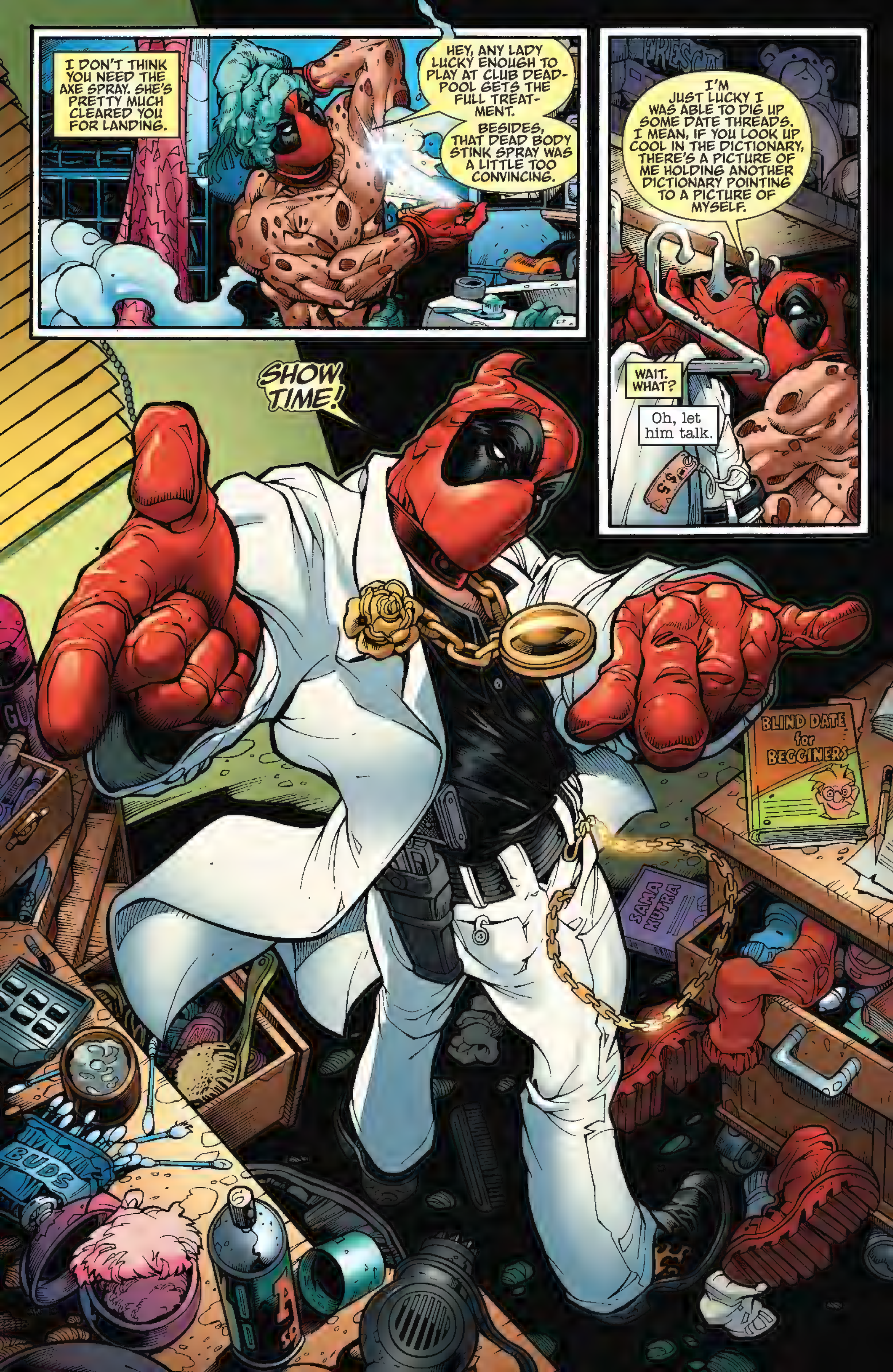

FIRST, I'M GOING TO EAT A LEG. THEN A BRAIN, AND THEN A BIG PLATE OF ENTRAILS. OH, BABY, I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT.
NOW!
WHAT THE HELL?
WRAP HIM UP. HURRY!
YOU SONS OF BITCHES! I'LL EAT YOUR GUTS OUT WHILE YOU SCREAM. BASTARDS!
THAT'S GOOD WORK, BOYS. OF COURSE, I ASKED FOR A FISHERMAN'S NET, NOT A CARGO NET, BUT WHAT THE HECK? I'M FLEXIBLE. YOU TOO, SHORTY. NICE JOB.
THANKS! I'LL TAKE MY ACADEMY AWARD NOW. WHAT DO WE DO WITH ZOMBIE MOUSE CLUB HERE?

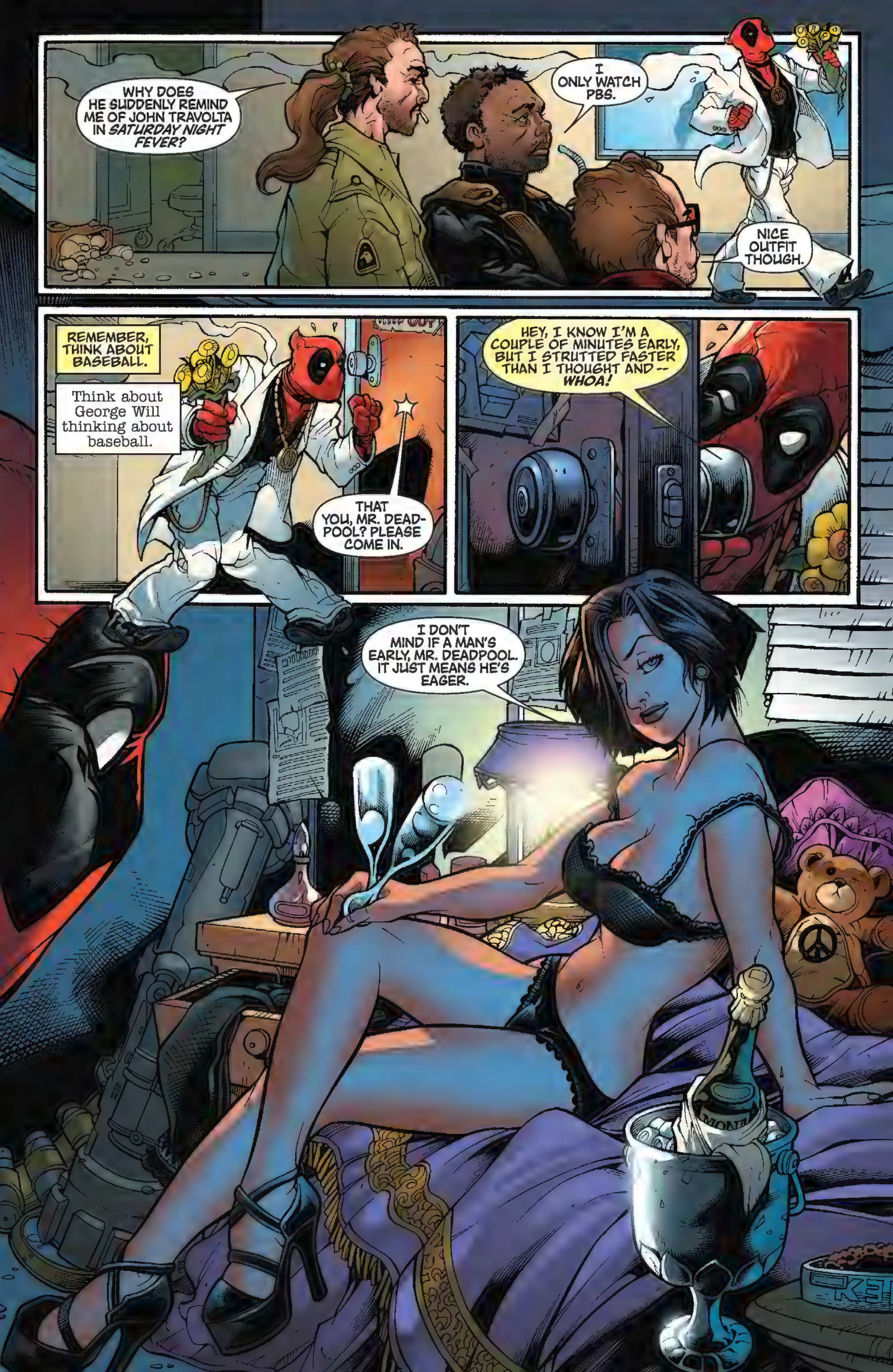

WHAT-EVER THE HELL YOU'RE DOING, MAKE IT SNAPPY. I DON'T LIKE BEING EXPOSED LIKE THIS. I'M A WALKING BUFFET FOR PETE'S SAKE, AND IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS.
THE PACKAGE IS WRAPPED. WE CAN MOVE OUT.
JUST LET ME HAVE ONE BITE. A FINGER. YOU DON'T NEED ALL TEN. JUST A TOE. ONE LITTLE PIGGY. *PLEASE!*
UGH. YOU DISGUST ME.
OKAY, LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE AND GO BASK IN THE GLOW OF A JOB WELL DONE. BASKING INCLUDES COLD BEERS BY THE WAY.
BEER SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.
HERE HERE.
AND LET'S NOT FORGET THAT PROFESSOR VERONICA SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A REWARD.
Yowza!
WELL, WELL, WELL.

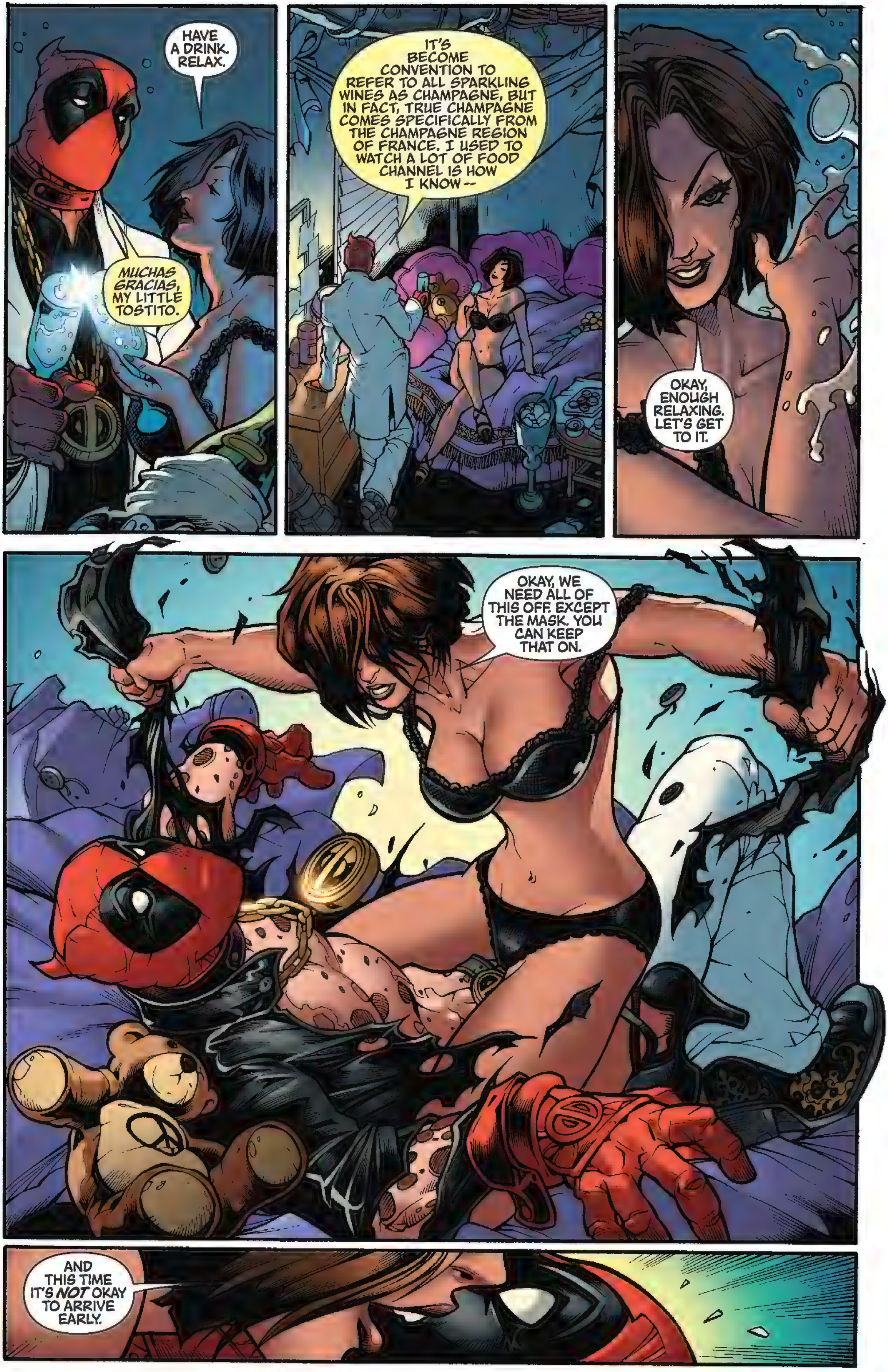

HEY, WHEN I GO FISHING I NEVER COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED.
AND BRINGING BACK A SPECIMEN WITH NON-COMBAT POWERS HELPS MINIMIZE THE RISK OF HAVING HIM IN HERE. I MEAN HE REALLY IS UTTERLY WEAK AND HELPLESS.
HEY! STANDING RIGHT HERE.
GOOD WORK, STUD.
I KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE, SEXY-PANTS. I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU NEED.
OKAY, NOW THIS *HAS* TO BE POOL-O-VISION.
It's been a while. Figured we could use one.
AHEM
NOW THAT WE HAVE A FRESH SPECIMEN, WE SHOULD RUN THESE TESTS IMMEDIATELY. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE TO A BREAKTHROUGH.
OF COURSE. BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.
BUT I HOPE I CAN SEE YOU LATER, MR. DEADPOOL. IF YOU'RE *UP* FOR IT?
She said "*up* for it." Dude, that means --
WE KNOW!

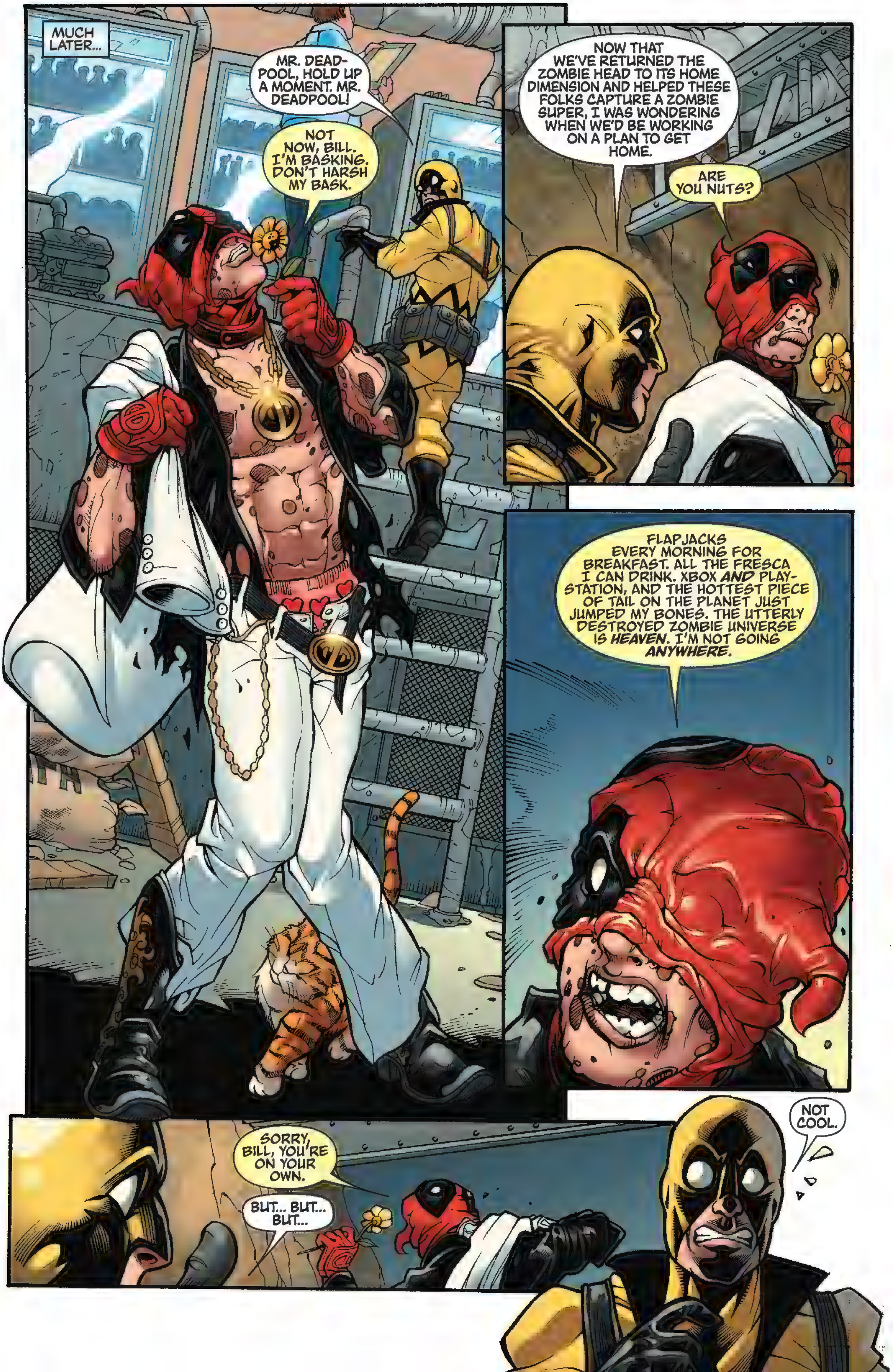

I'M TELLING YOU, I SAW THEM CARRY CYPHER RIGHT THROUGH THERE.
WHAT THE HELL FOR? WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH HIM?
I DON'T KNOW, AND I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS. ALL I KNOW IS THAT'S THERE'S LIVE EDIBLE PEOPLE DOWN THERE. ARE YOU GOONS IN OR NOT?
DAMN RIGHT.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M SO HUNGRY I ALMOST TOOK A BITE OUT OF SOME MANNEQUINS I SAW IN A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW.
OKAY, THEN WE NEED SOME KIND OF PLAN. I WAS THINKING WE COULD--
UH...
WHAT'S UP, FELLAS? WORKING HARD...
...OR HARDLY WORKING?
YO, DEADPOOL. YOU'RE LOOKING A LOT LESS... ELONGATED.

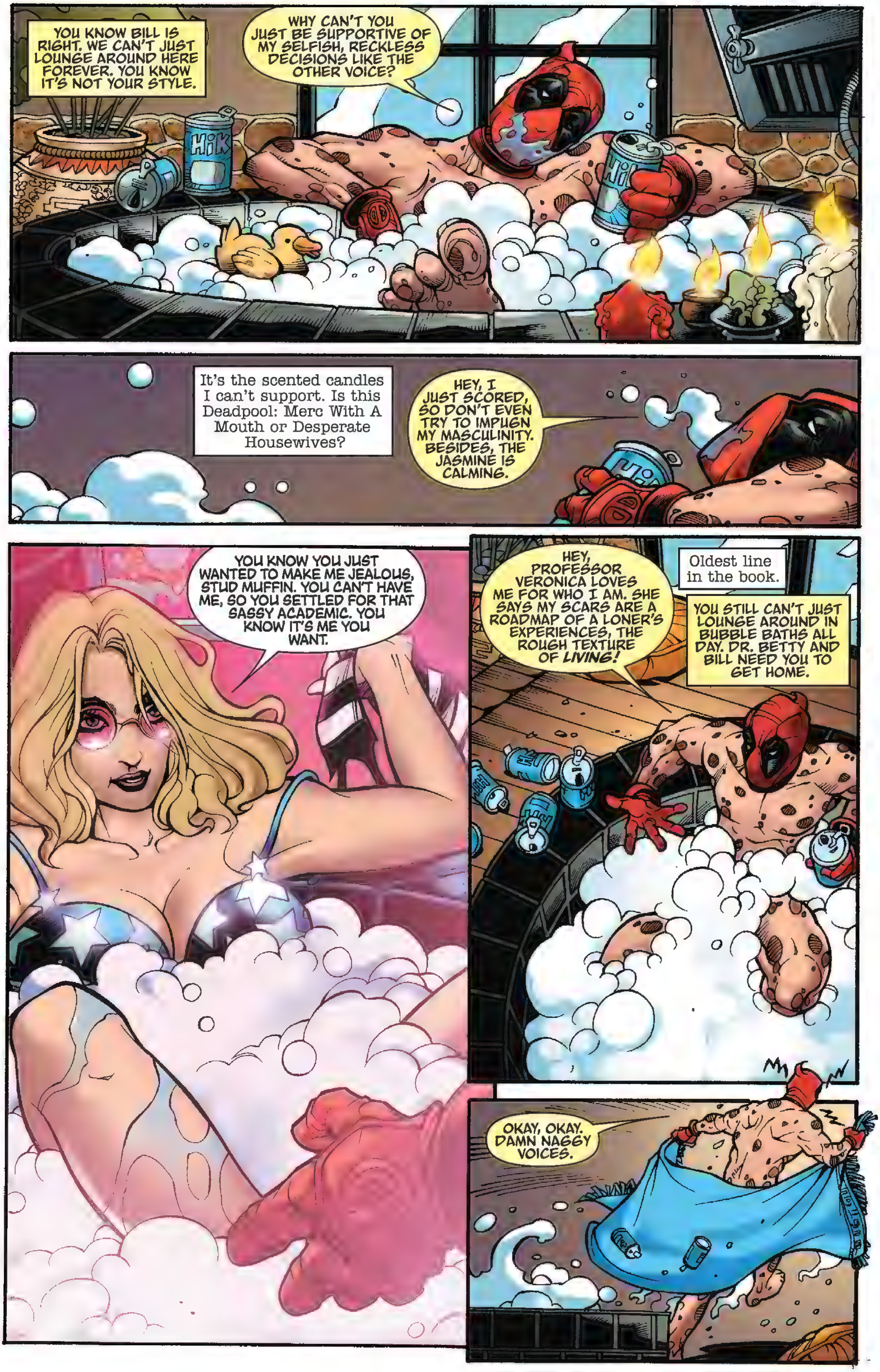

THANKS, I'VE BEEN WORKING OUT.
GUYS, I REALLY SHOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT HELL, IF I CAN'T TRUST RANDOM STREET ZOMBIES, THEN WHO CAN I TRUST, RIGHT? JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT YOUR HUMAN FLESH EATING NEEDS ARE ABOUT TO BE SOLVED THANKS TO YOURS TRULY. TWO WORDS: DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY. THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY ABOUT THAT.
ANYWAY, I'LL CATCH YOU ZOMBIES ON THE FLIP SIDE. GOT TO GO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE. SERIOUSLY, WE'RE GOING TO EAT A HORSE.
WHAT THE *HELL* IS GOING ON?
NO IDEA.

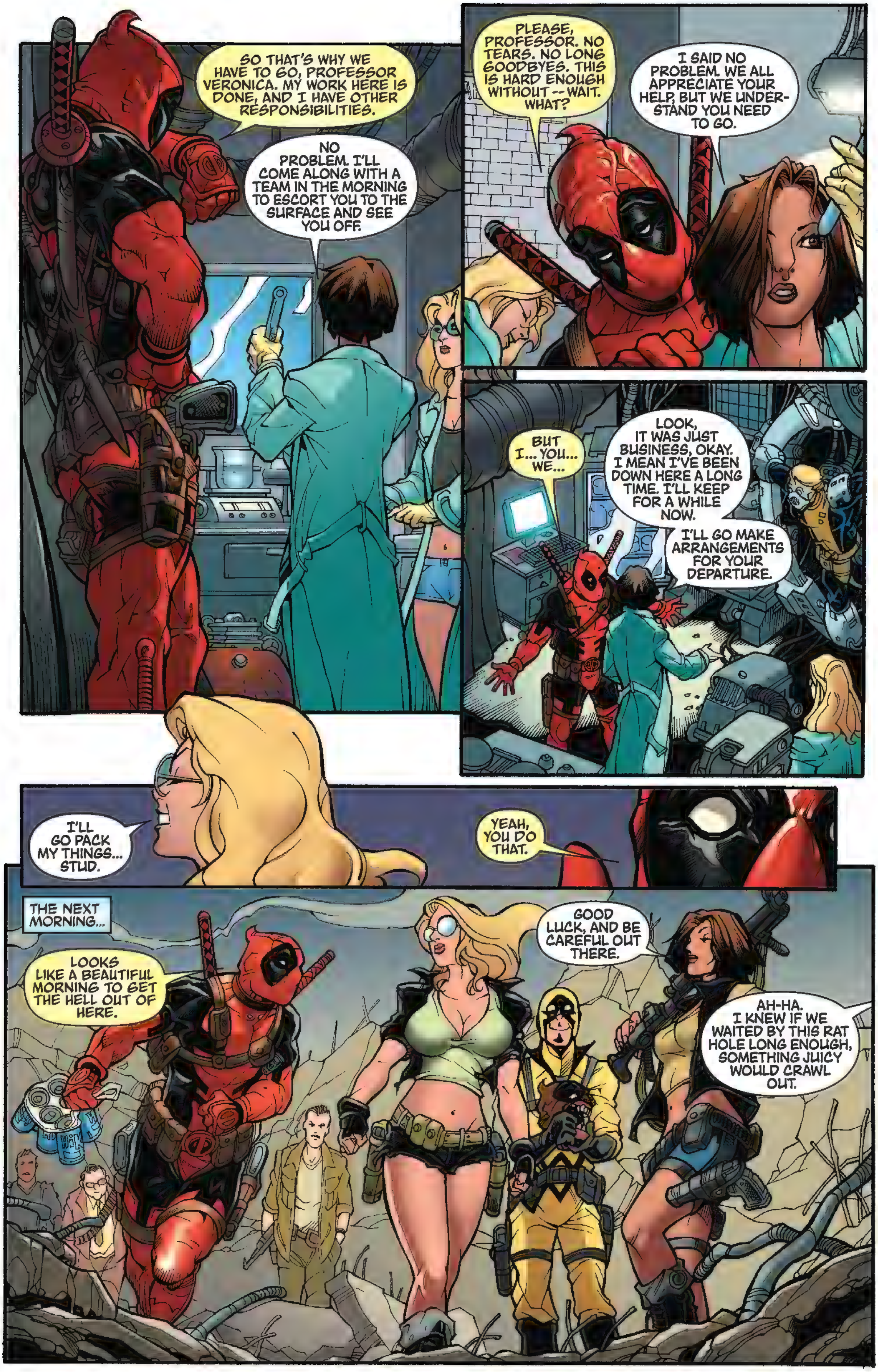

I DON'T THINK YOU NEED THE AXE SPRAY. SHE'S PRETTY MUCH CLEARED YOU FOR LANDING.
HEY, ANY LADY LUCKY ENOUGH TO PLAY AT CLUB DEADPOOL GETS THE FULL TREATMENT.
BESIDES, THAT DEAD BODY STINK SPRAY WAS A LITTLE TOO CONVINCING.
FRESCA
I'M JUST LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO DIG UP SOME DATE THREADS. I MEAN, IF YOU LOOK UP COOL IN THE DICTIONARY, THERE'S A PICTURE OF ME HOLDING ANOTHER DICTIONARY POINTING TO A PICTURE OF MYSELF.
WAIT. WHAT?
Oh, let him talk.
$5
SHOW TIME!
BLIND DATE for BEGGINERS
SAMA KUTRA
BUDS

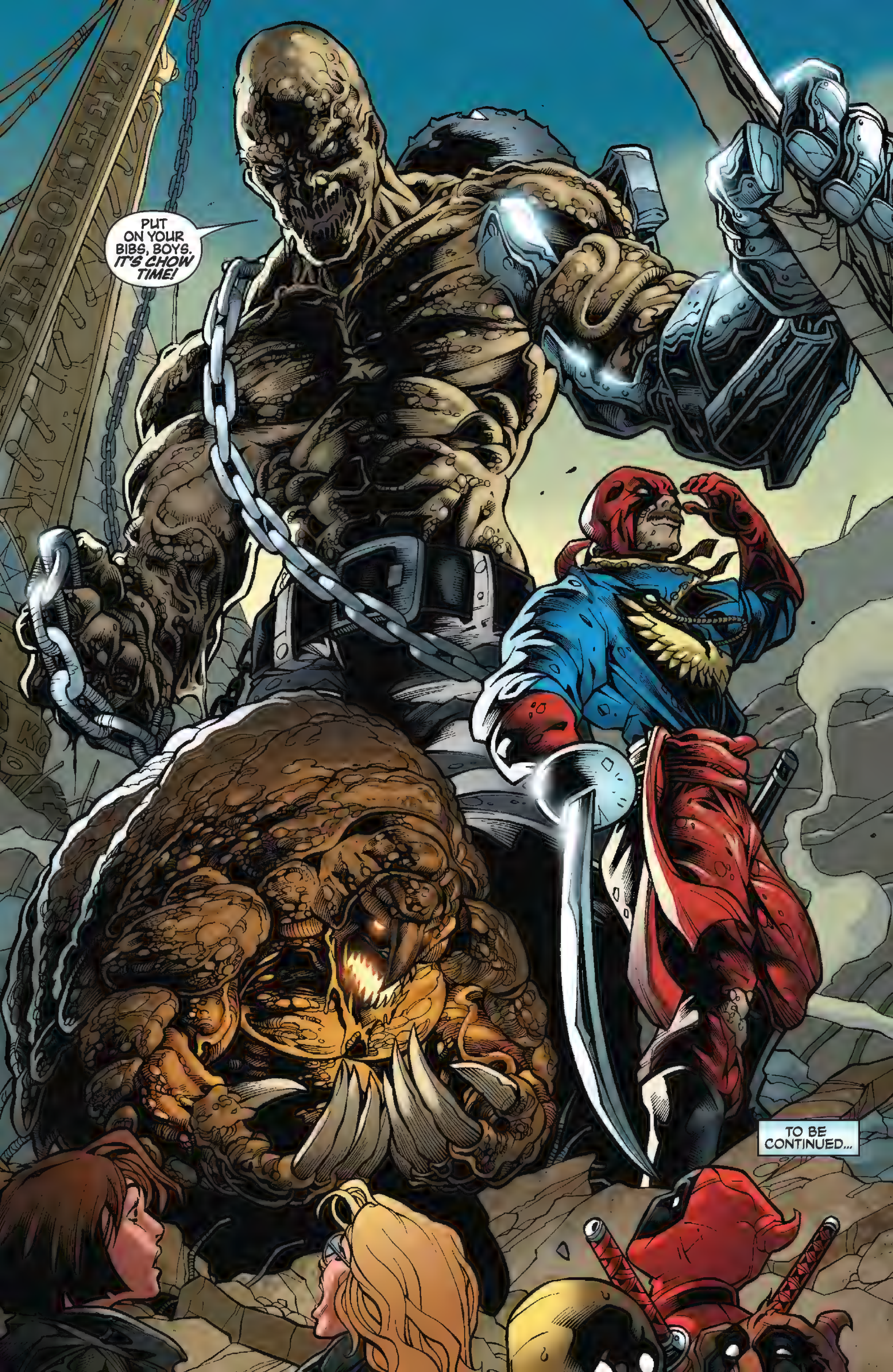

WHY DOES HE SUDDENLY REMIND ME OF JOHN TRAVOLTA IN *SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER?*
I ONLY WATCH PBS.
NICE OUTFIT THOUGH.
REMEMBER, THINK ABOUT BASEBALL.
Think about George Will thinking about baseball.
THAT YOU, MR. DEADPOOL? PLEASE COME IN.
HEY, I KNOW I'M A COUPLE OF MINUTES EARLY, BUT I STRUTTED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT AND -- *WHOA!*
I DON'T MIND IF A MAN'S EARLY, MR. DEADPOOL. IT JUST MEANS HE'S EAGER.


HAVE A DRINK. RELAX.
MUCHAS GRACIAS, MY LITTLE TOSTITO.
IT'S BECOME CONVENTION TO REFER TO ALL SPARKLING WINES AS CHAMPAGNE, BUT IN FACT, TRUE CHAMPAGNE COMES SPECIFICALLY FROM THE CHAMPAGNE REGION OF FRANCE. I USED TO WATCH A LOT OF FOOD CHANNEL IS HOW I KNOW--
OKAY, ENOUGH RELAXING. LET'S GET TO IT.
OKAY, WE NEED ALL OF THIS OFF. EXCEPT THE MASK. YOU CAN KEEP THAT ON.
AND THIS TIME IT'S *NOT* OKAY TO ARRIVE EARLY.


MUCH LATER...
MR. DEADPOOL, HOLD UP A MOMENT. MR. DEADPOOL!
NOT NOW, BILL. I'M BASKING. DON'T HARSH MY BASK.
NOW THAT WE'VE RETURNED THE ZOMBIE HEAD TO ITS HOME DIMENSION AND HELPED THESE FOLKS CAPTURE A ZOMBIE SUPER, I WAS WONDERING WHEN WE'D BE WORKING ON A PLAN TO GET HOME.
ARE YOU NUTS?
FLAPJACKS EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST. ALL THE FRESCA I CAN DRINK. XBOX *AND* PLAYSTATION, AND THE HOTTEST PIECE OF TAIL ON THE PLANET JUST JUMPED MY BONES. THE UTTERLY DESTROYED ZOMBIE UNIVERSE IS *HEAVEN.* I'M NOT GOING *ANYWHERE.*
SORRY, BILL, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
BUT... BUT... BUT...
NOT COOL.


YOU KNOW BILL IS RIGHT. WE CAN'T JUST LOUNGE AROUND HERE FOREVER. YOU KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR STYLE.
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE SUPPORTIVE OF MY SELFISH, RECKLESS DECISIONS LIKE THE OTHER VOICE?
HiK
It's the scented candles I can't support. Is this Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth or Desperate Housewives?
HEY, I JUST SCORED, SO DON'T EVEN TRY TO IMPUGN MY MASCULINITY. BESIDES, THE JASMINE IS CALMING.
YOU KNOW YOU JUST WANTED TO MAKE ME JEALOUS, STUD MUFFIN. YOU CAN'T HAVE ME, SO YOU SETTLED FOR THAT SASSY ACADEMIC. YOU KNOW IT'S ME YOU WANT.
HEY, PROFESSOR VERONICA LOVES ME FOR WHO I AM. SHE SAYS MY SCARS ARE A ROADMAP OF A LONER'S EXPERIENCES, THE ROUGH TEXTURE OF *LIVING!*
Oldest line in the book.
YOU STILL CAN'T JUST LOUNGE AROUND IN BUBBLE BATHS ALL DAY. DR. BETTY AND BILL NEED YOU TO GET HOME.
OKAY, OKAY. DAMN NAGGY VOICES.

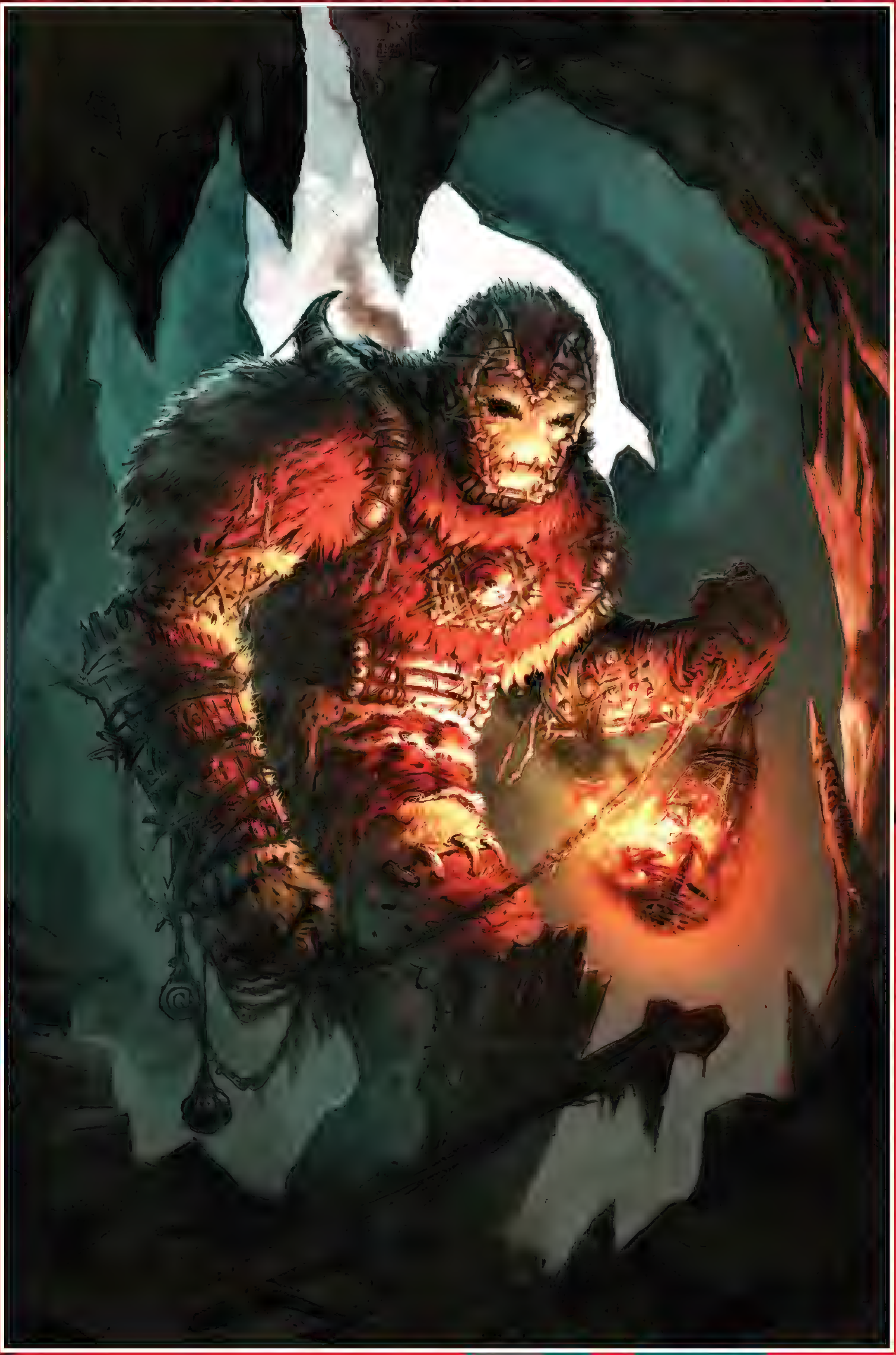

SO THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO GO, PROFESSOR VERONICA. MY WORK HERE IS DONE, AND I HAVE OTHER RESPONSIBILITIES.
NO PROBLEM. I'LL COME ALONG WITH A TEAM IN THE MORNING TO ESCORT YOU TO THE SURFACE AND SEE YOU OFF.
PLEASE, PROFESSOR. NO TEARS. NO LONG GOODBYES. THIS IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT -- WAIT. WHAT?
I SAID NO PROBLEM. WE ALL APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, BUT WE UNDERSTAND YOU NEED TO GO.
BUT I... YOU... WE...
LOOK, IT WAS JUST BUSINESS, OKAY. I MEAN I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE A LONG TIME. I'LL KEEP FOR A WHILE NOW.
I'LL GO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR DEPARTURE.
I'LL GO PACK MY THINGS... STUD.
YEAH, YOU DO THAT.
THE NEXT MORNING...
LOOKS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL MORNING TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
GOOD LUCK, AND BE CAREFUL OUT THERE.
AH-HA. I KNEW IF WE WAITED BY THIS RAT HOLE LONG ENOUGH, SOMETHING JUICY WOULD CRAWL OUT.


PUT ON YOUR BIBS, BOYS. *IT'S CHOW TIME!*
TO BE CONTINUED...

#10

DEADPOOL

MERC WITH A MOUTH

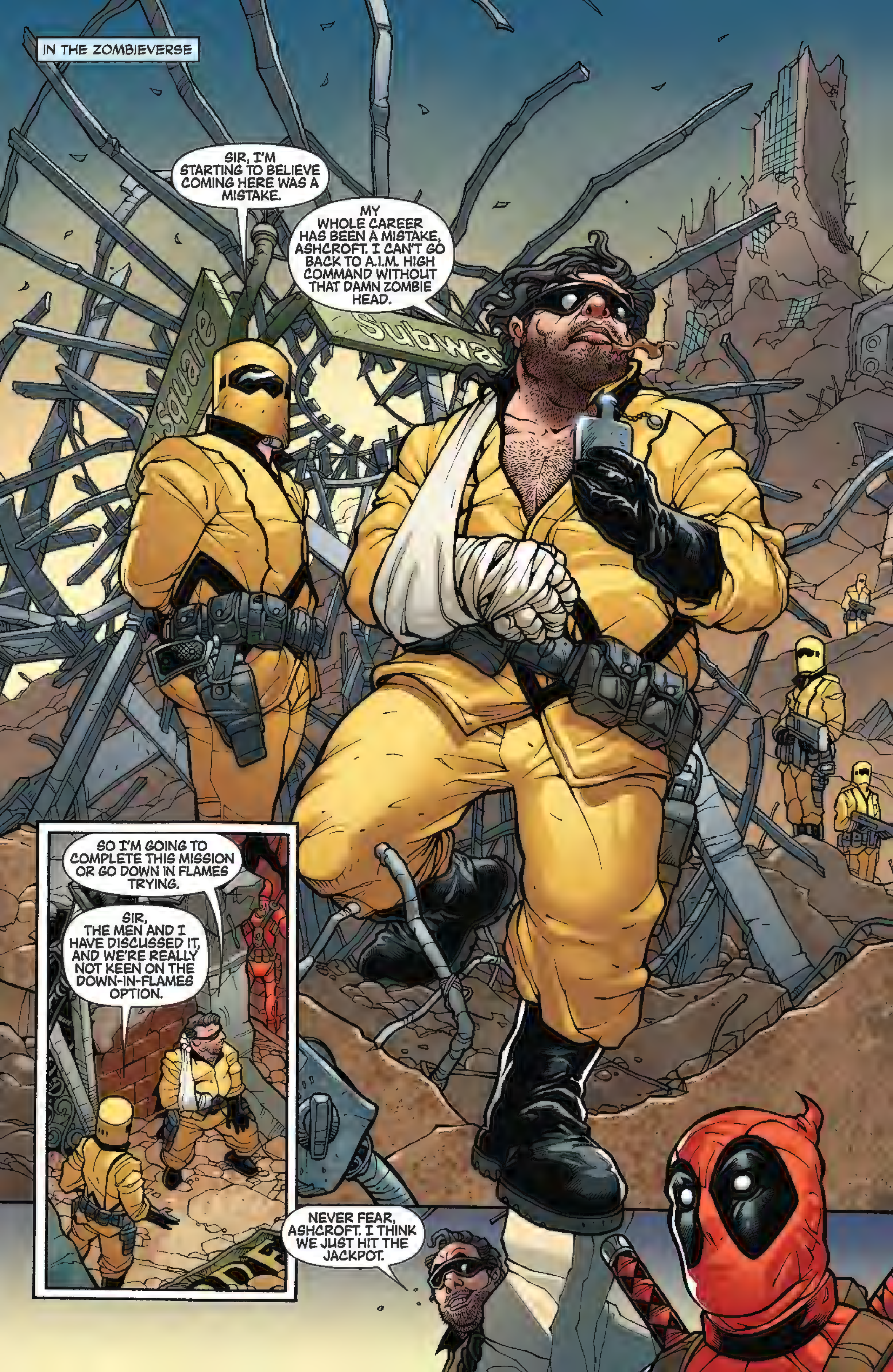


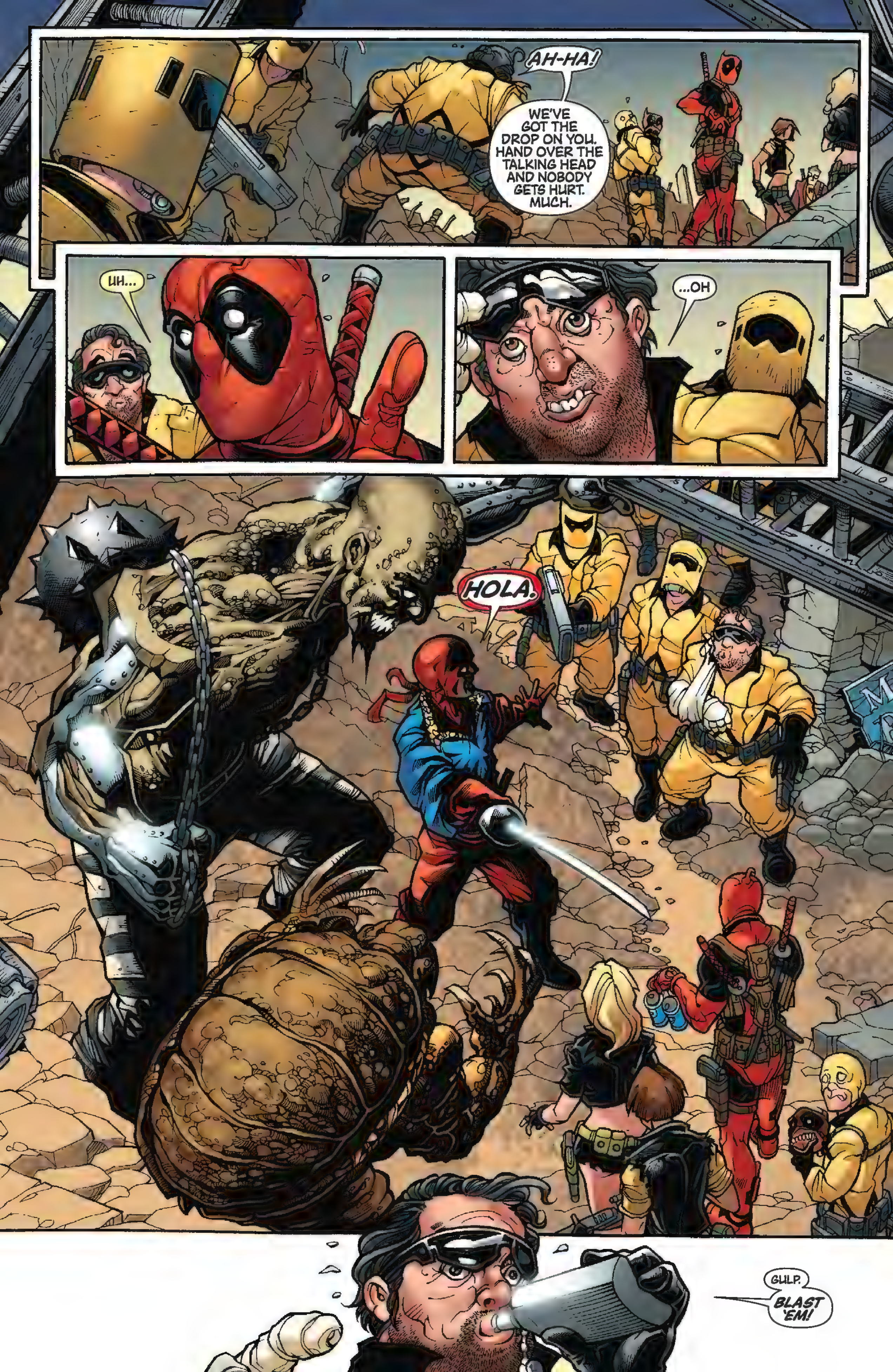
Issue #10 Iron Man by Design variant by Christian Nauck

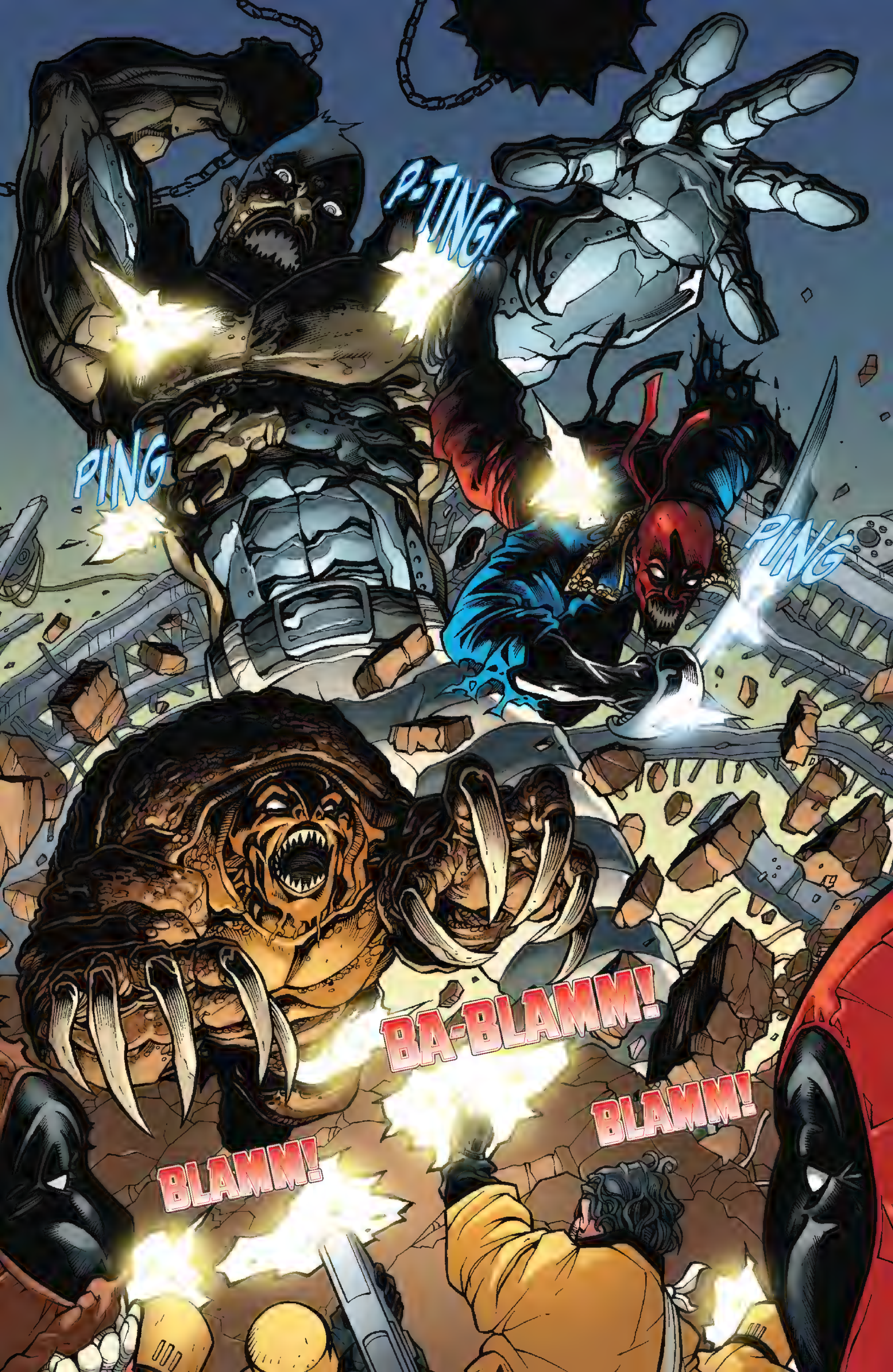
Dear Recap Forum,

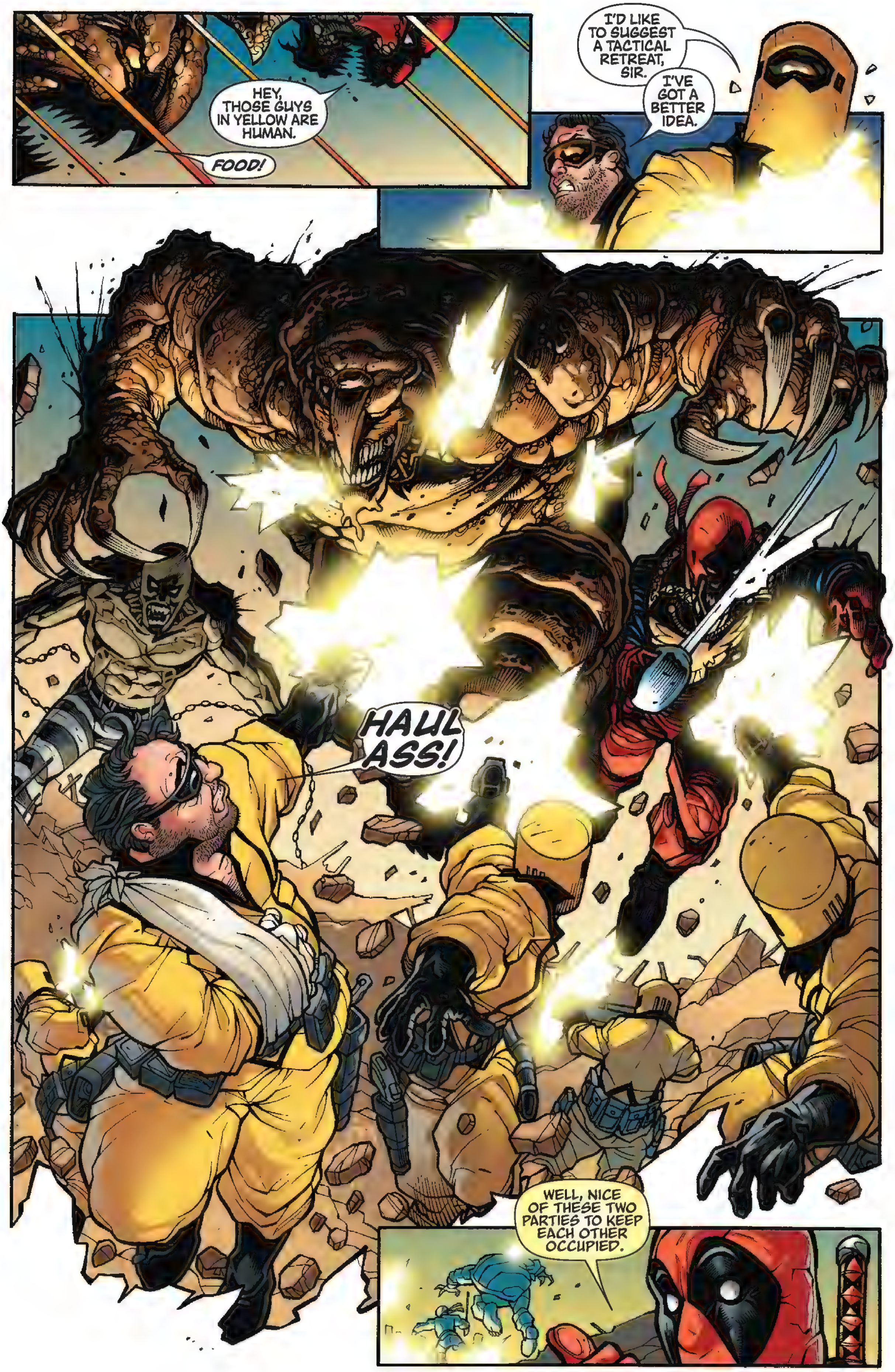
Last issue it got hot and heavy in the zombieverse. Professor Veronica sent me out to lure a super-powered, super-undead specimen back to her lab so she could use it to test her serum for the zombie virus. Afterward, she couldn't keep her hands off my scarred body (and no, this time it wasn't Pool-o-vision). Things got pretty sexy, but that's the life of a super-powered mercenary like yours truly. Too bad life in the zombieverse is totally boring, what with all that rotting flesh and the lack of Golden Girls reruns. So me, the buxom Dr. Betty, and my pseudo-sidekick/ex-A.I.M. employee Bill are getting back to our end of the multiverse. Oh, and I'm bringing my zombified, decapitated head from this dimension back with me--assuming that no A.I.M. chumps arrive and try to take the head for themselves. Or, say, three random undead characters show up to chow down on my studly physique. But what are the chances of that happening?

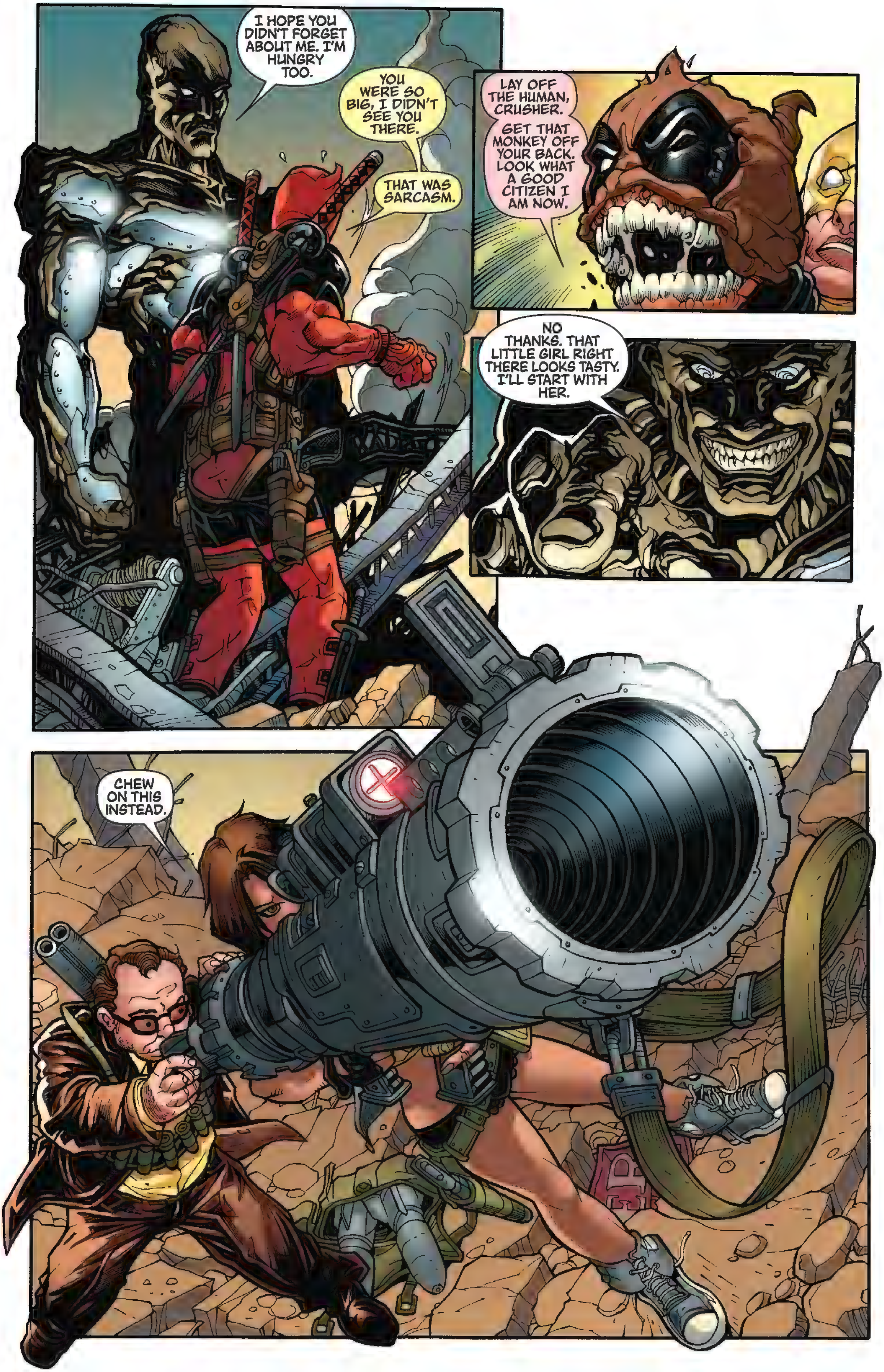
-Hugs and Firearms,
Deadpool

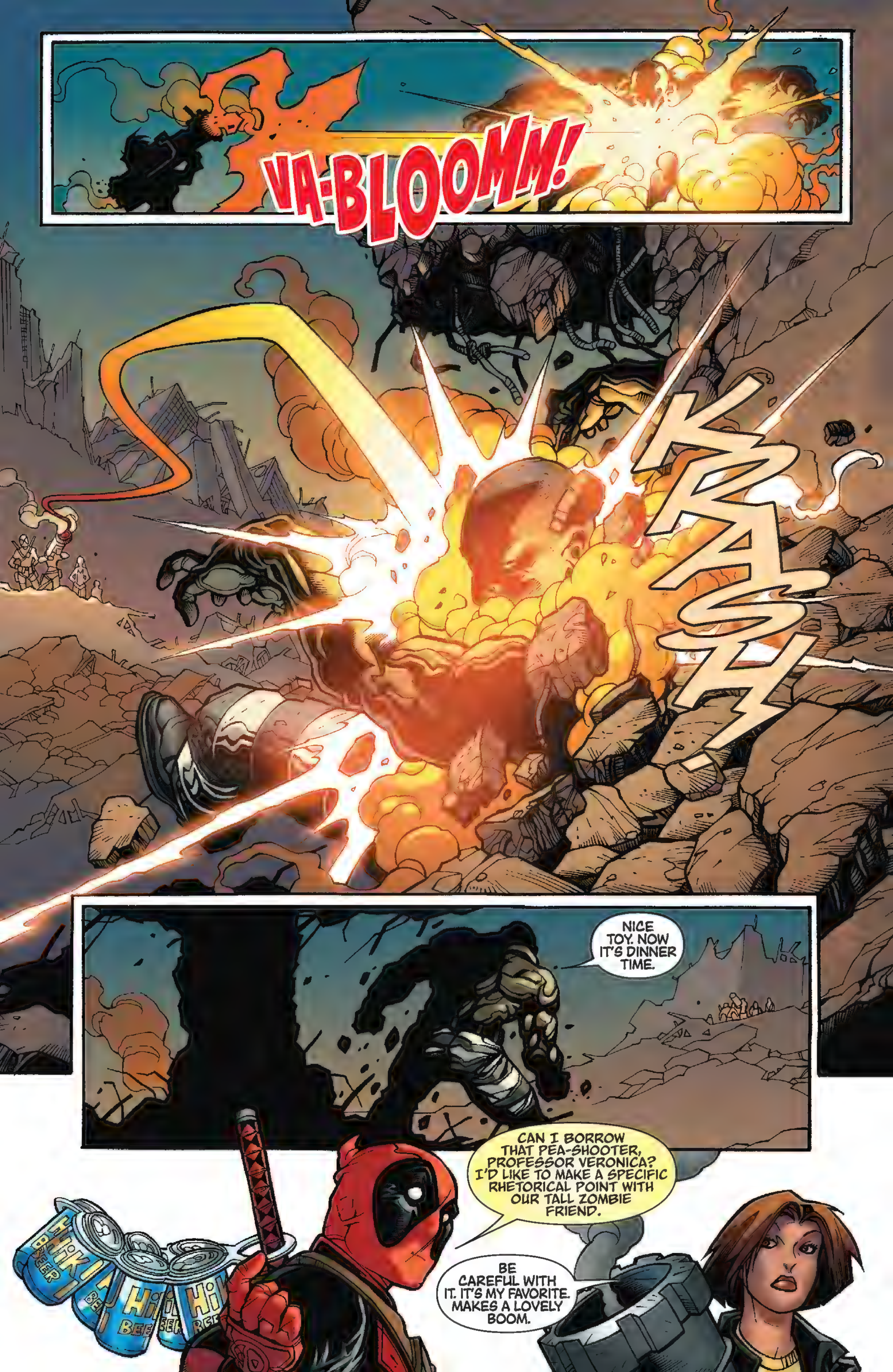

IN THE ZOMBIEVERSE
SIR, I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE COMING HERE WAS A MISTAKE.
MY WHOLE CAREER HAS BEEN A MISTAKE, ASHCROFT. I CAN'T GO BACK TO A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND WITHOUT THAT DAMN ZOMBIE HEAD.
Square
Subway
SO I'M GOING TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION OR GO DOWN IN FLAMES TRYING.
SIR, THE MEN AND I HAVE DISCUSSED IT, AND WE'RE REALLY NOT KEEN ON THE DOWN-IN-FLAMES OPTION.
NEVER FEAR, ASHCROFT. I THINK WE JUST HIT THE JACKPOT.

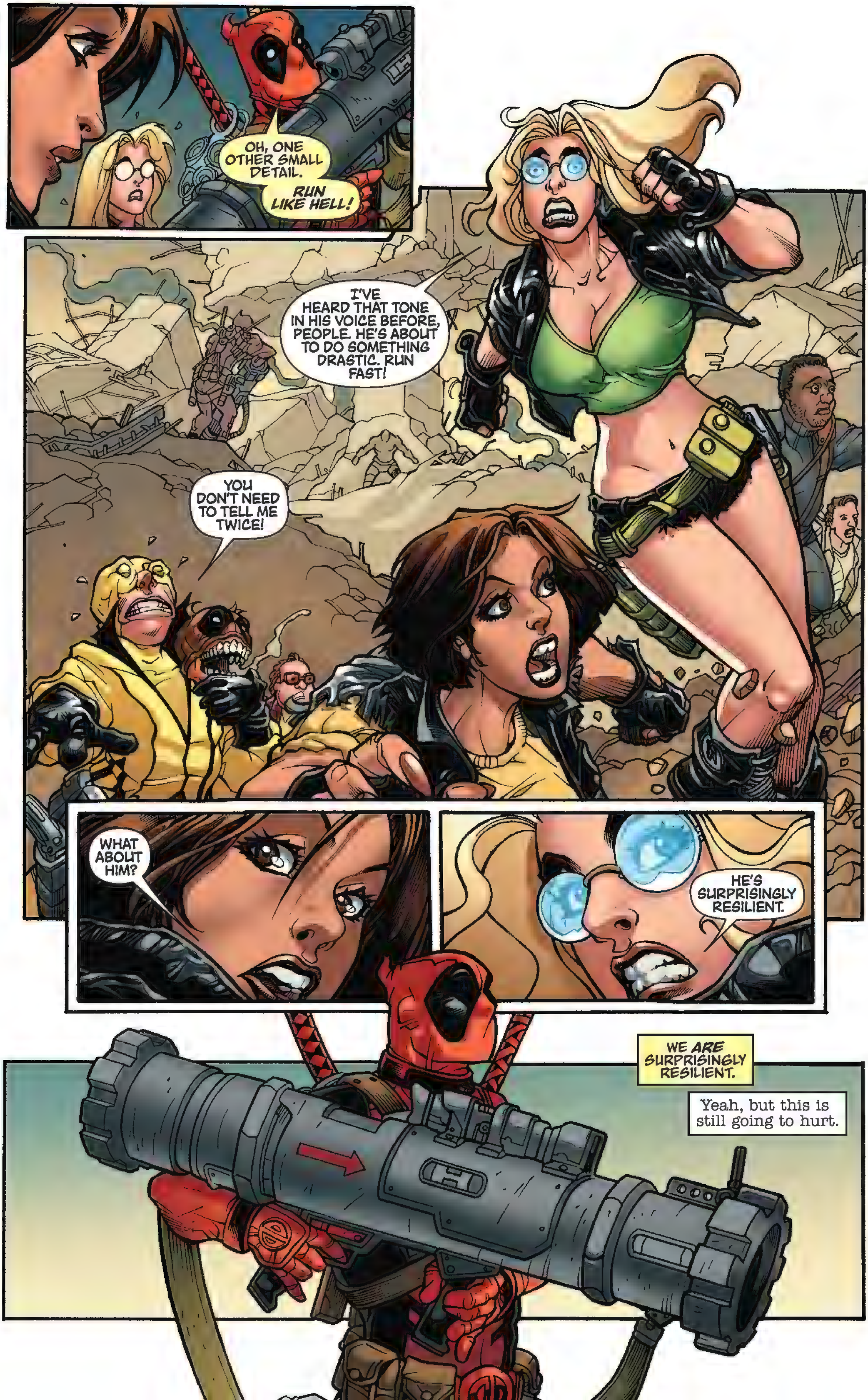

AH-HA!
WE'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU. HAND OVER THE TALKING HEAD AND NOBODY GETS HURT. MUCH.
UH...
...OH
HOLA.
GULP.
BLAST 'EM!

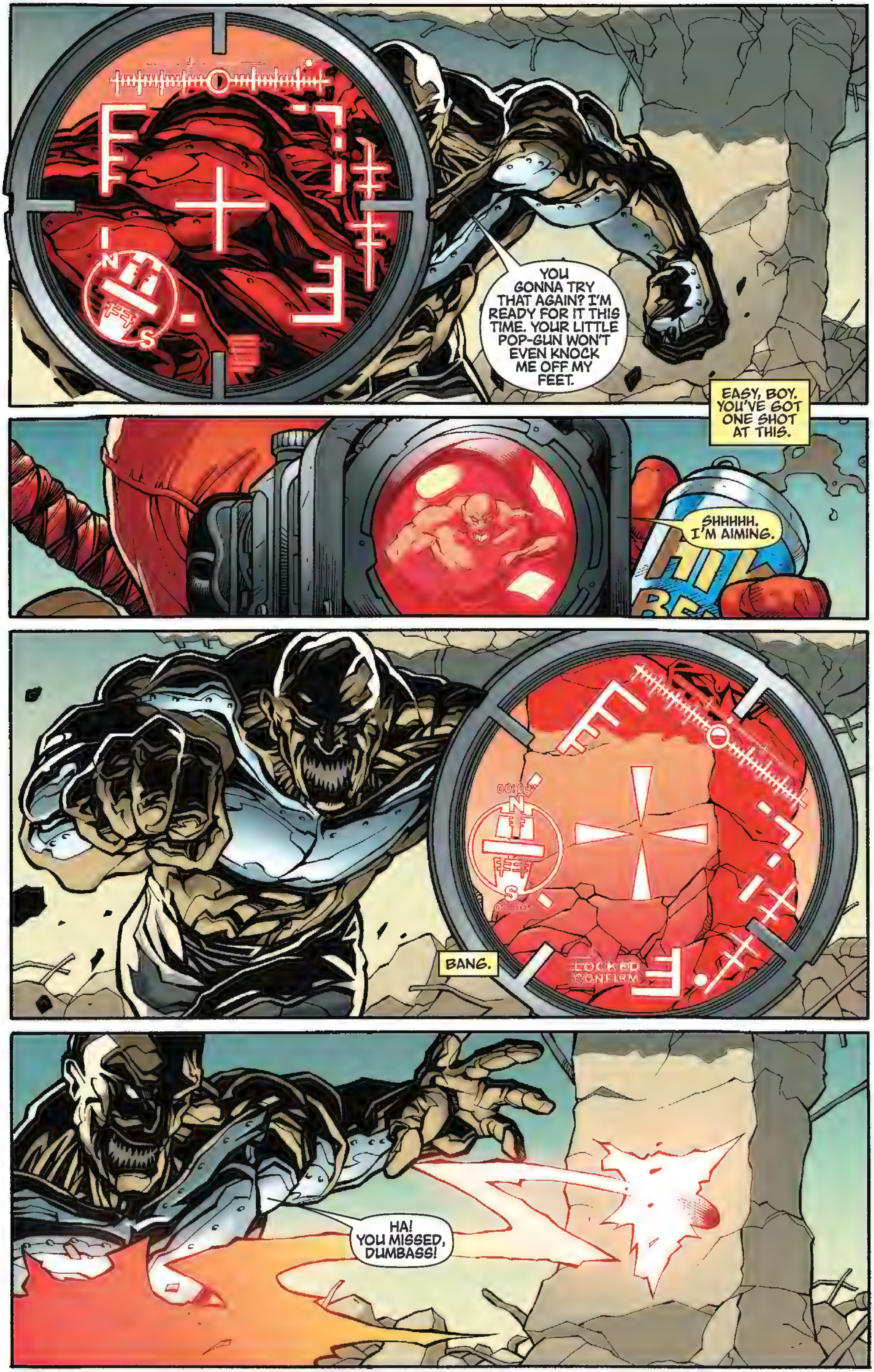

P-TING!
PING
PING
BA-BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

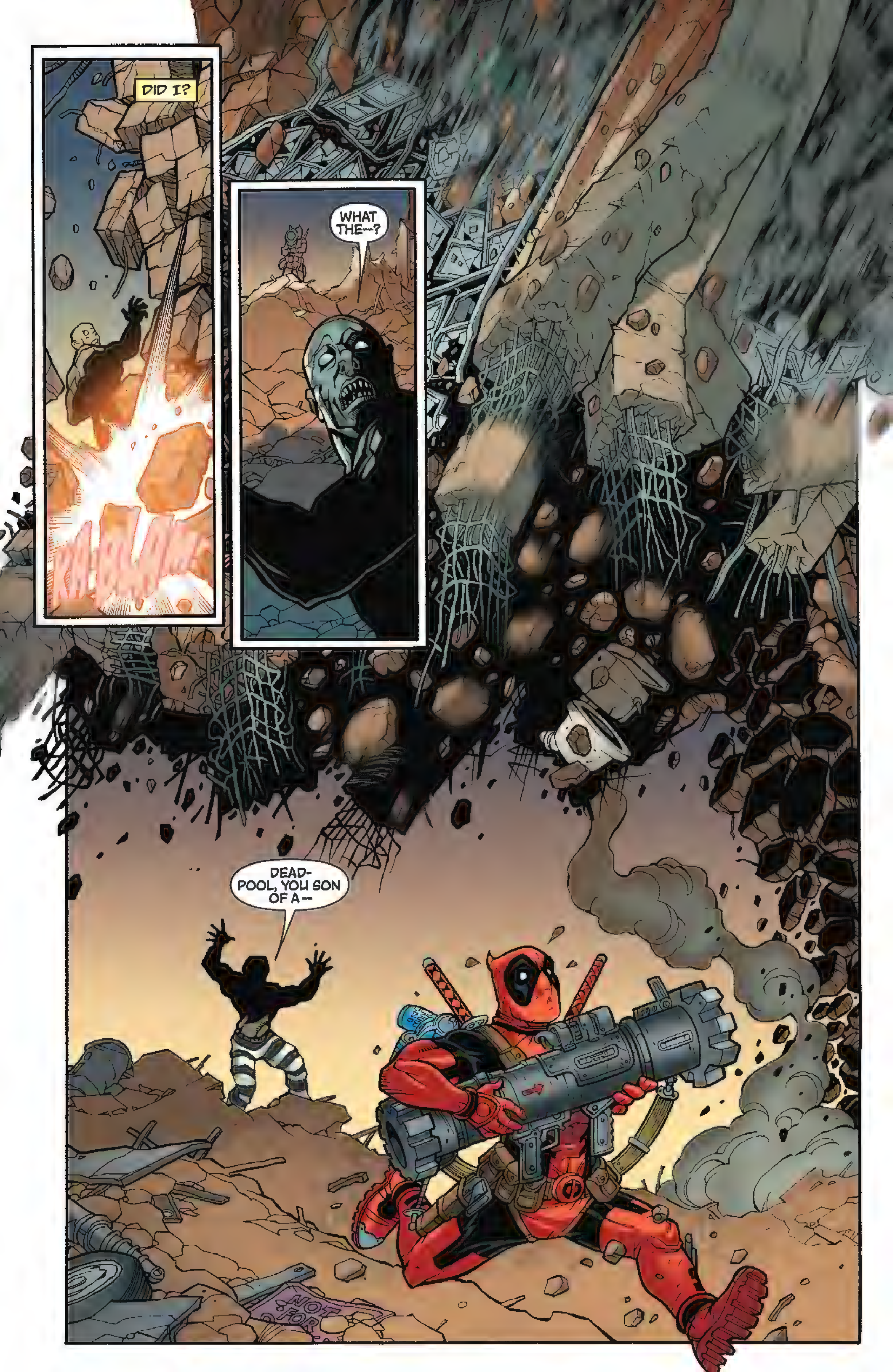

HEY, THOSE GUYS IN YELLOW ARE HUMAN.
FOOD!
I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST A TACTICAL RETREAT, SIR.
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.
HAUL ASS!
WELL, NICE OF THESE TWO PARTIES TO KEEP EACH OTHER OCCUPIED.

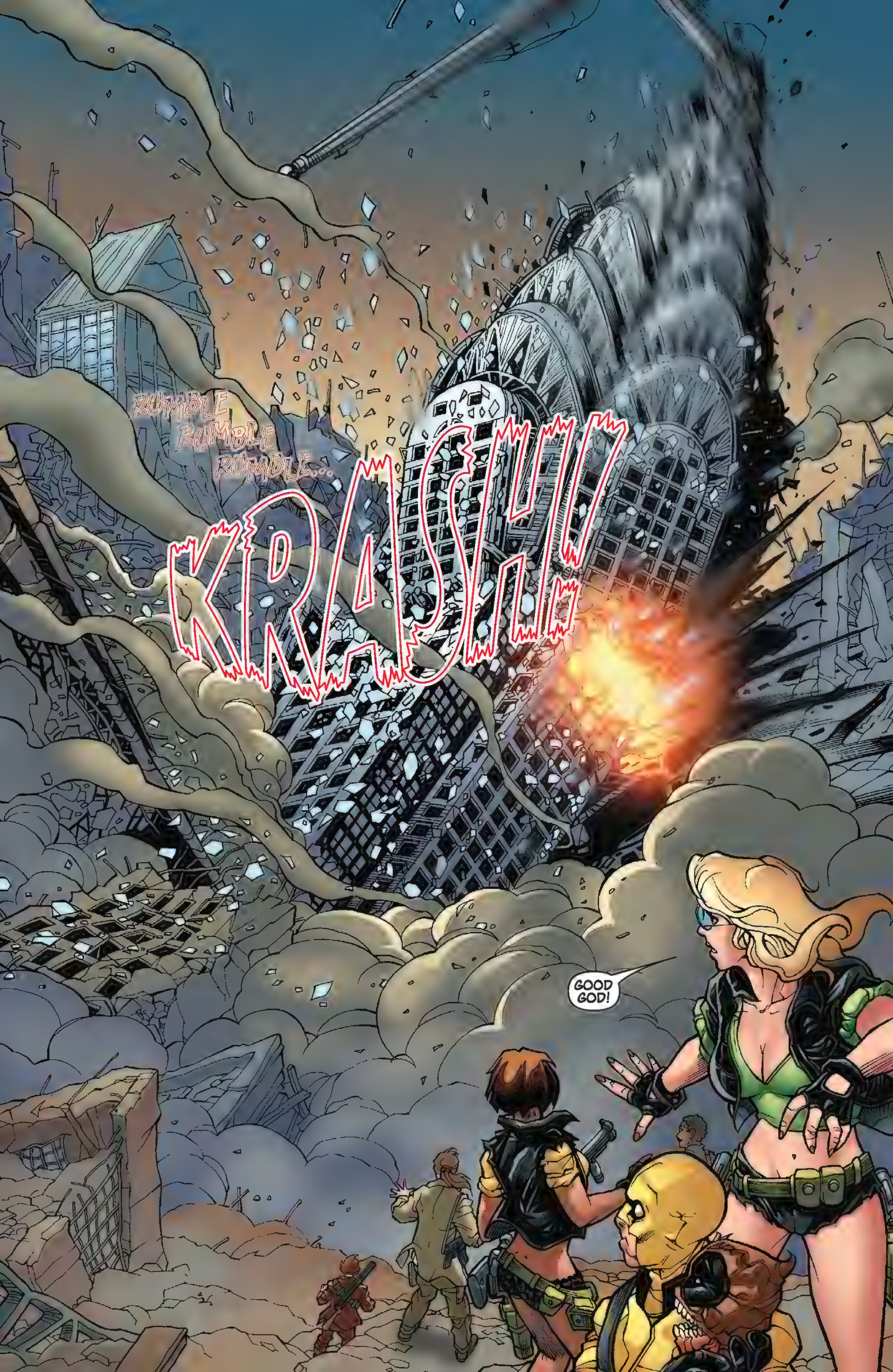

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT ME. I'M HUNGRY TOO.
YOU WERE SO BIG, I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE.
THAT WAS SARCASM.
LAY OFF THE HUMAN, CRUSHER.
GET THAT MONKEY OFF YOUR BACK. LOOK WHAT A GOOD CITIZEN I AM NOW.
NO THANKS. THAT LITTLE GIRL RIGHT THERE LOOKS TASTY. I'LL START WITH HER.
CHEW ON THIS INSTEAD.

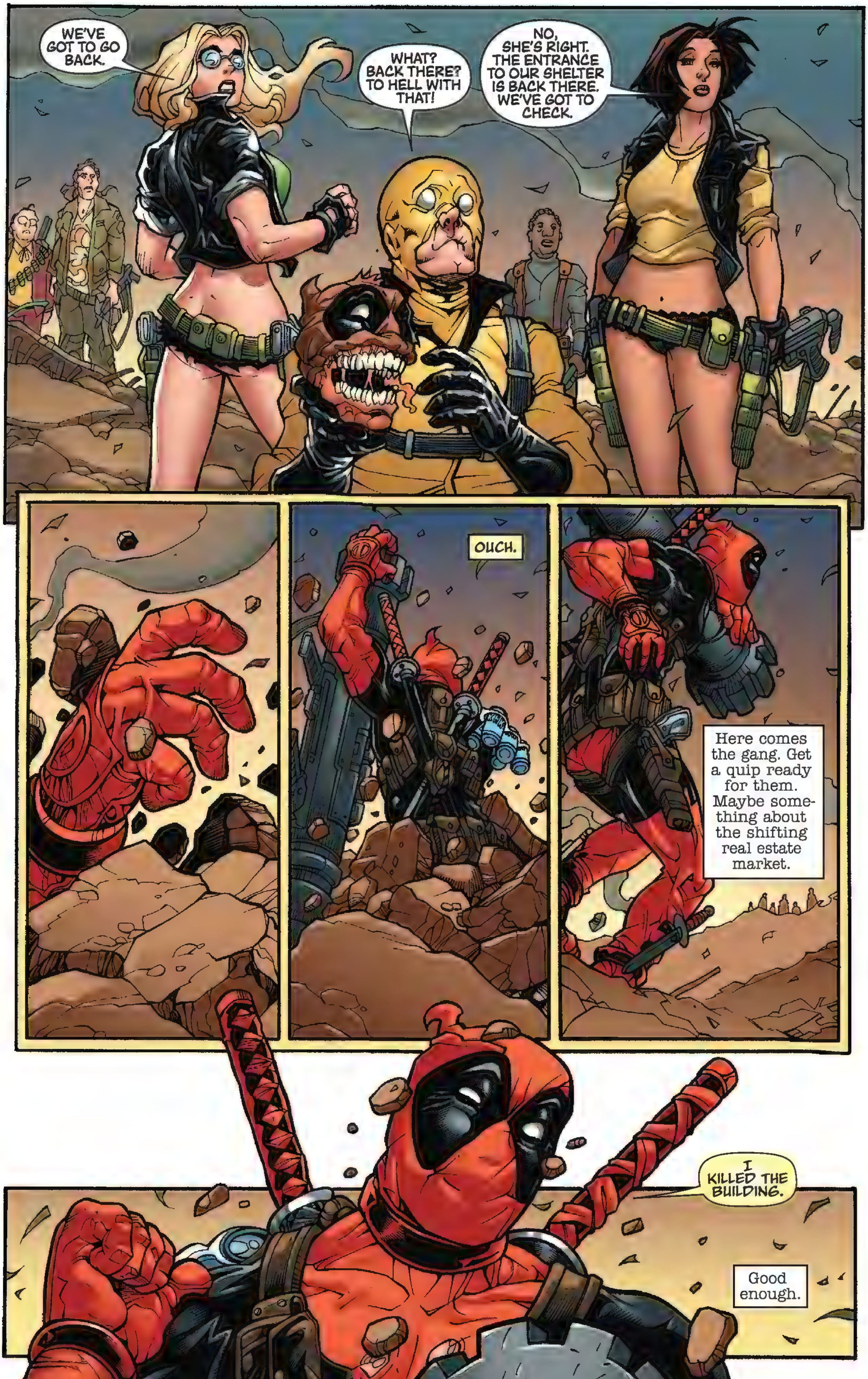

VA-BLOOMM!
KRASH!
NICE TOY. NOW IT'S DINNER TIME.
CAN I BORROW THAT PEA-SHOOTER, PROFESSOR VERONICA? I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SPECIFIC RHETORICAL POINT WITH OUR TALL ZOMBIE FRIEND.
BE CAREFUL WITH IT. IT'S MY FAVORITE. MAKES A LOVELY BOOM.

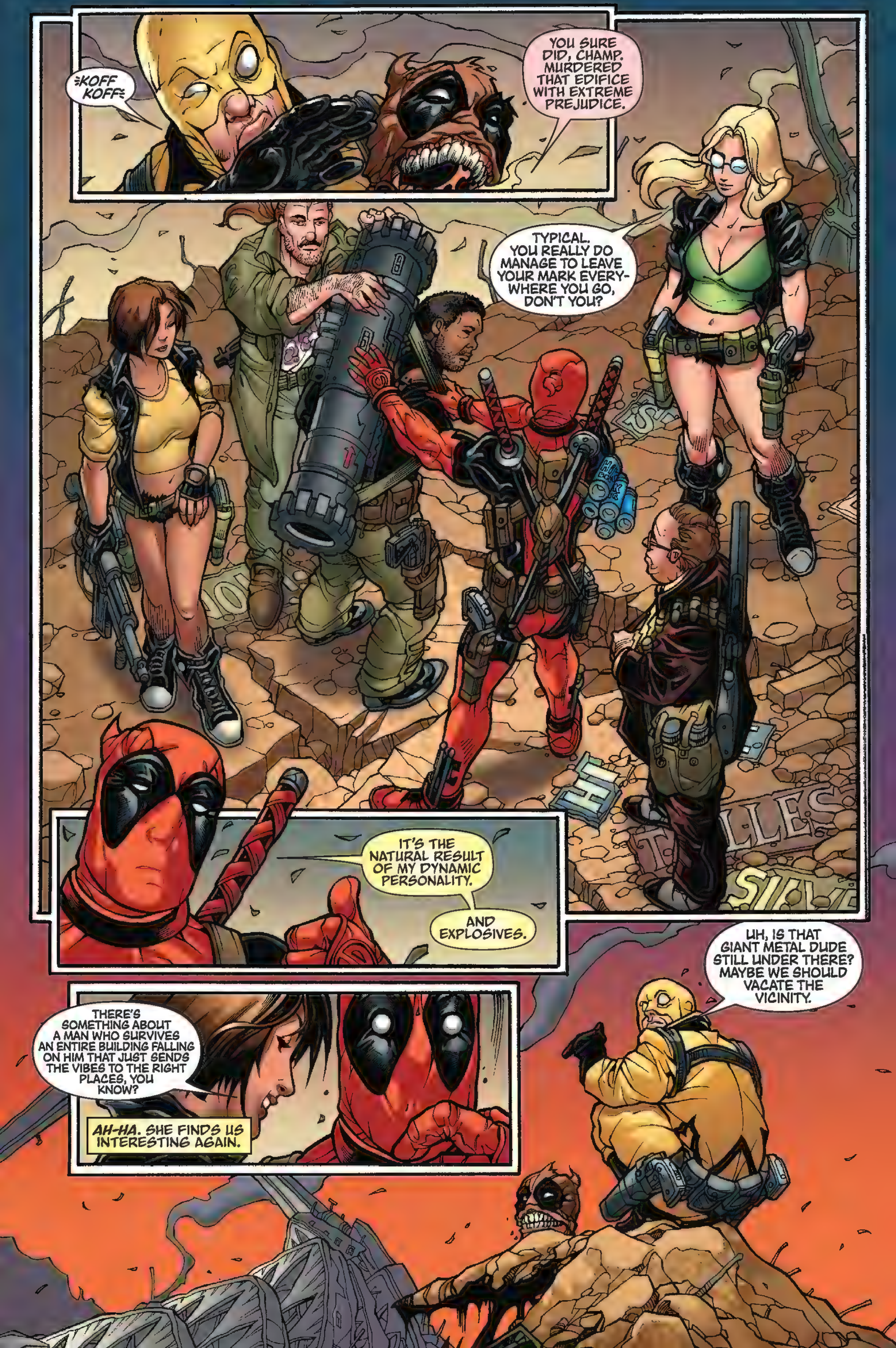

OH, ONE OTHER SMALL DETAIL.
RUN LIKE HELL!
I'VE HEARD THAT TONE IN HIS VOICE BEFORE, PEOPLE. HE'S ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING DRASTIC. RUN FAST!
YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE!
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
HE'S SURPRISINGLY RESILIENT.
WE *ARE* SURPRISINGLY RESILIENT.
Yeah, but this is still going to hurt.

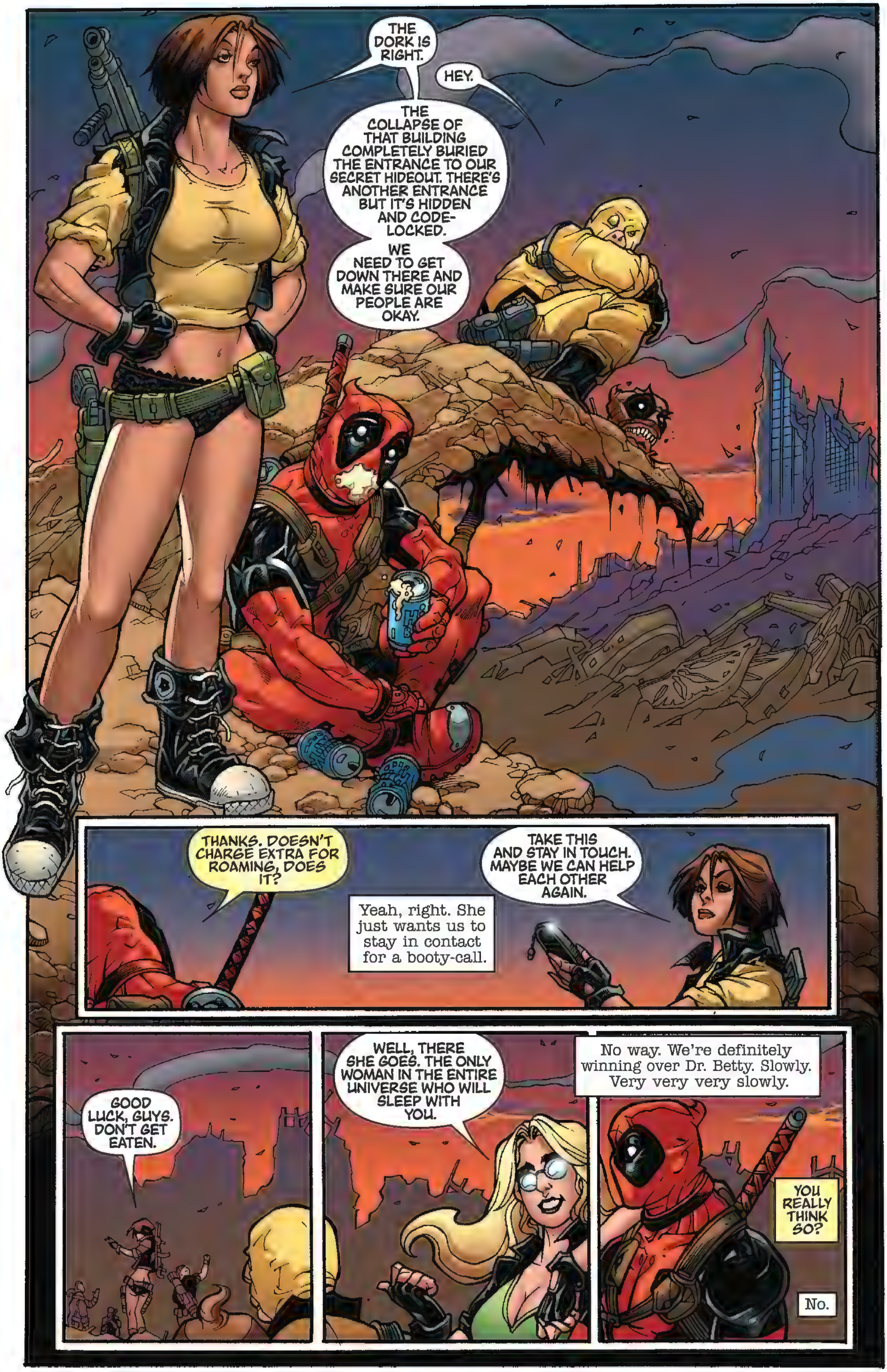

YOU GONNA TRY THAT AGAIN? I'M READY FOR IT THIS TIME. YOUR LITTLE POP-GUN WON'T EVEN KNOCK ME OFF MY FEET.
EASY, BOY. YOU'VE GOT ONE SHOT AT THIS.
SHHHHH. I'M AIMING.
BANG.
LOCKED CONFIRM
HA! YOU MISSED, DUMBASS!

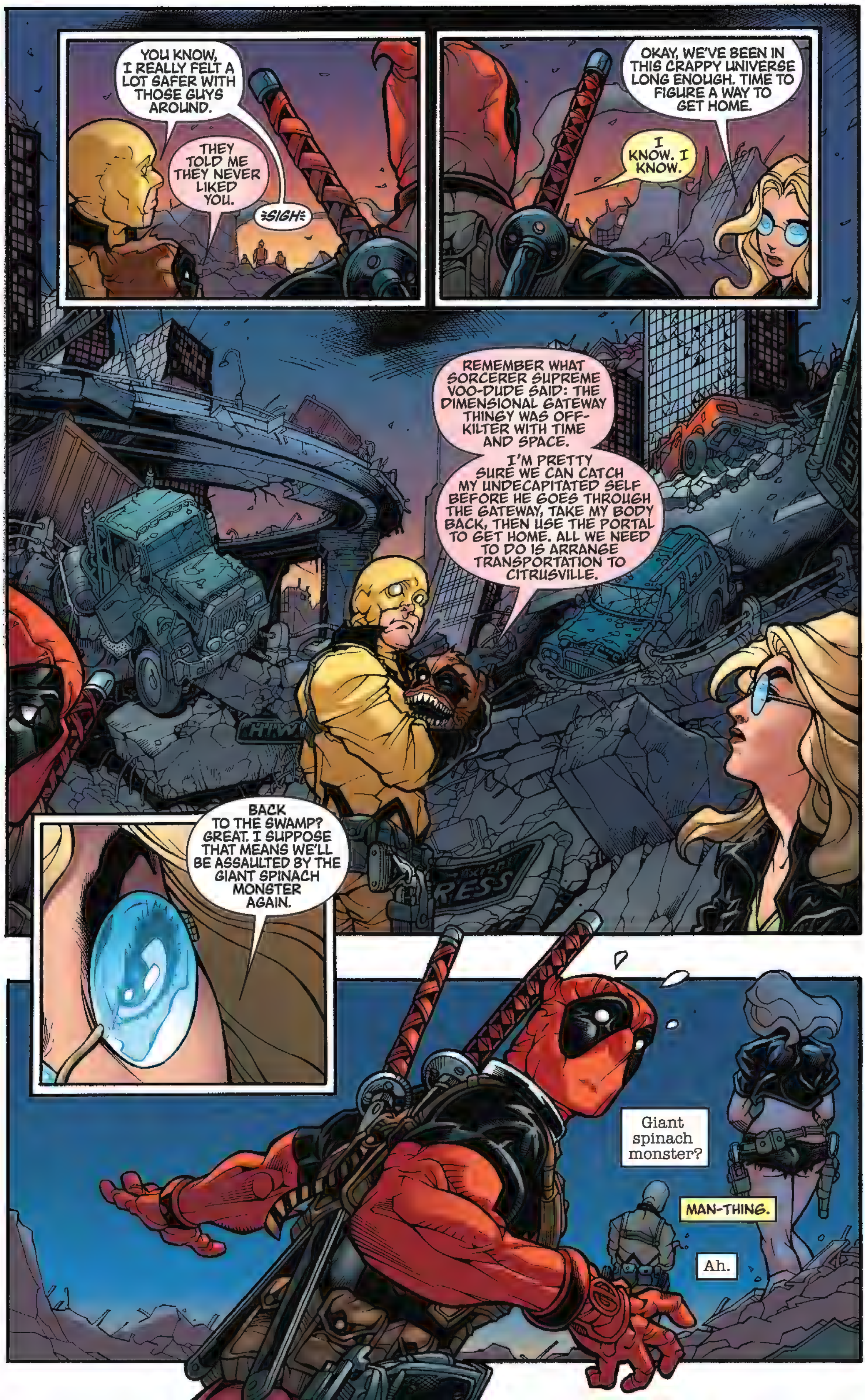

DID I?
WHAT THE--?
DEAD-POOL, YOU SON OF A--
NOT FOR

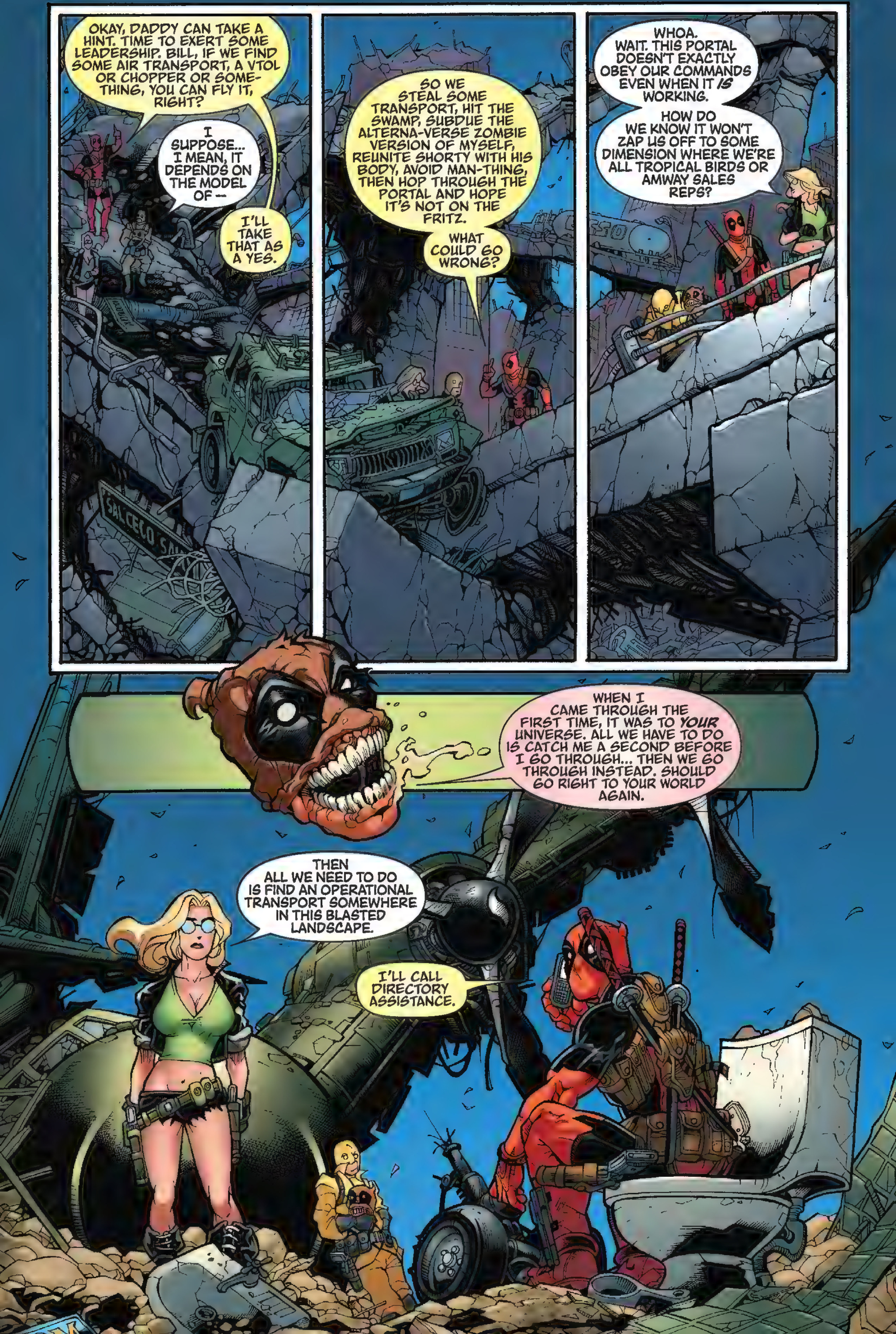

RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE...
KRASH!
GOOD GOD!

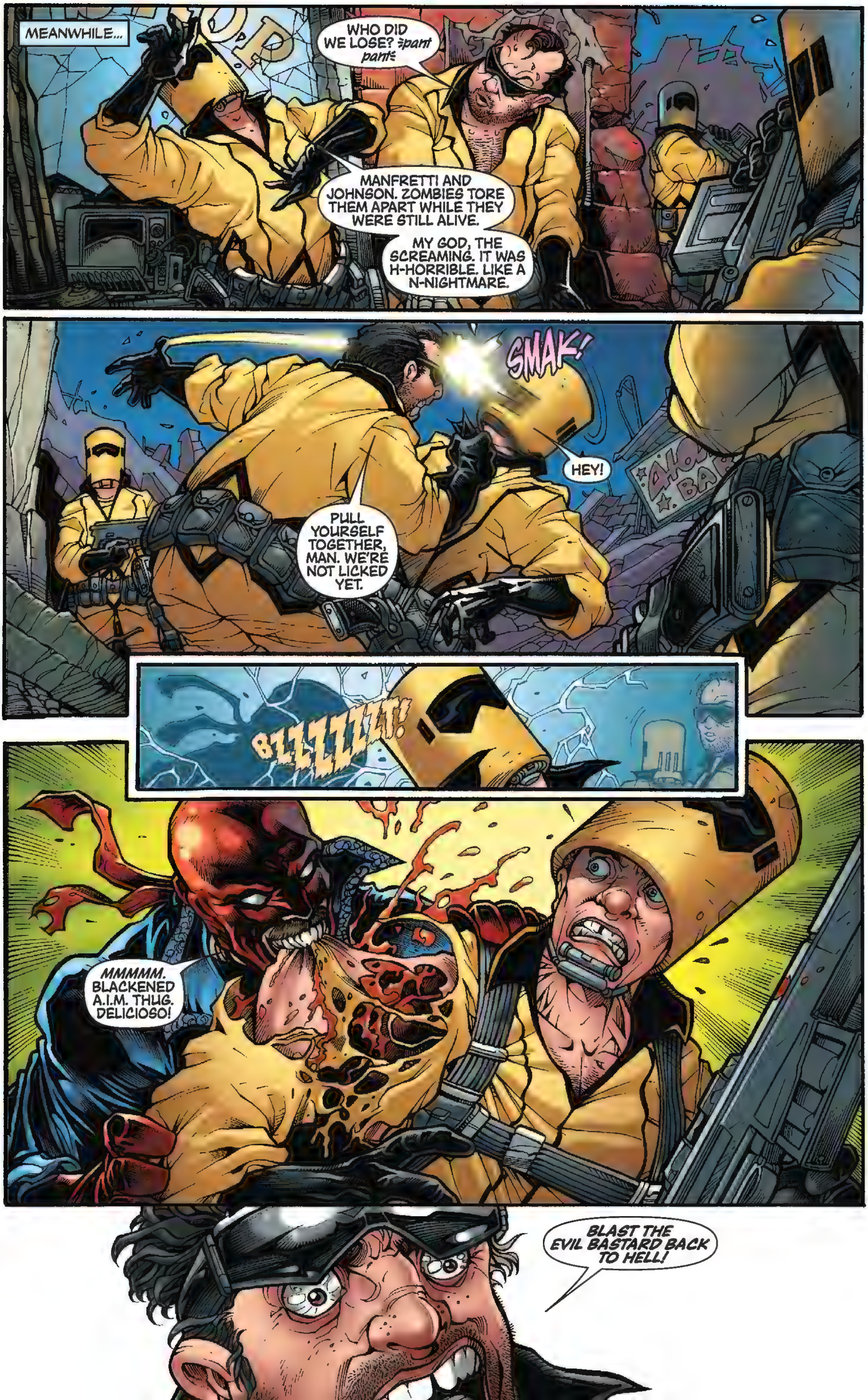

WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK.
WHAT? BACK THERE? TO HELL WITH THAT!
NO, SHE'S RIGHT. THE ENTRANCE TO OUR SHELTER IS BACK THERE. WE'VE GOT TO CHECK.
OUCH.
Here comes the gang. Get a quip ready for them. Maybe something about the shifting real estate market.
I KILLED THE BUILDING.
Good enough.

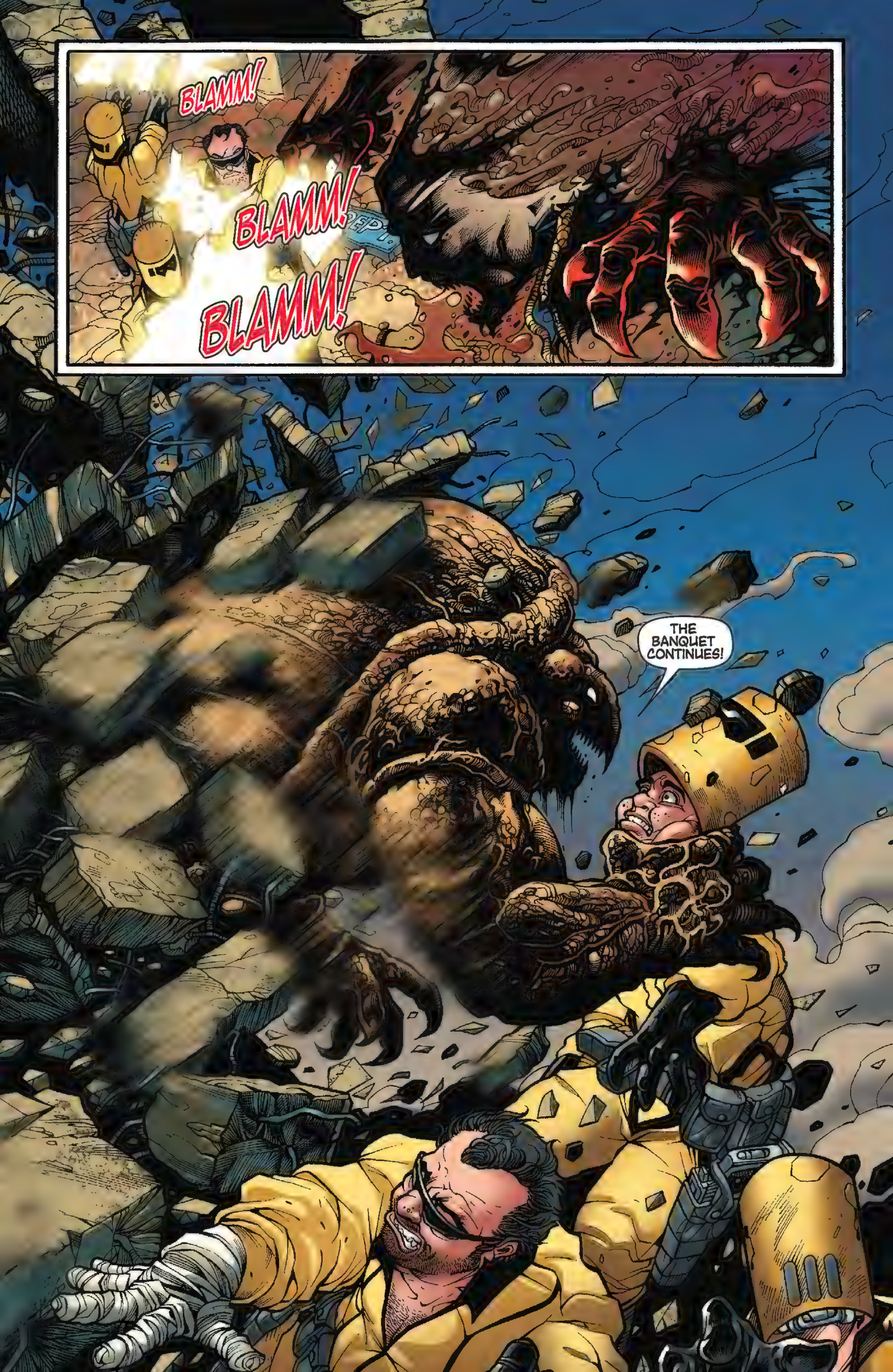

KOFF KOFF
YOU SURE DID, CHAMP. MURDERED THAT EDIFICE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
TYPICAL. YOU REALLY DO MANAGE TO LEAVE YOUR MARK EVERYWHERE YOU GO, DON'T YOU?
IT'S THE NATURAL RESULT OF MY DYNAMIC PERSONALITY.
AND EXPLOSIVES.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN WHO SURVIVES AN ENTIRE BUILDING FALLING ON HIM THAT JUST SENDS THE VIBES TO THE RIGHT PLACES, YOU KNOW?
AH-HA. SHE FINDS US INTERESTING AGAIN.
UH, IS THAT GIANT METAL DUDE STILL UNDER THERE? MAYBE WE SHOULD VACATE THE VICINITY.

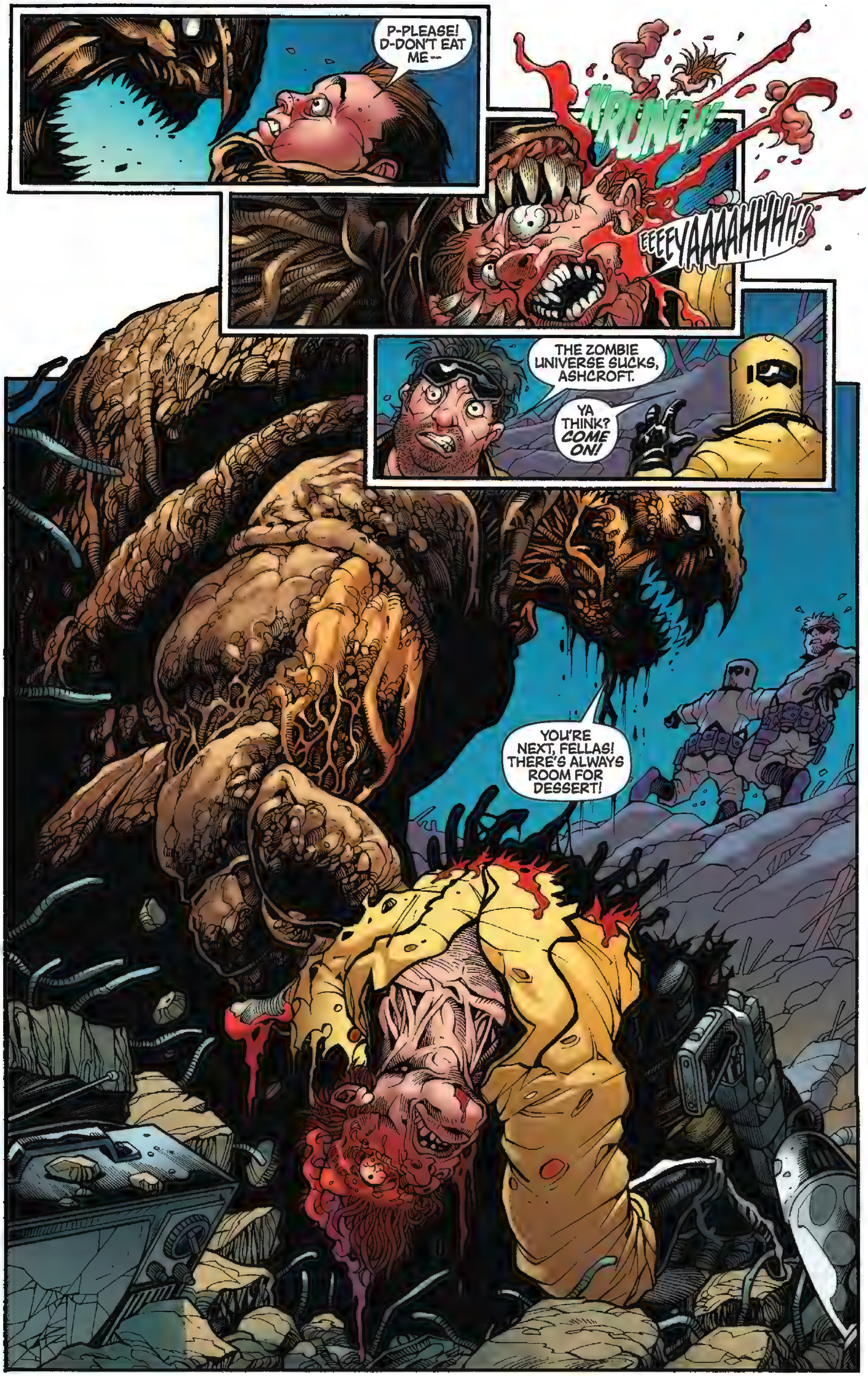

THE DORK IS RIGHT.
HEY.
THE COLLAPSE OF THAT BUILDING COMPLETELY BURIED THE ENTRANCE TO OUR SECRET HIDEOUT. THERE'S ANOTHER ENTRANCE BUT IT'S HIDDEN AND CODE-LOCKED.
WE NEED TO GET DOWN THERE AND MAKE SURE OUR PEOPLE ARE OKAY.
TAKE THIS AND STAY IN TOUCH. MAYBE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER AGAIN.
THANKS. DOESN'T CHARGE EXTRA FOR ROAMING, DOES IT?
Yeah, right. She just wants us to stay in contact for a booty-call.
GOOD LUCK, GUYS. DON'T GET EATEN.
WELL, THERE SHE GOES. THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WHO WILL SLEEP WITH YOU.
No way. We're definitely winning over Dr. Betty. Slowly. Very very very slowly.
YOU REALLY THINK SO?
No.

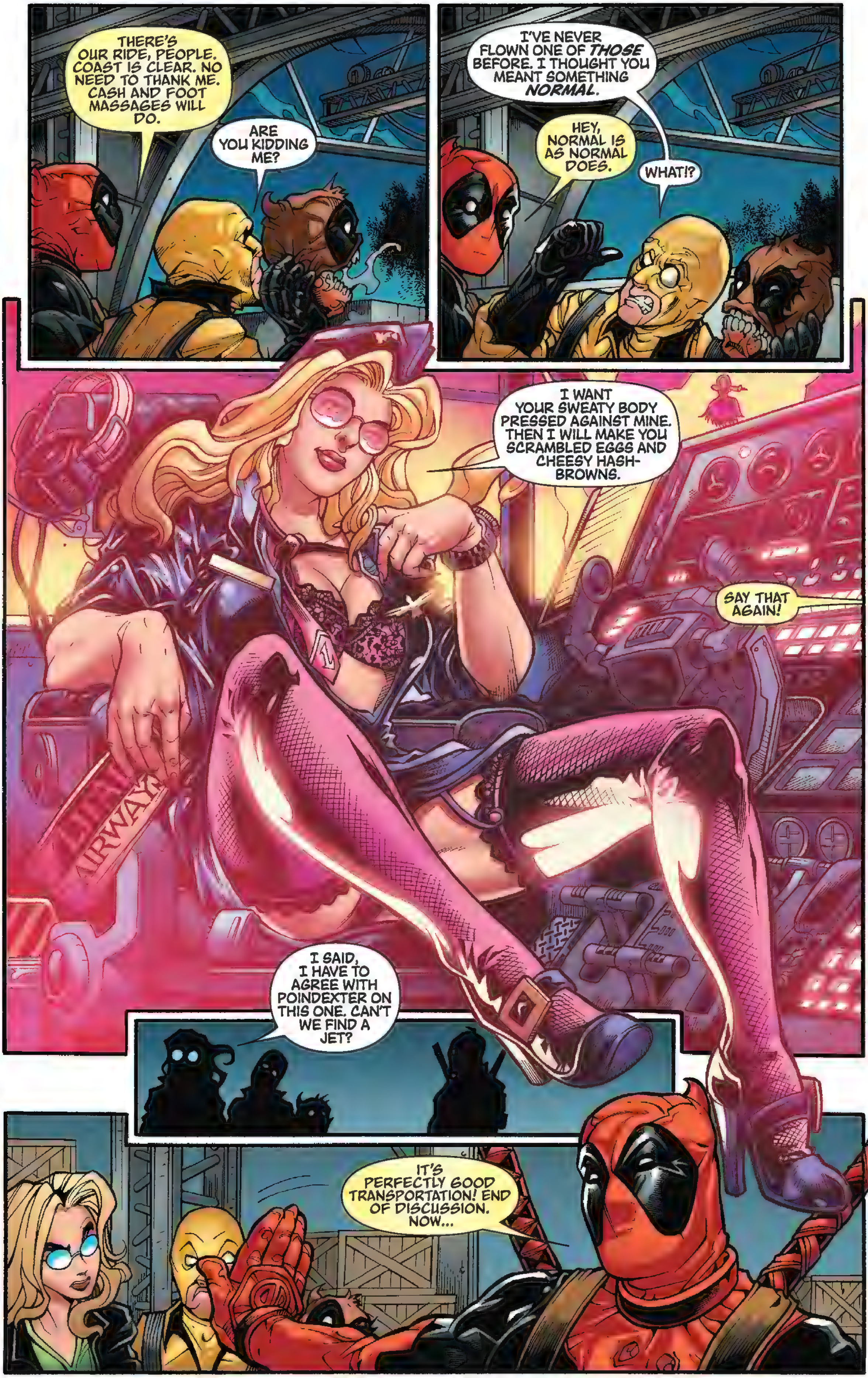

YOU KNOW, I REALLY FELT A LOT SAFER WITH THOSE GUYS AROUND.
THEY TOLD ME THEY NEVER LIKED YOU.
SIGH
OKAY, WE'VE BEEN IN THIS CRAPPY UNIVERSE LONG ENOUGH. TIME TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET HOME.
I KNOW. I KNOW.
REMEMBER WHAT SORCERER SUPREME VOO-DUDE SAID: THE DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY THINGY WAS OFF-KILTER WITH TIME AND SPACE.
I'M PRETTY SURE WE CAN CATCH MY UNDECAPITATED SELF BEFORE HE GOES THROUGH THE GATEWAY, TAKE MY BODY BACK, THEN USE THE PORTAL TO GET HOME. ALL WE NEED TO DO IS ARRANGE TRANSPORTATION TO CITRUSVILLE.
BACK TO THE SWAMP? GREAT. I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS WE'LL BE ASSAULTED BY THE GIANT SPINACH MONSTER AGAIN.
Giant spinach monster?
MAN-THING.
Ah.

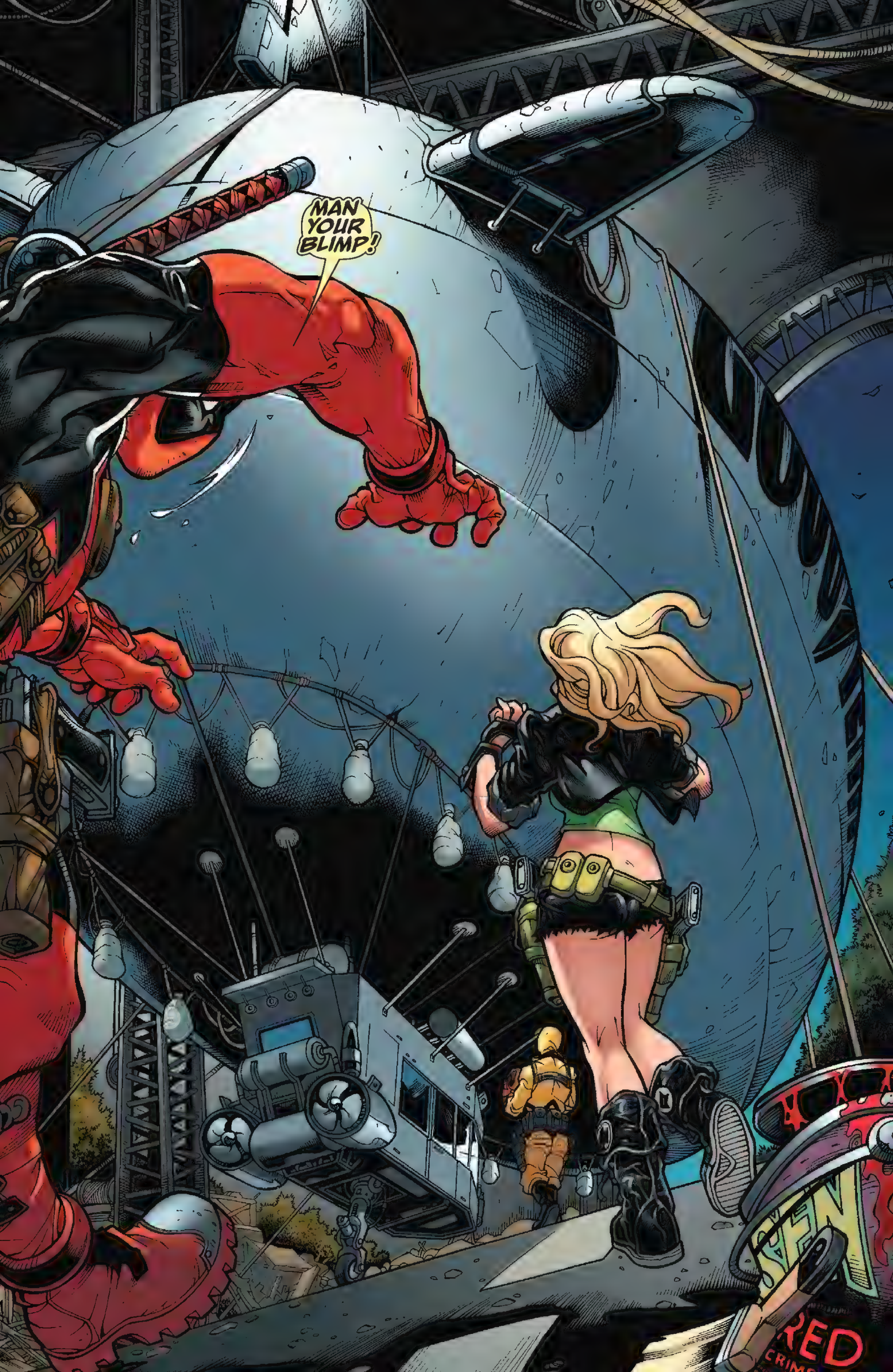

OKAY, DADDY CAN TAKE A HINT. TIME TO EXERT SOME LEADERSHIP. BILL, IF WE FIND SOME AIR TRANSPORT, A VTOL OR CHOPPER OR SOMETHING, YOU CAN FLY IT, RIGHT?
I SUPPOSE... I MEAN, IT DEPENDS ON THE MODEL OF --
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.
SALCEDO SA
SO WE STEAL SOME TRANSPORT, HIT THE SWAMP, SUBDUE THE ALTERNA-VERSE ZOMBIE VERSION OF MYSELF, REUNITE SHORTY WITH HIS BODY, AVOID MAN-THING, THEN HOP THROUGH THE PORTAL AND HOPE IT'S NOT ON THE FRITZ.
WHAT COULD GO WRONG?
WHOA. WAIT. THIS PORTAL DOESN'T EXACTLY OBEY OUR COMMANDS EVEN WHEN IT *IS* WORKING.
HOW DO WE KNOW IT WON'T ZAP US OFF TO SOME DIMENSION WHERE WE'RE ALL TROPICAL BIRDS OR AMWAY SALES REPS?
WHEN I CAME THROUGH THE FIRST TIME, IT WAS TO *YOUR* UNIVERSE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CATCH ME A SECOND BEFORE I GO THROUGH... THEN WE GO THROUGH INSTEAD. SHOULD GO RIGHT TO YOUR WORLD AGAIN.
THEN ALL WE NEED TO DO IS FIND AN OPERATIONAL TRANSPORT SOMEWHERE IN THIS BLASTED LANDSCAPE.
I'LL CALL DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE.

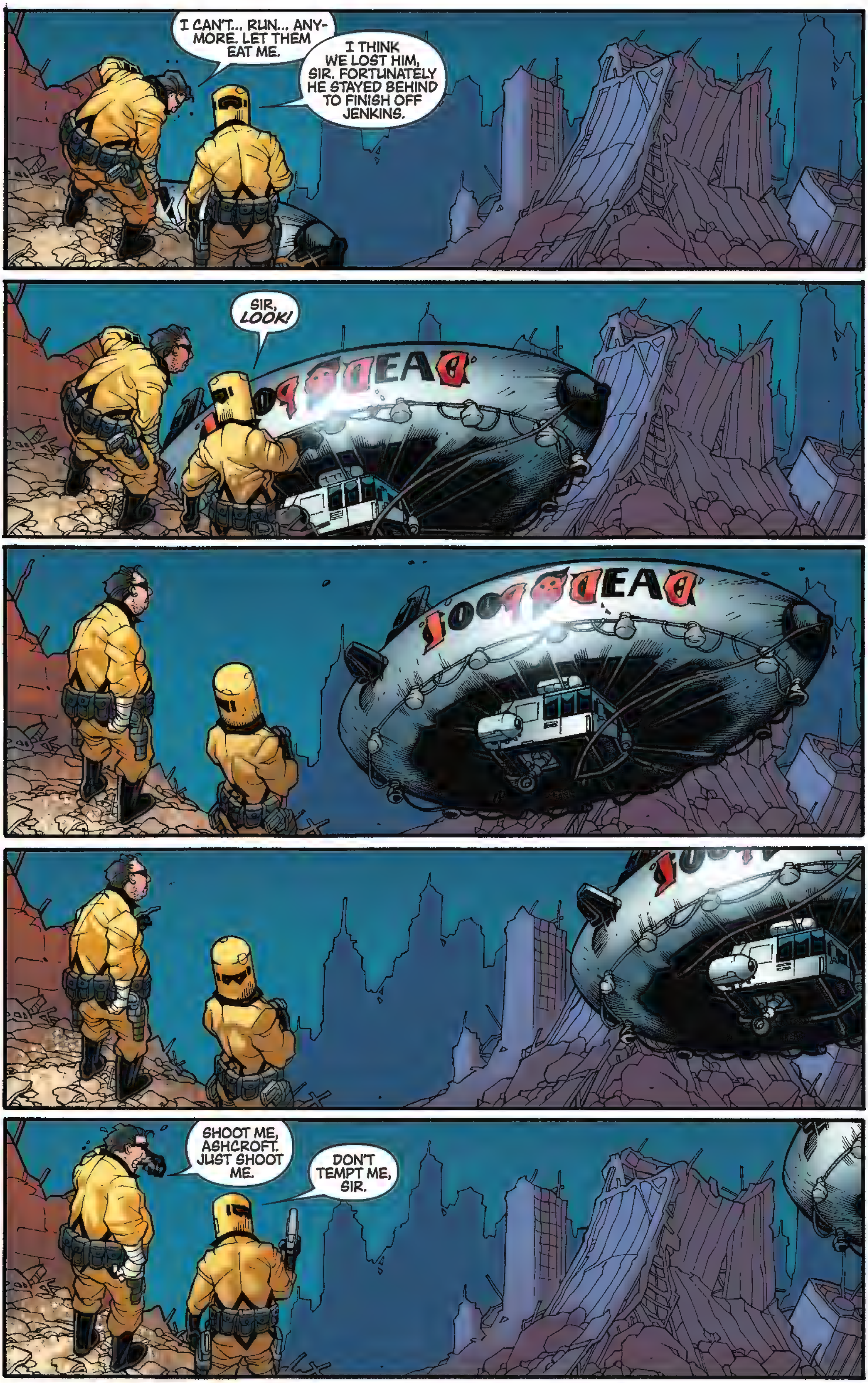

MEANWHILE...
WHO DID WE LOSE? ≈pant pant≈
MANFRETTI AND JOHNSON. ZOMBIES TORE THEM APART WHILE THEY WERE STILL ALIVE.
MY GOD, THE SCREAMING. IT WAS H-HORRIBLE. LIKE A N-NIGHTMARE.
SMAK!
HEY!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN. WE'RE NOT LICKED YET.
BZZZZZZZT!
MMMMM. BLACKENED A.I.M. THUG. DELICIOSO!
BLAST THE EVIL BASTARD BACK TO HELL!

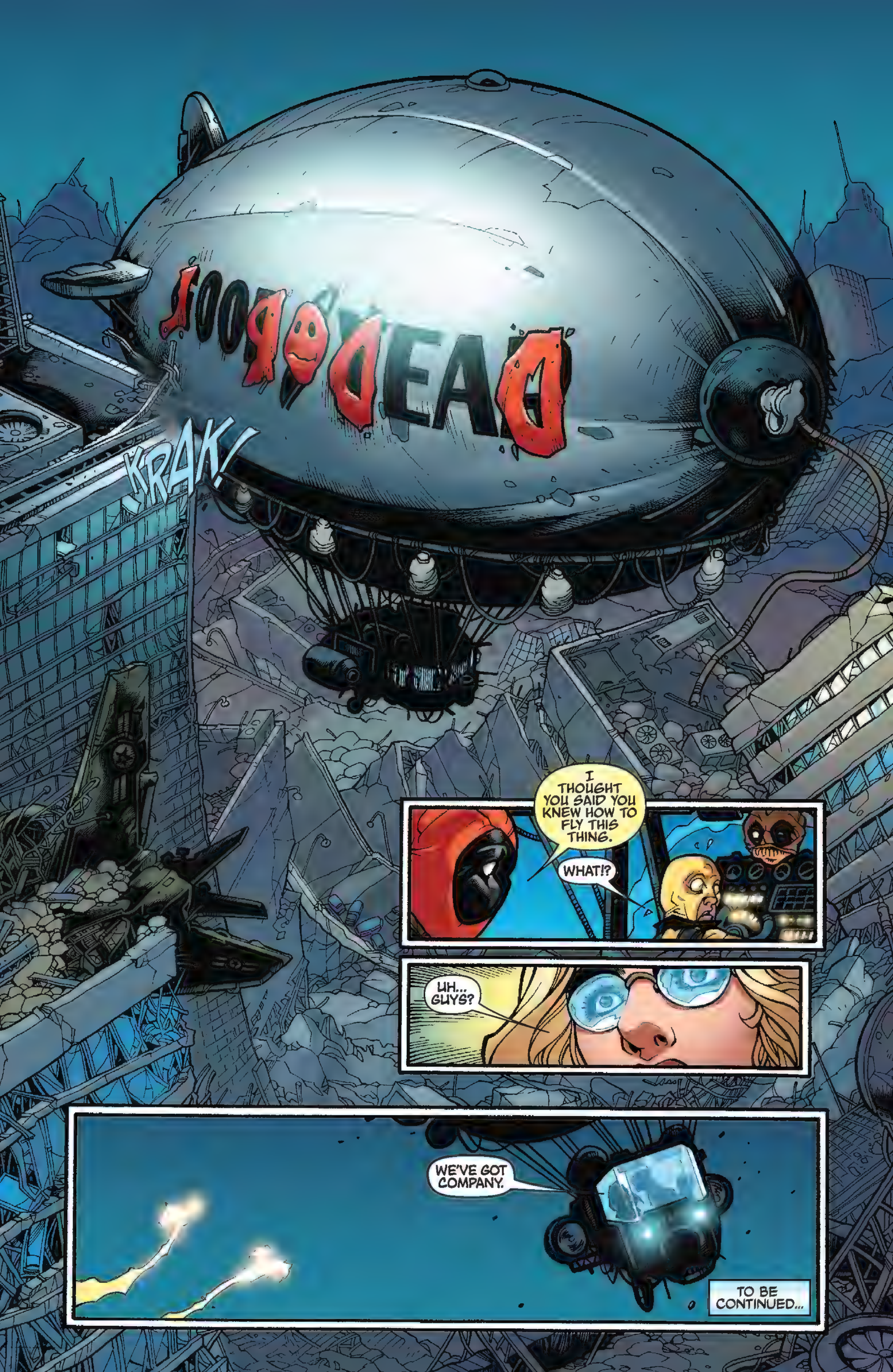

BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
THE BANQUET CONTINUES!


P-PLEASE! D-DON'T EAT ME--
KRUNCH!
EEEEYAAAAHHHH!
THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE SUCKS, ASHCROFT.
YA THINK? COME ON!
YOU'RE NEXT, FELLAS! THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR DESSERT!


THERE'S OUR RIDE, PEOPLE. COAST IS CLEAR. NO NEED TO THANK ME. CASH AND FOOT MASSAGES WILL DO.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
I'VE NEVER FLOWN ONE OF *THOSE* BEFORE. I THOUGHT YOU MEANT SOMETHING ***NORMAL***.
HEY, NORMAL IS AS NORMAL DOES.
WHAT!?
I WANT YOUR SWEATY BODY PRESSED AGAINST MINE. THEN I WILL MAKE YOU SCRAMBLED EGGS AND CHEESY HASH-BROWNS.
SAY THAT AGAIN!
I SAID, I HAVE TO AGREE WITH POINDEXTER ON THIS ONE. CAN'T WE FIND A JET?
IT'S PERFECTLY GOOD TRANSPORTATION! END OF DISCUSSION. NOW...


MAN YOUR BLIMP!
RED


I CAN'T... RUN... ANYMORE. LET THEM EAT ME.
I THINK WE LOST HIM, SIR. FORTUNATELY HE STAYED BEHIND TO FINISH OFF JENKINS.
SIR, *LOOK!*
DEADPOOL
SHOOT ME, ASHCROFT. JUST SHOOT ME.
DON'T TEMPT ME, SIR.


DEADPOOL!
KRAK!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU KNEW HOW TO FLY THIS THING.
WHAT!?
UH... GUYS?
WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
TO BE CONTINUED...

DEADPOOL:

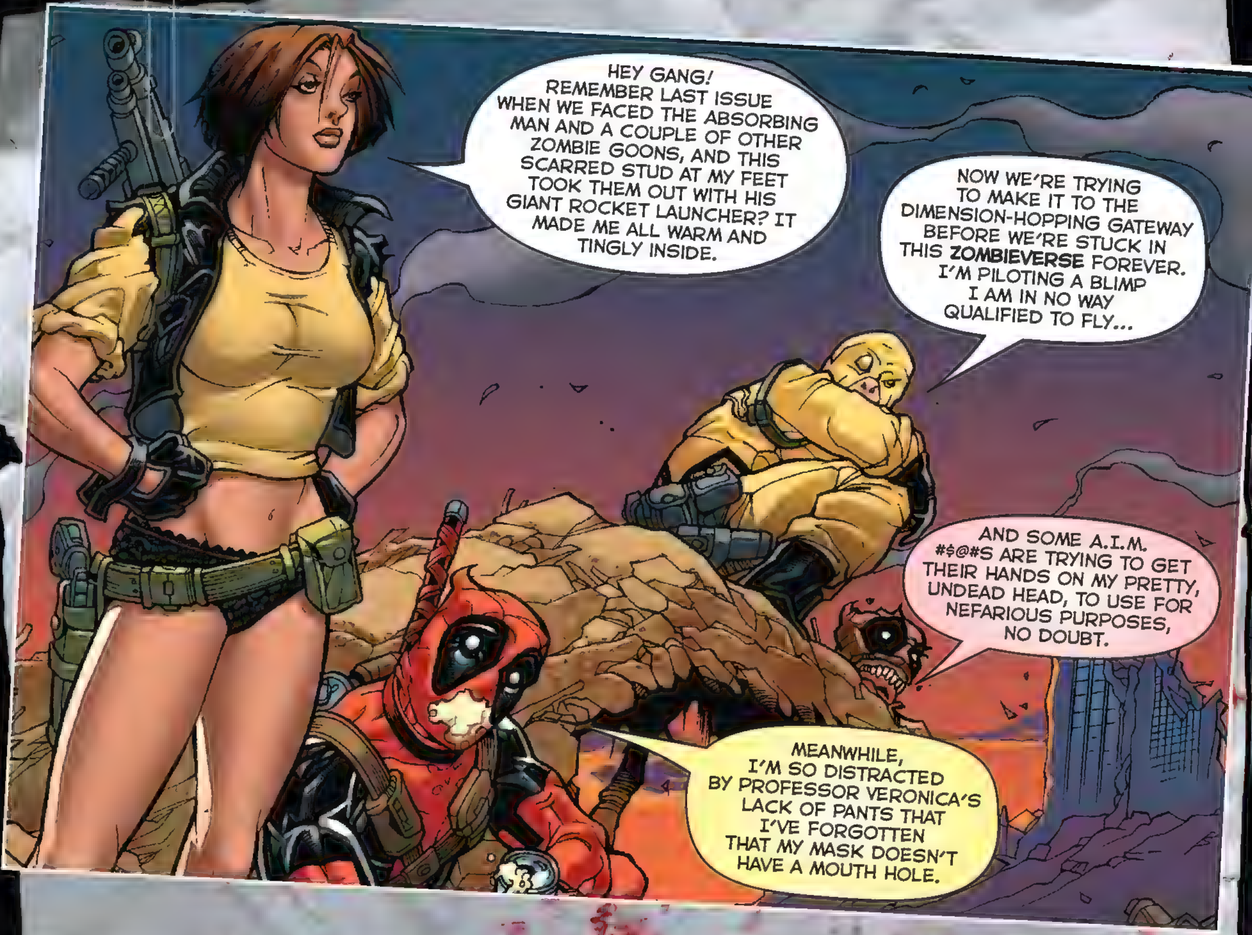
MERC

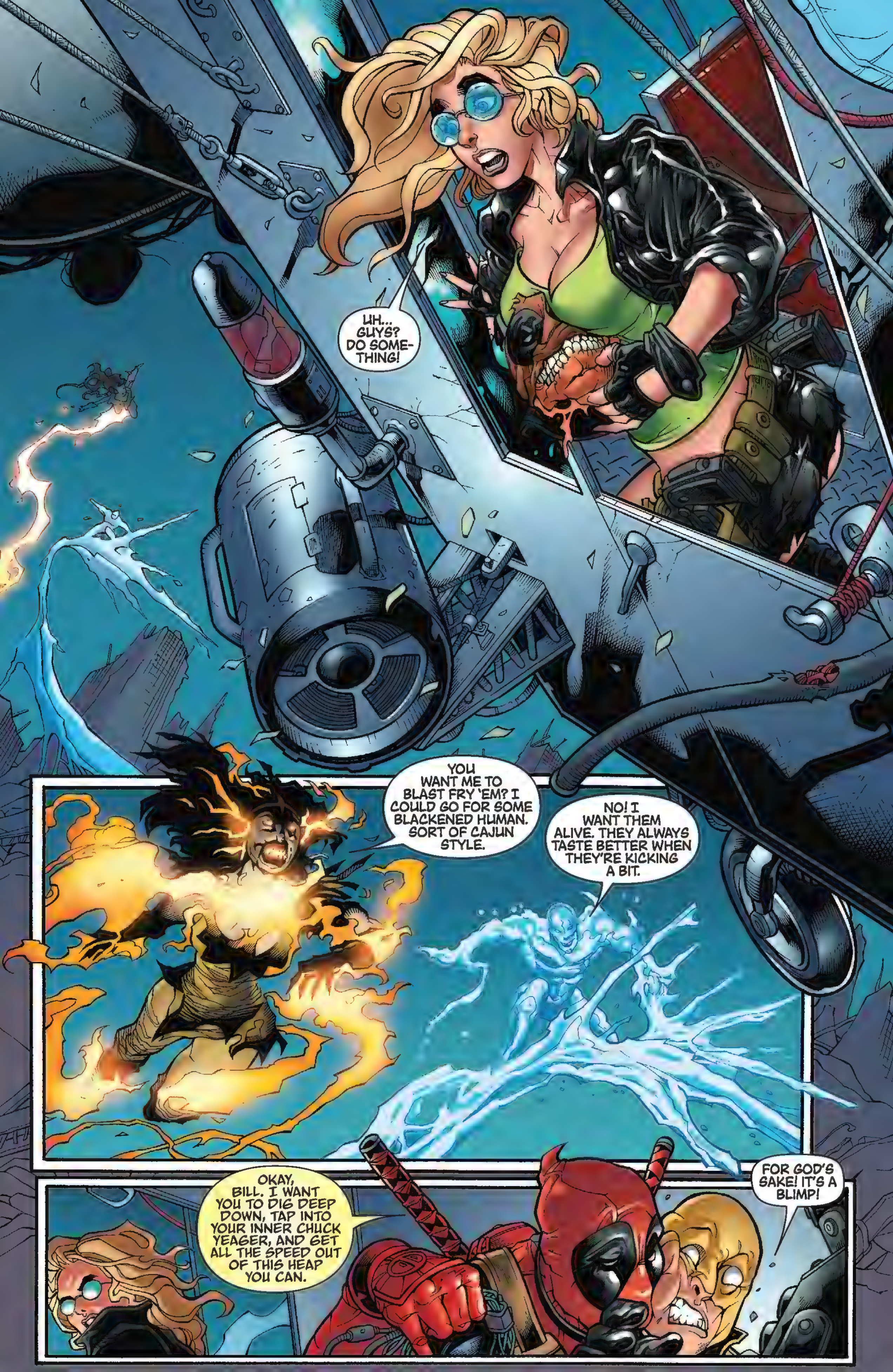
WITH A

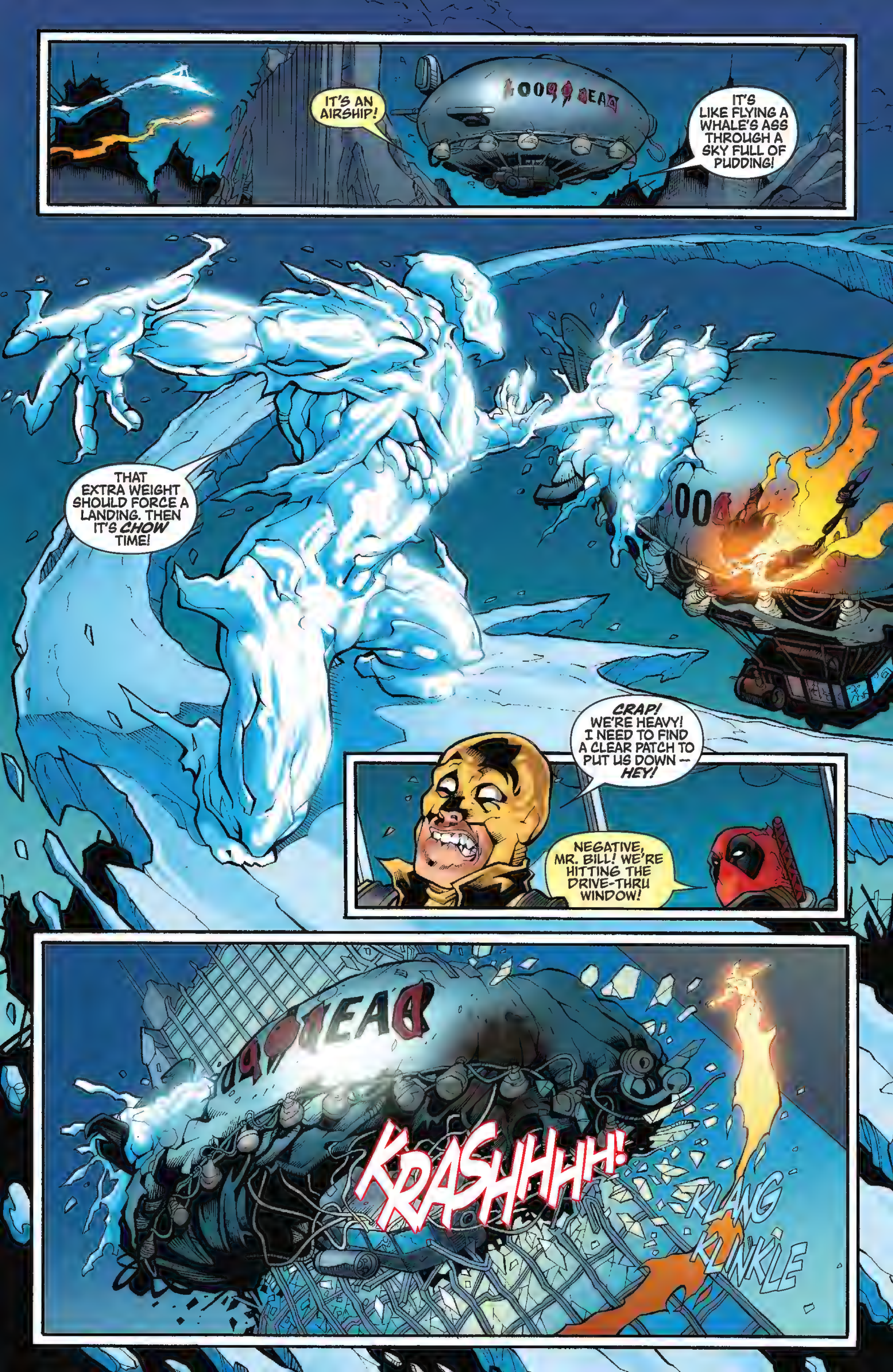
MOUTH

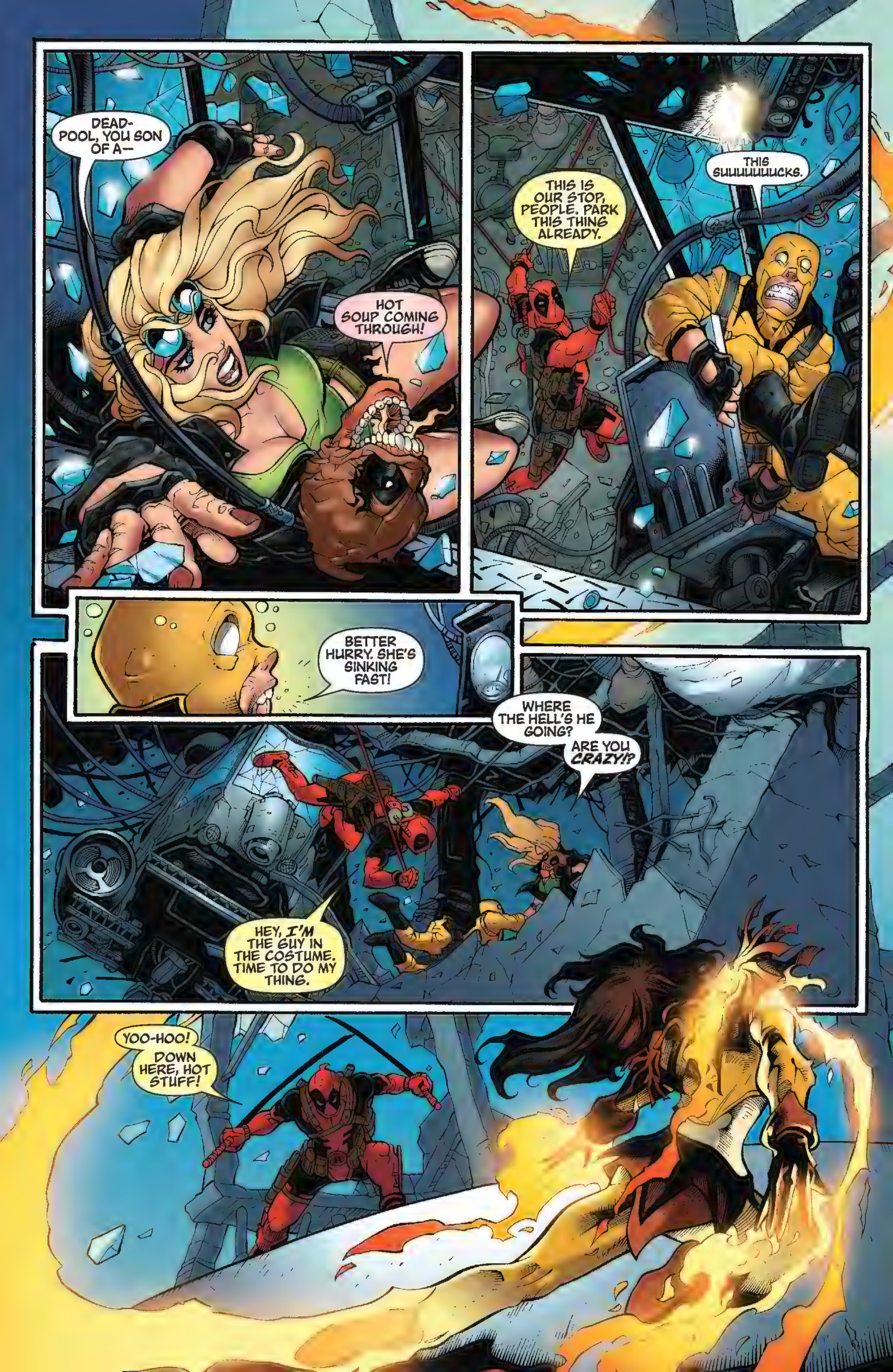
CHAPTER 11

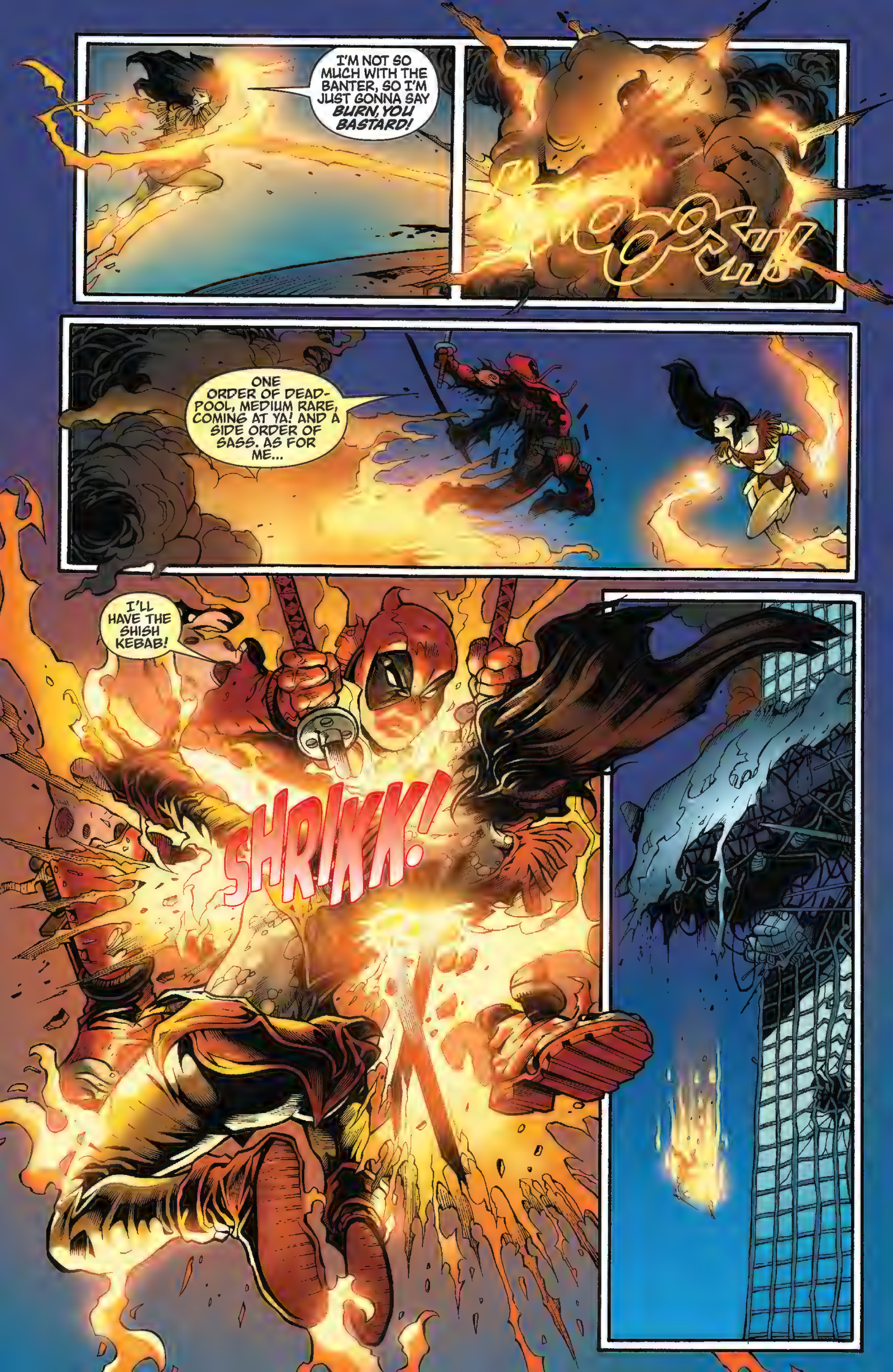
THE WAY OF THE MERCENARY

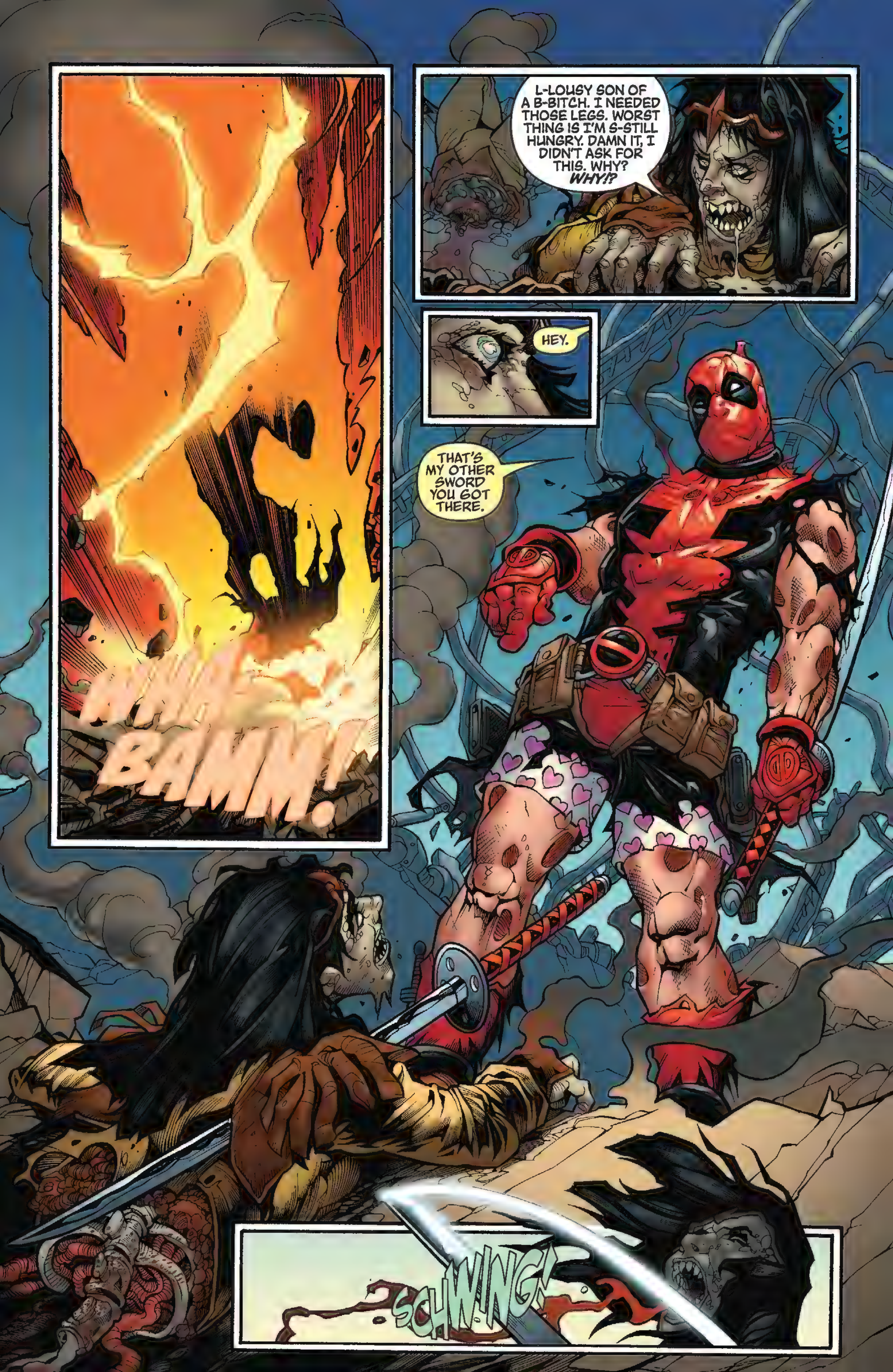

HEY GANG! REMEMBER LAST ISSUE WHEN WE FACED THE ABSORBING MAN AND A COUPLE OF OTHER ZOMBIE GOONS, AND THIS SCARRED STUD AT MY FEET TOOK THEM OUT WITH HIS GIANT ROCKET LAUNCHER? IT MADE ME ALL WARM AND TINGLY INSIDE.
NOW WE'RE TRYING TO MAKE IT TO THE DIMENSION-HOPPING GATEWAY BEFORE WE'RE STUCK IN THIS **ZOMBIEVERSE** FOREVER. I'M PILOTING A BLIMP I AM IN NO WAY QUALIFIED TO FLY...
AND SOME A.I.M. #$@#S ARE TRYING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON MY PRETTY, UNDEAD HEAD, TO USE FOR NEFARIOUS PURPOSES, NO DOUBT.
MEANWHILE, I'M SO DISTRACTED BY PROFESSOR VERONICA'S LACK OF PANTS THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN THAT MY MASK DOESN'T HAVE A MOUTH HOLE.

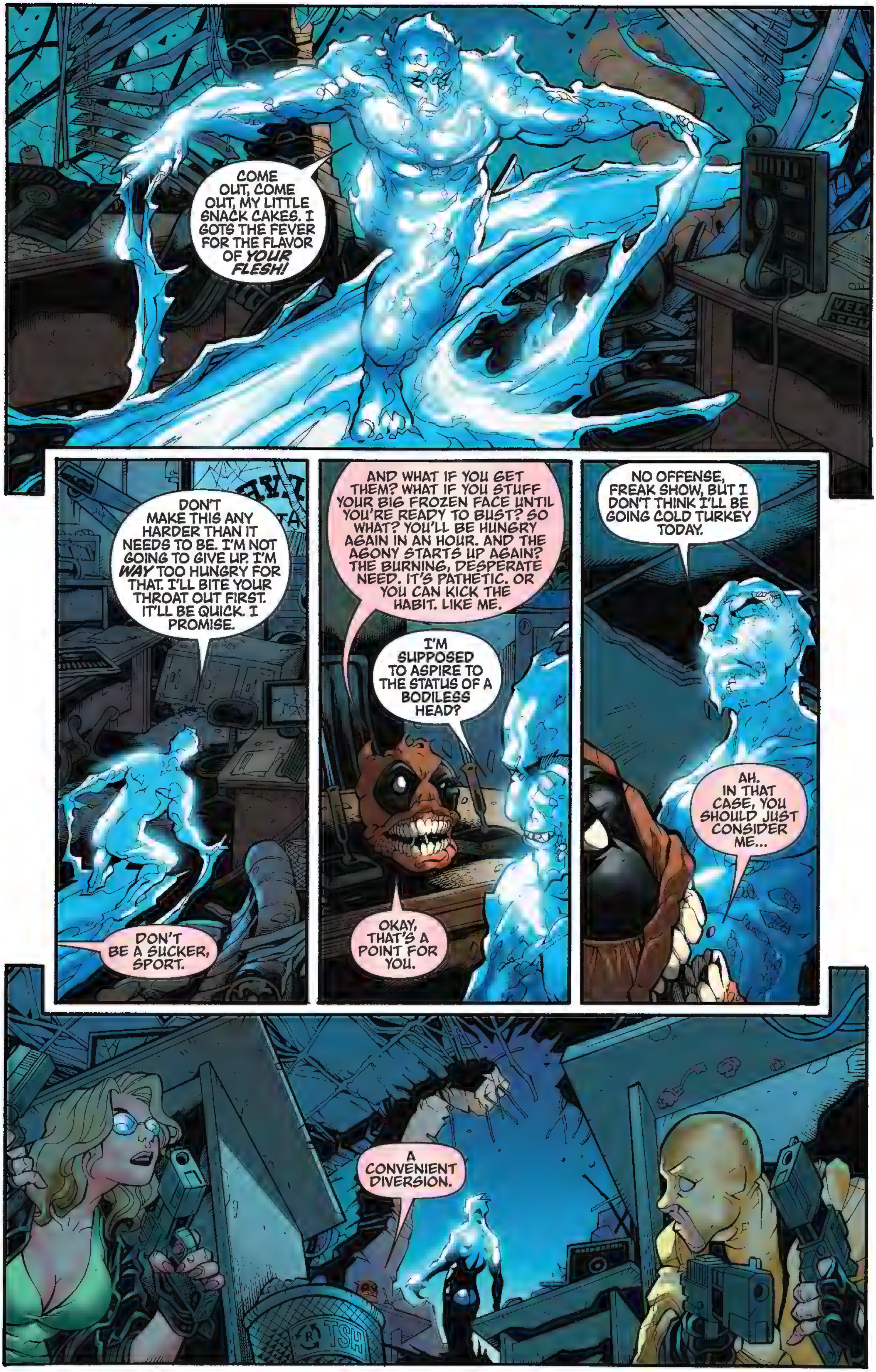

UH... GUYS? DO SOMETHING!
YOU WANT ME TO BLAST FRY 'EM? I COULD GO FOR SOME BLACKENED HUMAN. SORT OF CAJUN STYLE.
NO! I WANT THEM ALIVE. THEY ALWAYS TASTE BETTER WHEN THEY'RE KICKING A BIT.
OKAY, BILL. I WANT YOU TO DIG DEEP DOWN, TAP INTO YOUR INNER CHUCK YEAGER, AND GET ALL THE SPEED OUT OF THIS HEAP YOU CAN.
FOR GOD'S SAKE! IT'S A BLIMP!

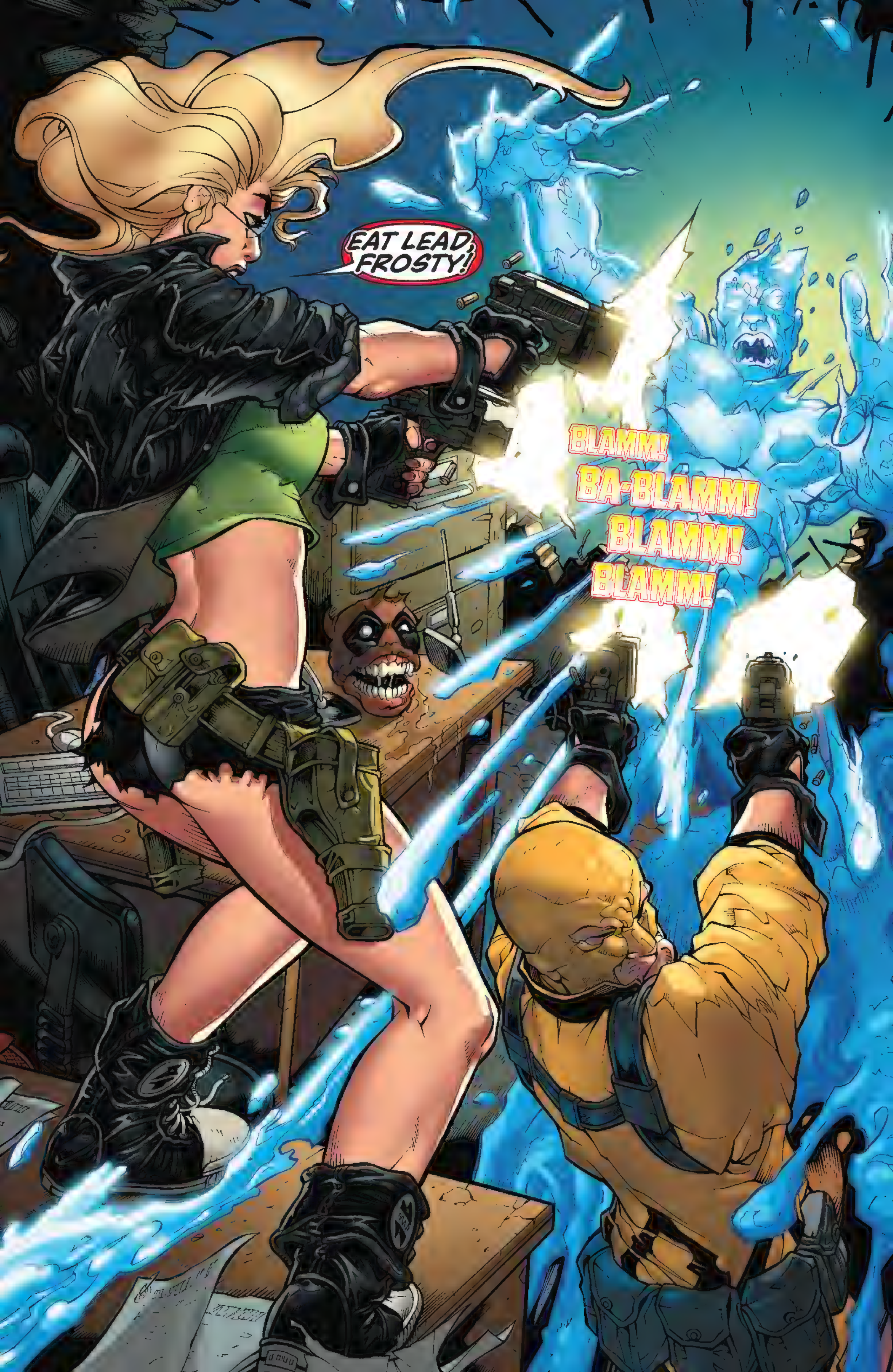

IT'S AN AIRSHIP!
IT'S LIKE FLYING A WHALE'S ASS THROUGH A SKY FULL OF PUDDING!
THAT EXTRA WEIGHT SHOULD FORCE A LANDING. THEN IT'S *CHOW* TIME!
CRAP! WE'RE HEAVY! I NEED TO FIND A CLEAR PATCH TO PUT US DOWN -- *HEY!*
NEGATIVE, MR. BILL! WE'RE HITTING THE DRIVE-THRU WINDOW!
KRASHHHH!
KLANG
KLINKLE

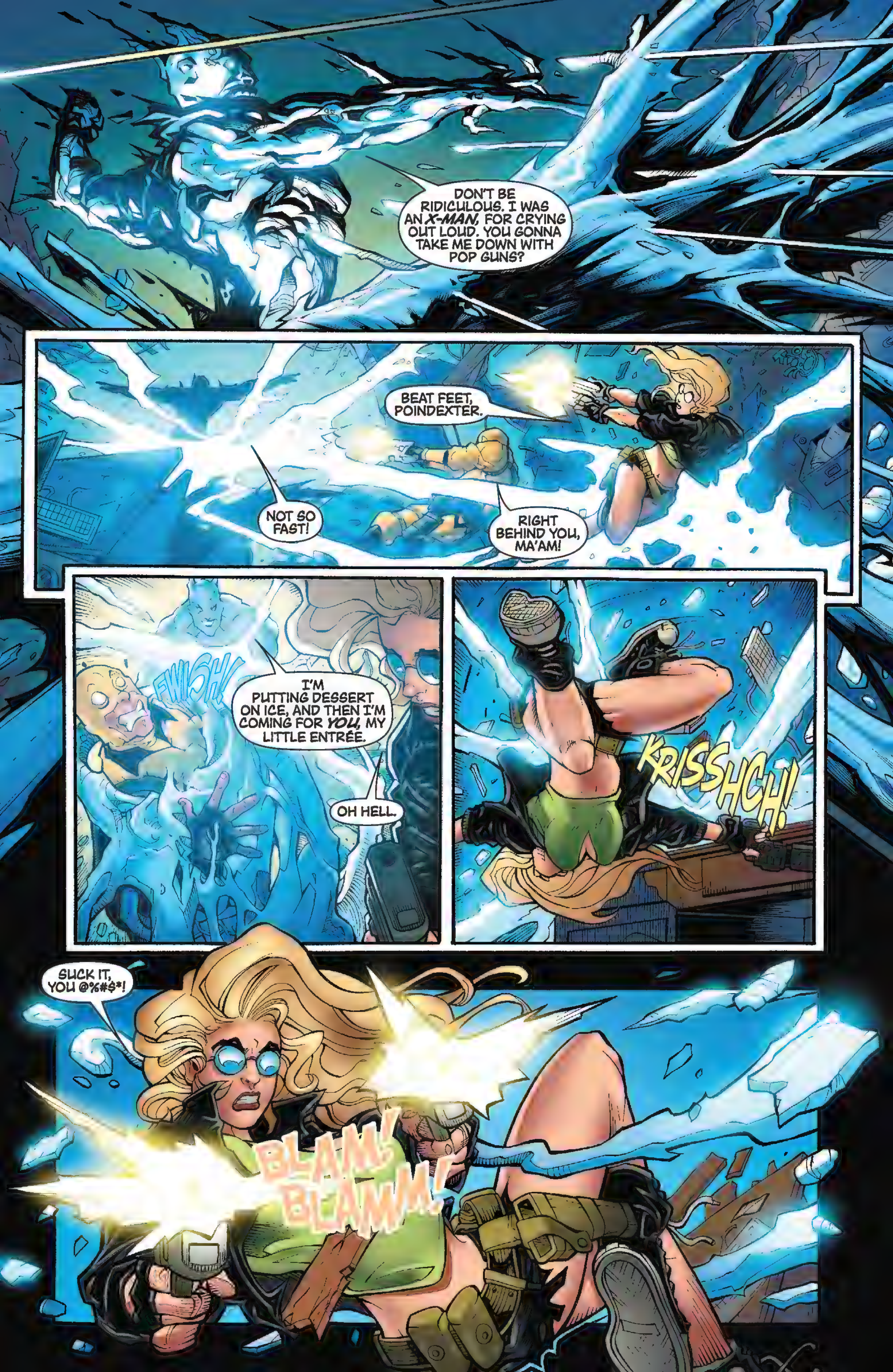

DEAD-POOL, YOU SON OF A--
HOT SOUP COMING THROUGH!
THIS IS OUR STOP, PEOPLE. PARK THIS THING ALREADY.
THIS SUUUUUUUCKS.
BETTER HURRY. SHE'S SINKING FAST!
WHERE THE HELL'S HE GOING?
ARE YOU *CRAZY!?*
HEY, *I'M* THE GUY IN THE COSTUME. TIME TO DO MY THING.
YOO-HOO!
DOWN HERE, HOT STUFF!

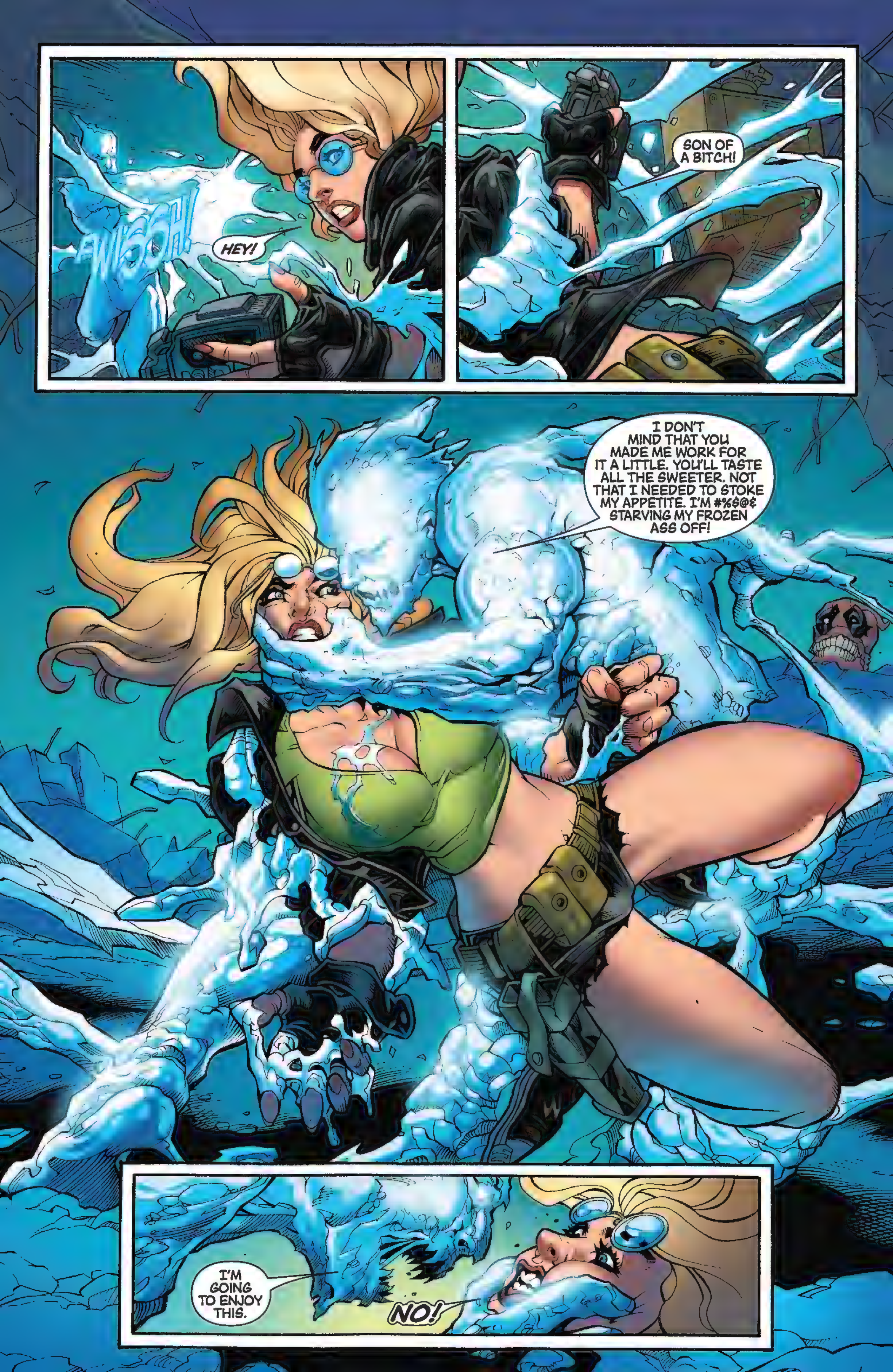

I'M NOT SO MUCH WITH THE BANTER, SO I'M JUST GONNA SAY *BURN, YOU BASTARD!*
WHOOOSH
ONE ORDER OF DEADPOOL, MEDIUM RARE, COMING AT YA! AND A SIDE ORDER OF SASS. AS FOR ME...
I'LL HAVE THE SHISH KEBAB!
SHRIKK!

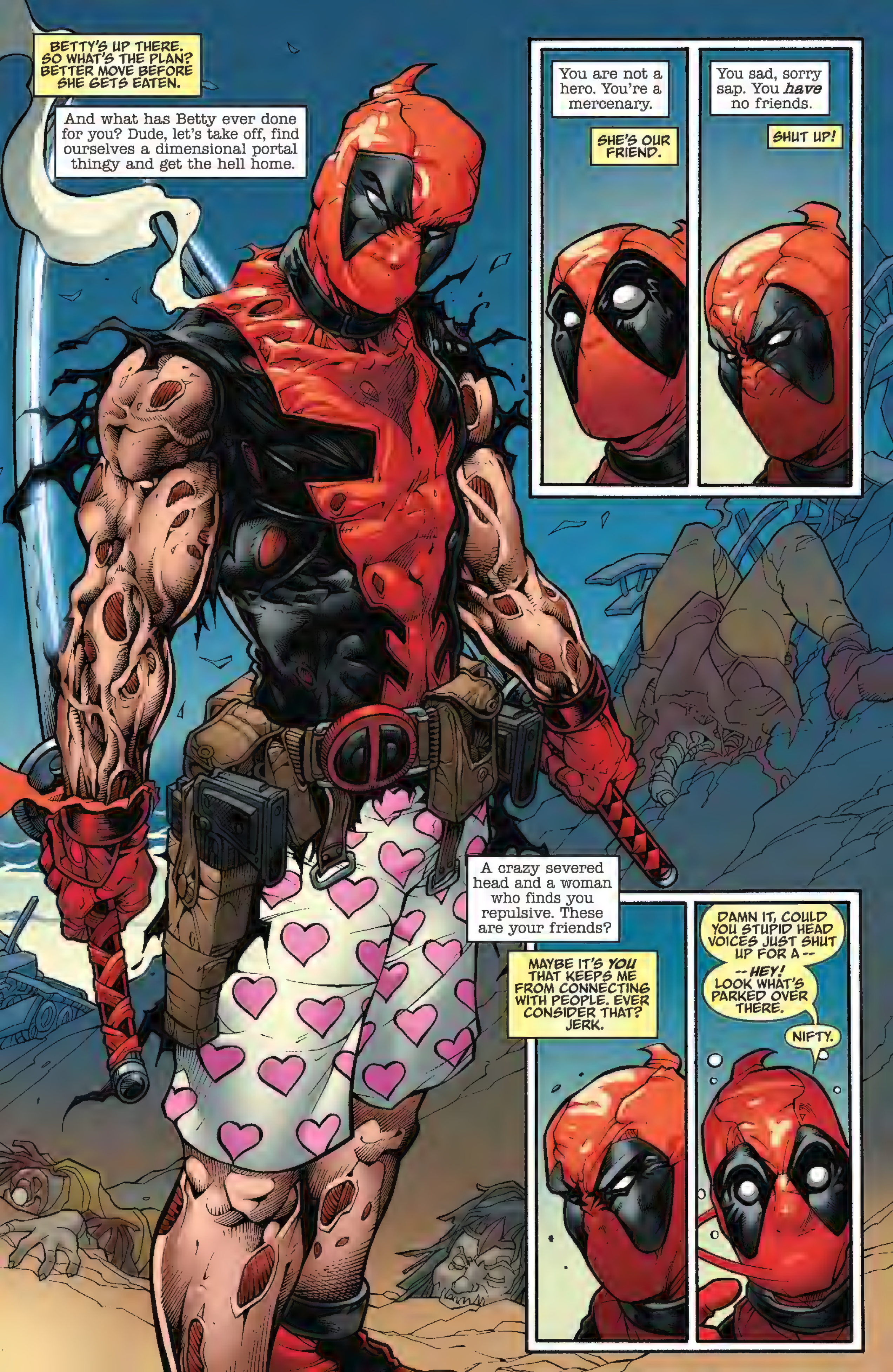

BAMM!
L-LOUSY SON OF A B-BITCH. I NEEDED THOSE LEGS. WORST THING IS I'M S-STILL HUNGRY. DAMN IT, I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS. WHY? *WHY!?*
HEY.
THAT'S MY OTHER SWORD YOU GOT THERE.
SCHWING!

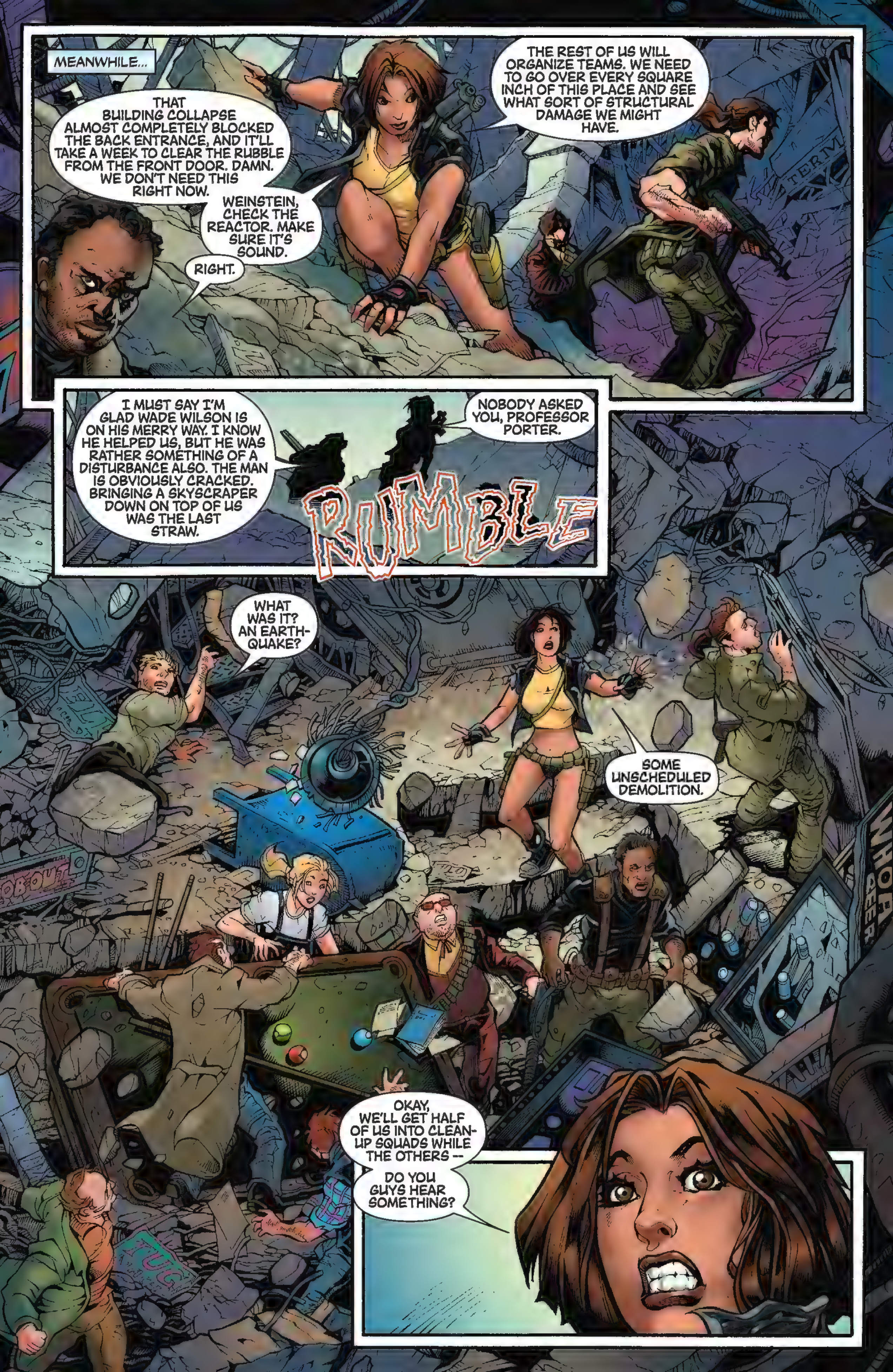

COME OUT, COME OUT, MY LITTLE SNACK CAKES. I GOTS THE FEVER FOR THE FLAVOR OF *YOUR FLESH!*
DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER THAN IT NEEDS TO BE. I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE UP. I'M *WAY* TOO HUNGRY FOR THAT. I'LL BITE YOUR THROAT OUT FIRST. IT'LL BE QUICK. I PROMISE.
DON'T BE A SUCKER, SPORT.
AND WHAT IF YOU GET THEM? WHAT IF YOU STUFF YOUR BIG FROZEN FACE UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO BUST? SO WHAT? YOU'LL BE HUNGRY AGAIN IN AN HOUR. AND THE AGONY STARTS UP AGAIN? THE BURNING, DESPERATE NEED. IT'S PATHETIC. OR YOU CAN KICK THE HABIT. LIKE ME.
I'M SUPPOSED TO ASPIRE TO THE STATUS OF A BODILESS HEAD?
OKAY, THAT'S A POINT FOR YOU.
NO OFFENSE, FREAK SHOW, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOING COLD TURKEY TODAY.
AH. IN THAT CASE, YOU SHOULD JUST CONSIDER ME...
A CONVENIENT DIVERSION.

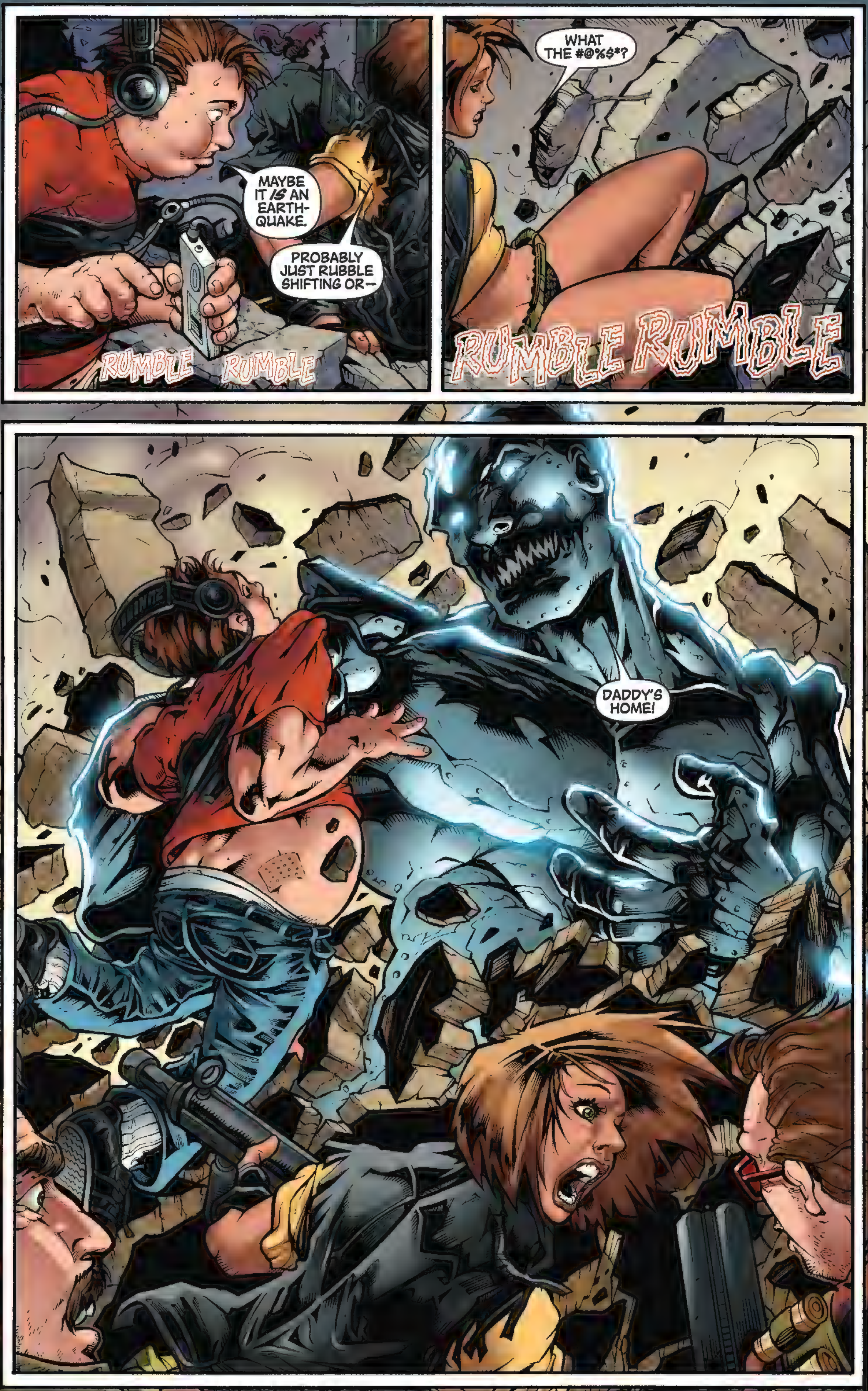

EAT LEAD, FROSTY!
BLAMM!
BA-BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

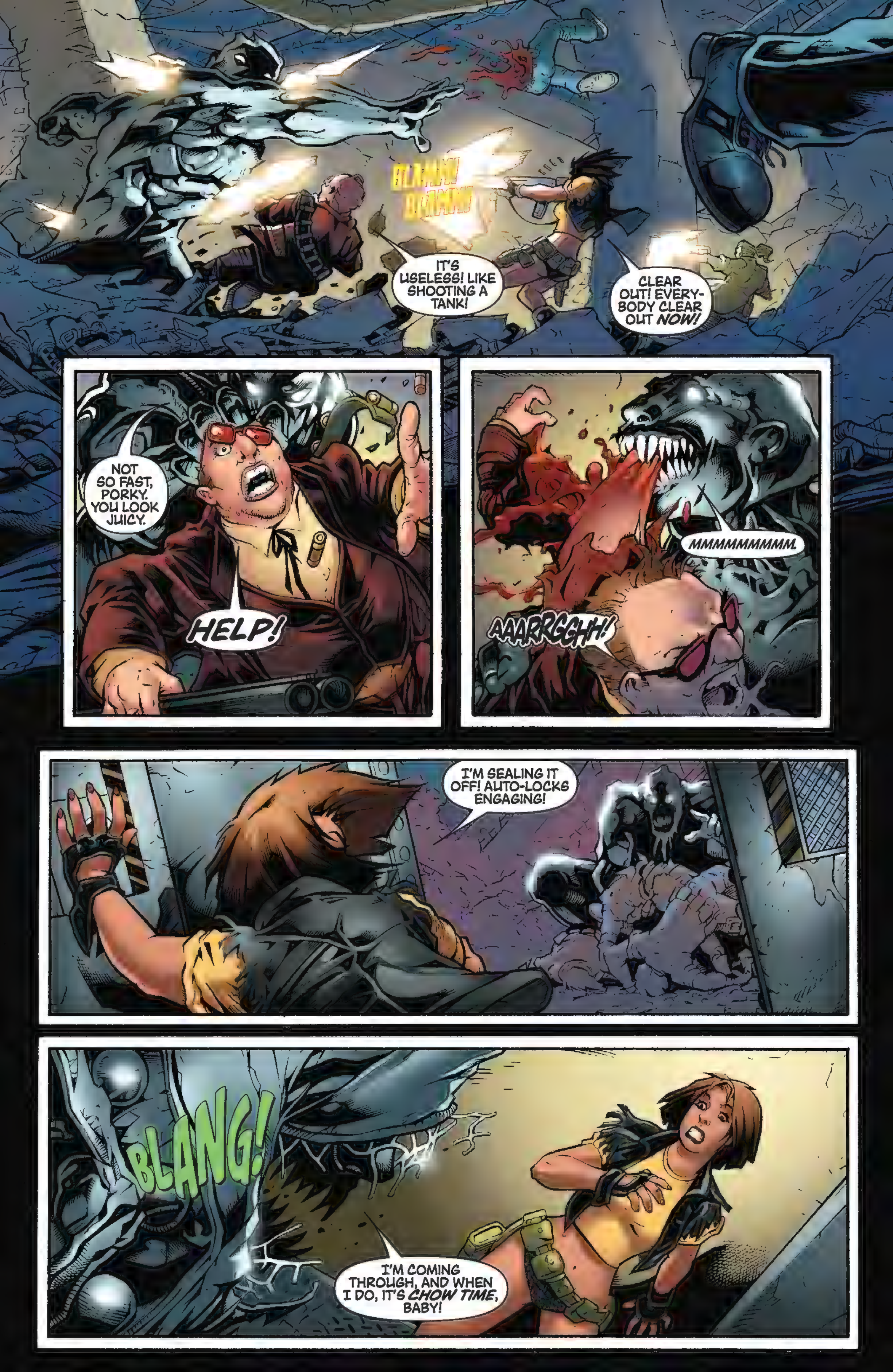

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I WAS AN *X-MAN,* FOR CRYING OUT LOUD. YOU GONNA TAKE ME DOWN WITH POP GUNS?
BEAT FEET, POINDEXTER.
NOT SO FAST!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MA'AM!
FWISH!
I'M PUTTING DESSERT ON ICE, AND THEN I'M COMING FOR *YOU,* MY LITTLE ENTRÉE.
OH HELL.
KRISSHCH!
SUCK IT, YOU @%#$*!
BLAM! BLAMM!

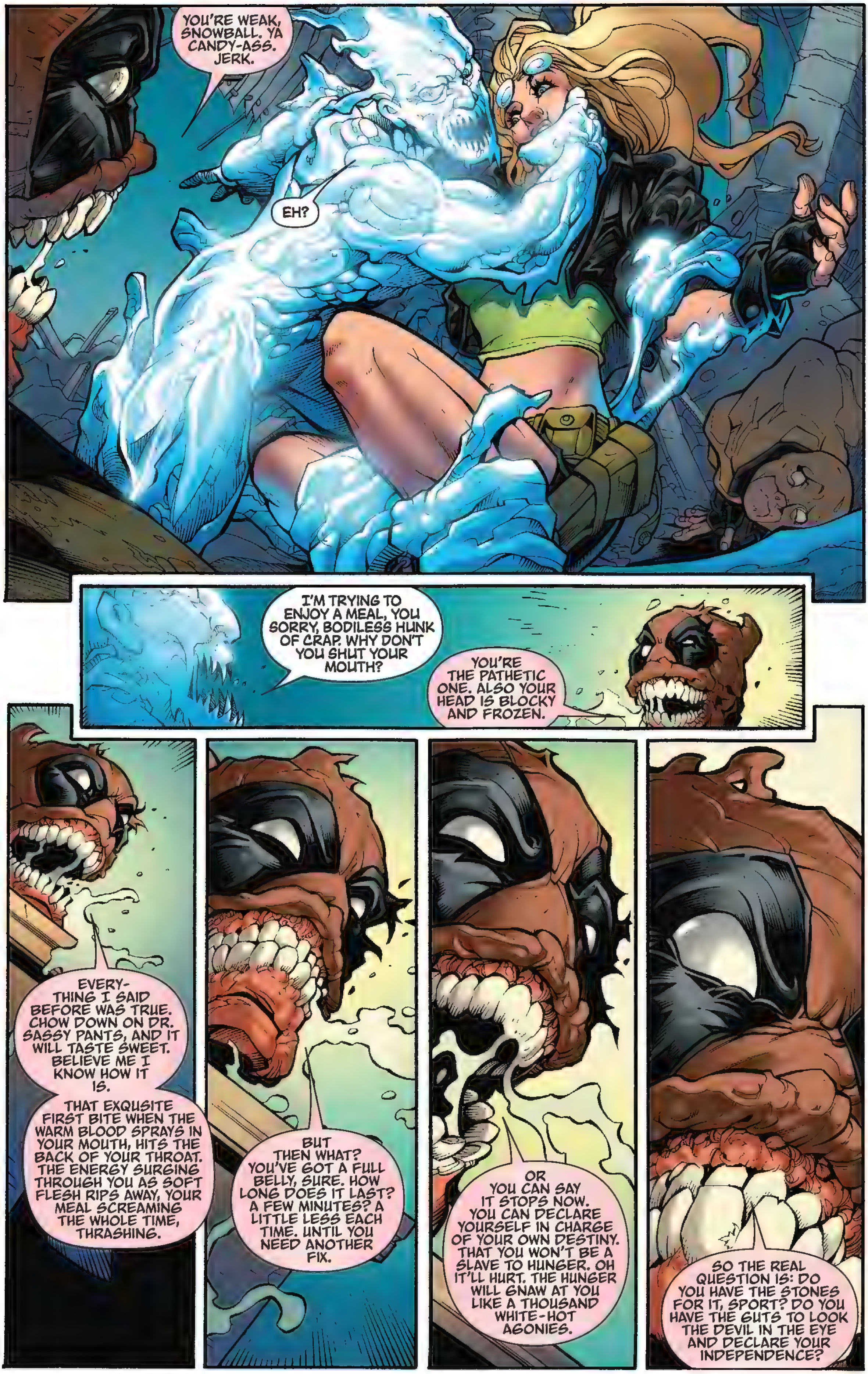

FWISSH!
HEY!
SON OF A BITCH!
I DON'T MIND THAT YOU MADE ME WORK FOR IT A LITTLE. YOU'LL TASTE ALL THE SWEETER. NOT THAT I NEEDED TO STOKE MY APPETITE. I'M #%$@& STARVING MY FROZEN ASS OFF!
I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS.
NO!

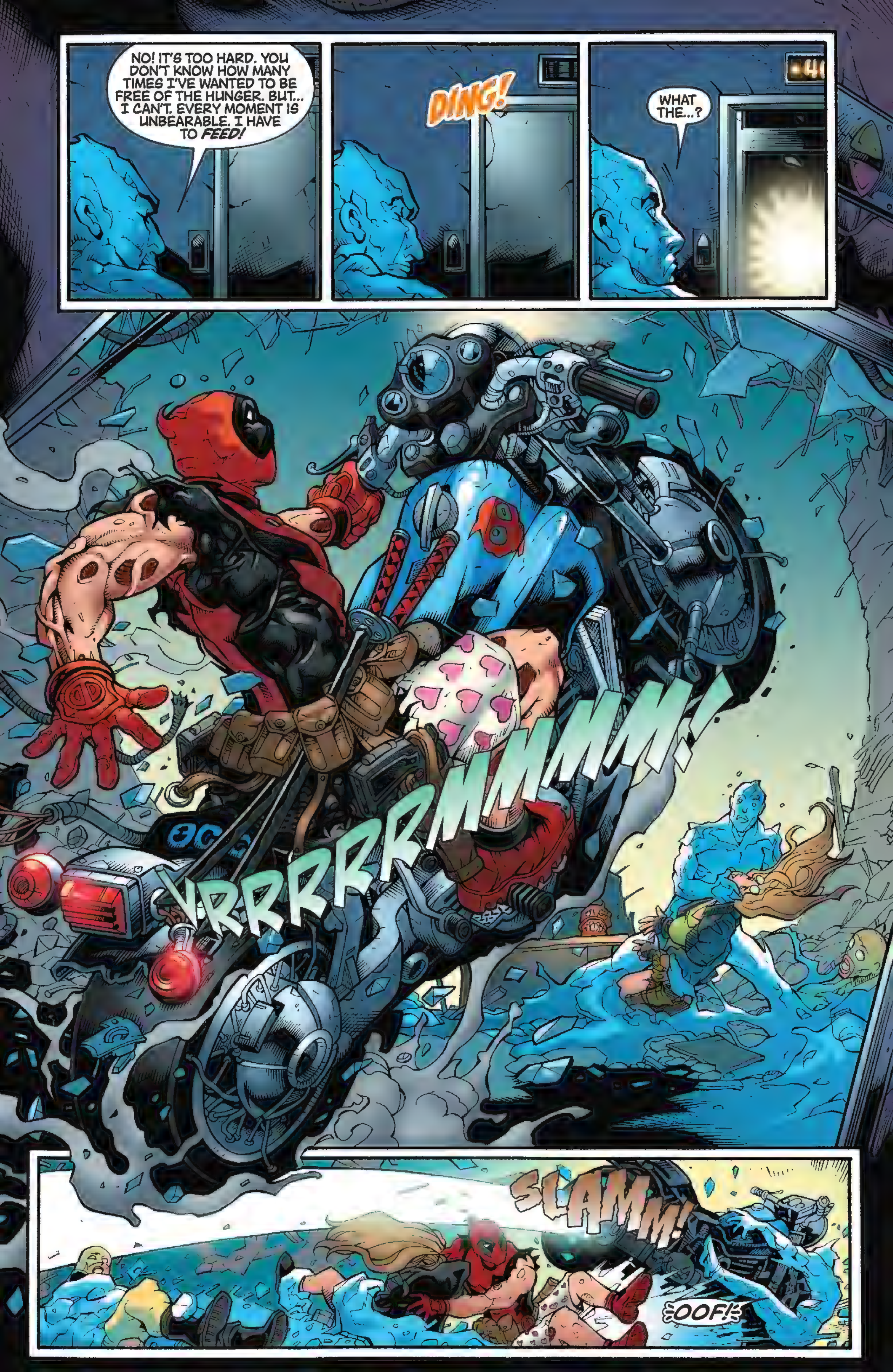

BETTY'S UP THERE. SO WHAT'S THE PLAN? BETTER MOVE BEFORE SHE GETS EATEN.
And what has Betty ever done for you? Dude, let's take off, find ourselves a dimensional portal thingy and get the hell home.
You are not a hero. You're a mercenary.
SHE'S OUR FRIEND.
You sad, sorry sap. You *have* no friends.
SHUT UP!
A crazy severed head and a woman who finds you repulsive. These are your friends?
MAYBE IT'S *YOU* THAT KEEPS ME FROM CONNECTING WITH PEOPLE. EVER CONSIDER THAT? JERK.
DAMN IT, COULD YOU STUPID HEAD VOICES JUST SHUT UP FOR A --
-- *HEY!* LOOK WHAT'S PARKED OVER THERE.
NIFTY.

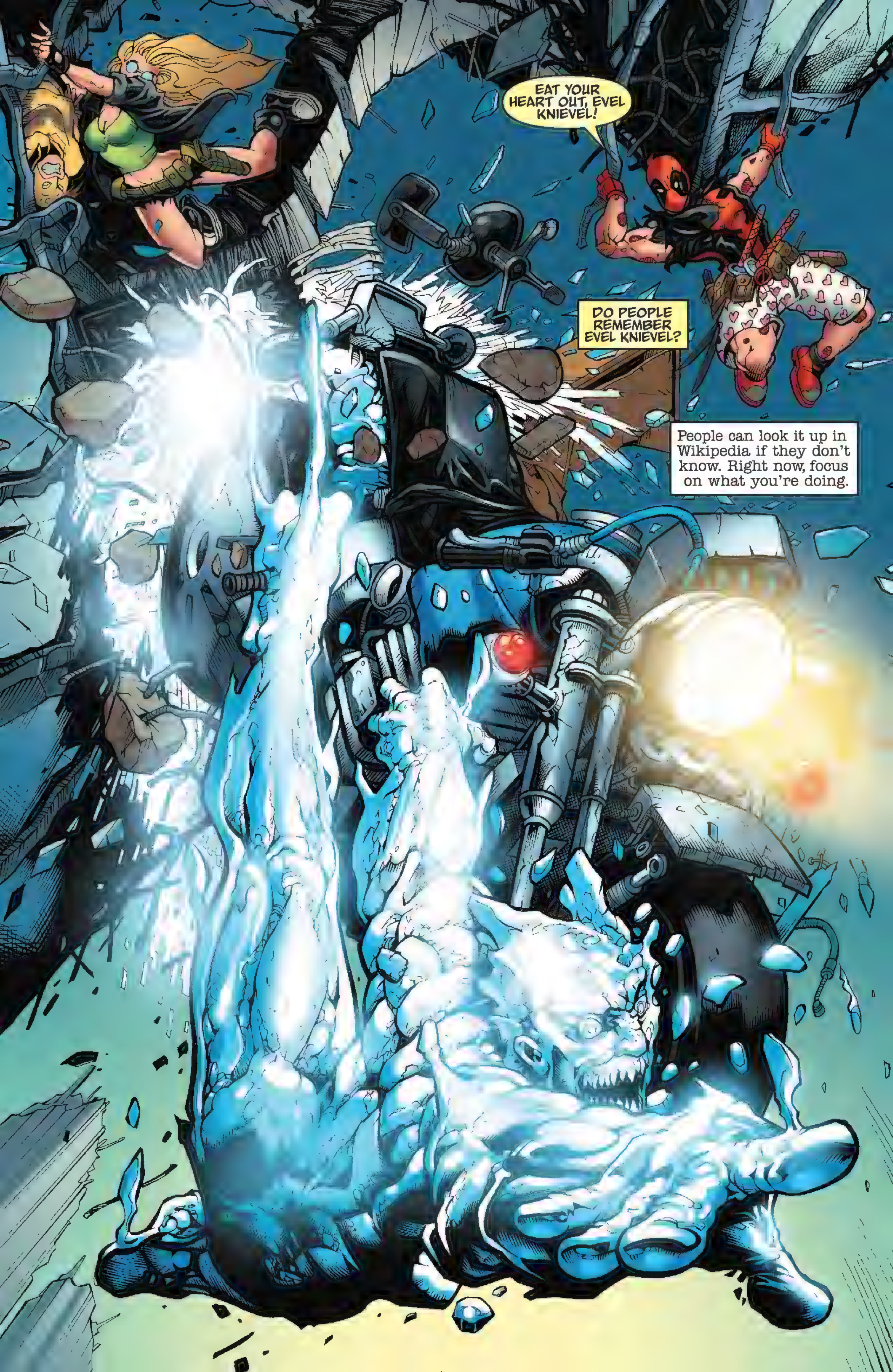

MEANWHILE...
THAT BUILDING COLLAPSE ALMOST COMPLETELY BLOCKED THE BACK ENTRANCE, AND IT'LL TAKE A WEEK TO CLEAR THE RUBBLE FROM THE FRONT DOOR. DAMN. WE DON'T NEED THIS RIGHT NOW.
WEINSTEIN, CHECK THE REACTOR. MAKE SURE IT'S SOUND.
RIGHT.
THE REST OF US WILL ORGANIZE TEAMS. WE NEED TO GO OVER EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THIS PLACE AND SEE WHAT SORT OF STRUCTURAL DAMAGE WE MIGHT HAVE.
I MUST SAY I'M GLAD WADE WILSON IS ON HIS MERRY WAY. I KNOW HE HELPED US, BUT HE WAS RATHER SOMETHING OF A DISTURBANCE ALSO. THE MAN IS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED. BRINGING A SKYSCRAPER DOWN ON TOP OF US WAS THE LAST STRAW.
NOBODY ASKED YOU, PROFESSOR PORTER.
RUMBLE
WHAT WAS IT? AN EARTHQUAKE?
SOME UNSCHEDULED DEMOLITION.
OKAY, WE'LL GET HALF OF US INTO CLEAN-UP SQUADS WHILE THE OTHERS --
DO YOU GUYS HEAR SOMETHING?

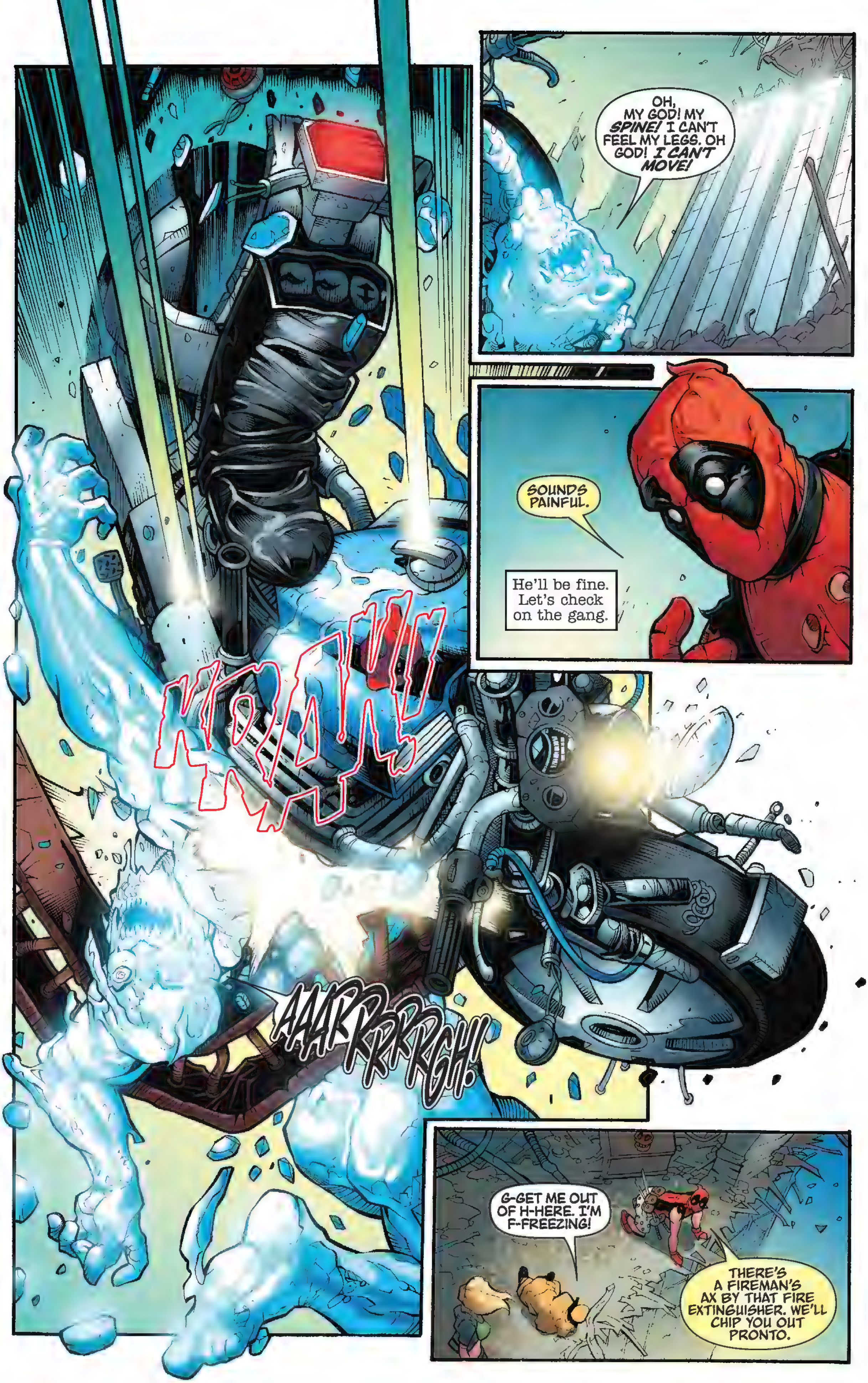

MAYBE IT *IS* AN EARTHQUAKE.
PROBABLY JUST RUBBLE SHIFTING OR--
RUMBLE RUMBLE
WHAT THE #@%$*?
RUMBLE RUMBLE
DADDY'S HOME!

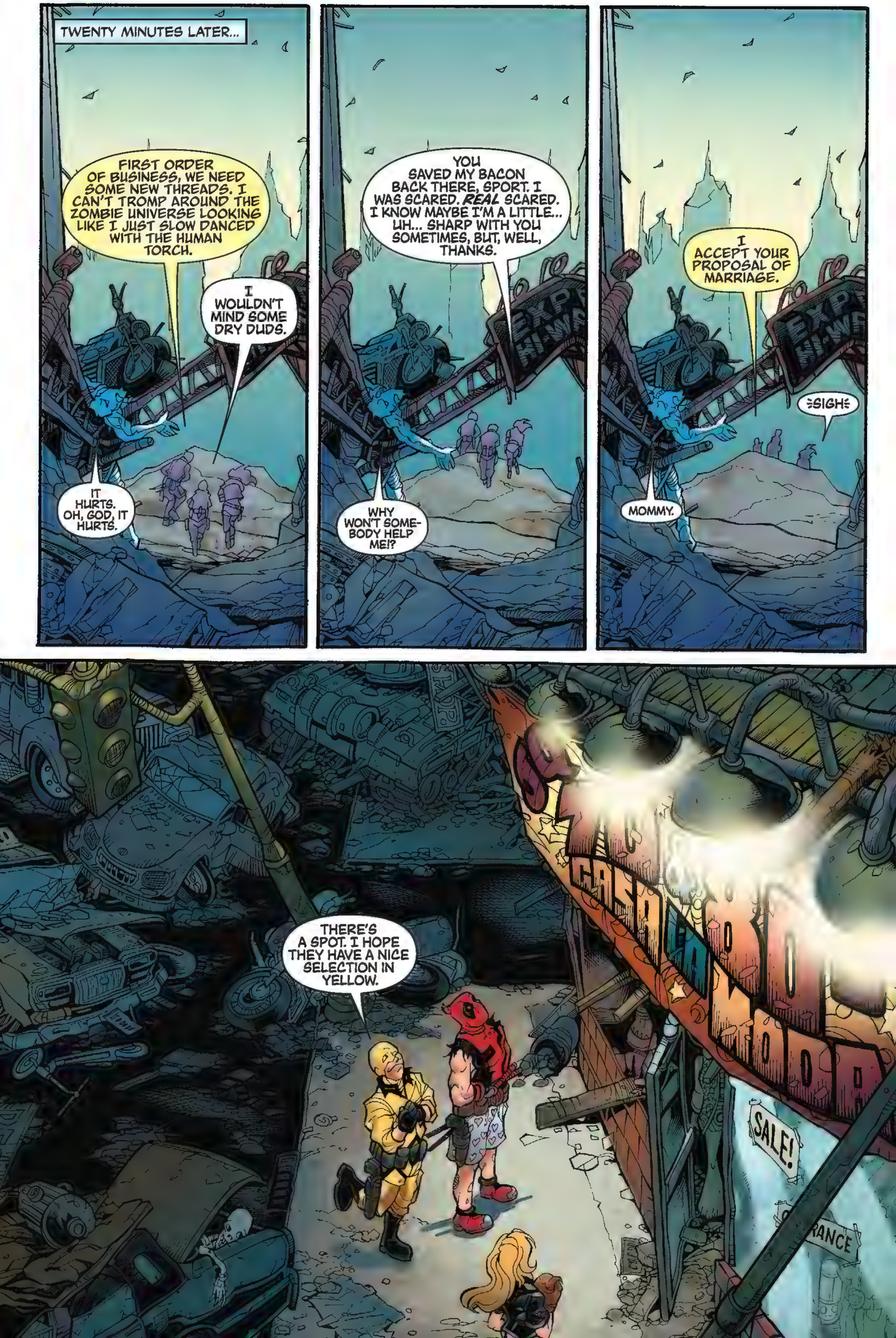

BLAMM! BLAMM!
IT'S USELESS! LIKE SHOOTING A TANK!
CLEAR OUT! EVERYBODY CLEAR OUT *NOW!*
NOT SO FAST, PORKY. YOU LOOK JUICY.
HELP!
MMMMMMMMM.
AAARRGGHH!
I'M SEALING IT OFF! AUTO-LOCKS ENGAGING!
BLANG!
I'M COMING THROUGH, AND WHEN I DO, IT'S *CHOW TIME,* BABY!

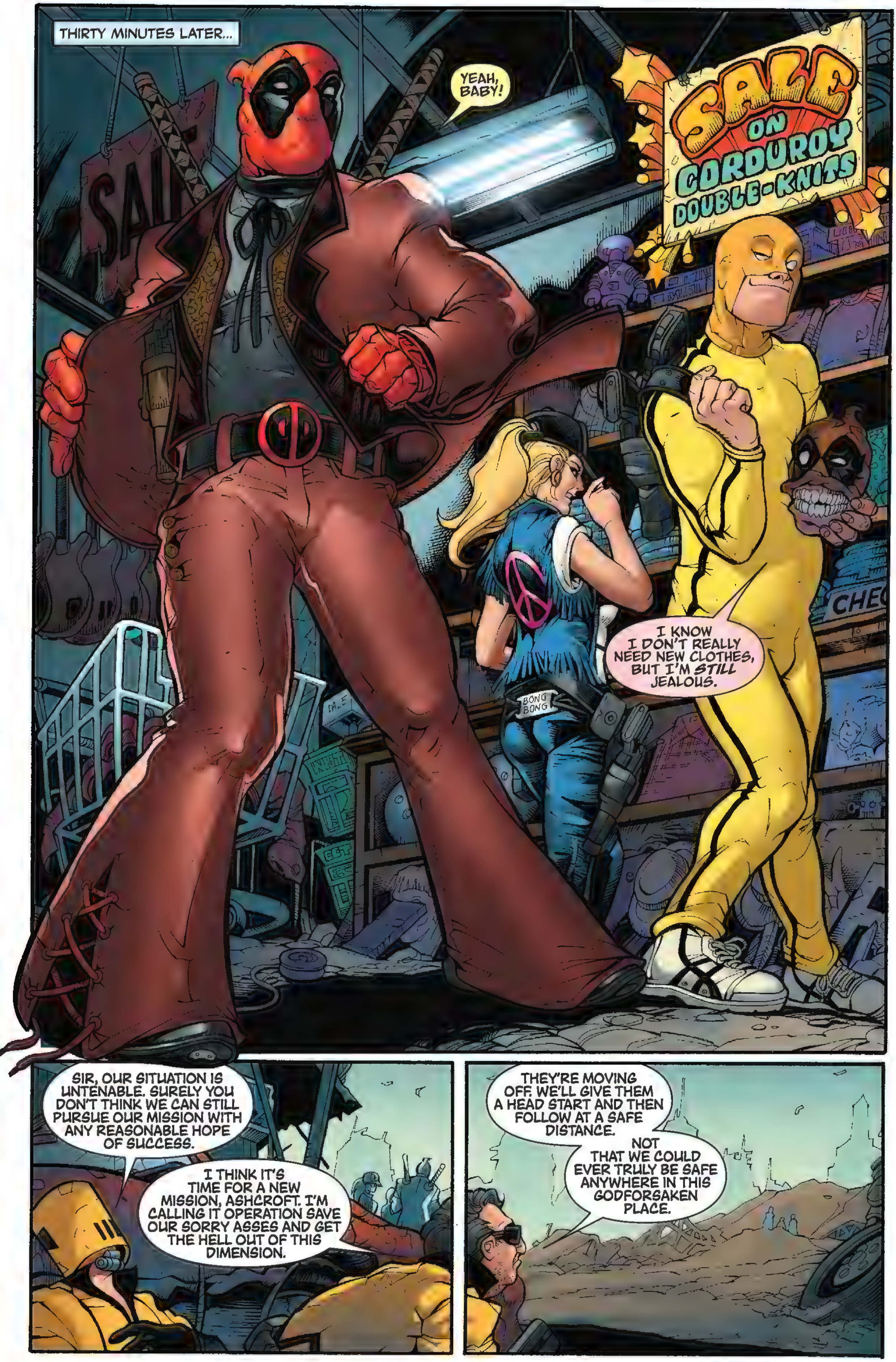

YOU'RE WEAK, SNOWBALL. YA CANDY-ASS. JERK.
EH?
I'M TRYING TO ENJOY A MEAL, YOU SORRY, BODILESS HUNK OF CRAP. WHY DON'T YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH?
YOU'RE THE PATHETIC ONE. ALSO YOUR HEAD IS BLOCKY AND FROZEN.
EVERYTHING I SAID BEFORE WAS TRUE. CHOW DOWN ON DR. SASSY PANTS, AND IT WILL TASTE SWEET. BELIEVE ME I KNOW HOW IT IS.
THAT EXQUSITE FIRST BITE WHEN THE WARM BLOOD SPRAYS IN YOUR MOUTH, HITS THE BACK OF YOUR THROAT. THE ENERGY SURGING THROUGH YOU AS SOFT FLESH RIPS AWAY, YOUR MEAL SCREAMING THE WHOLE TIME, THRASHING.
BUT THEN WHAT? YOU'VE GOT A FULL BELLY, SURE. HOW LONG DOES IT LAST? A FEW MINUTES? A LITTLE LESS EACH TIME. UNTIL YOU NEED ANOTHER FIX.
OR YOU CAN SAY IT STOPS NOW. YOU CAN DECLARE YOURSELF IN CHARGE OF YOUR OWN DESTINY. THAT YOU WON'T BE A SLAVE TO HUNGER. OH IT'LL HURT. THE HUNGER WILL GNAW AT YOU LIKE A THOUSAND WHITE-HOT AGONIES.
SO THE REAL QUESTION IS: DO YOU HAVE THE STONES FOR IT, SPORT? DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO LOOK THE DEVIL IN THE EYE AND DECLARE YOUR INDEPENDENCE?

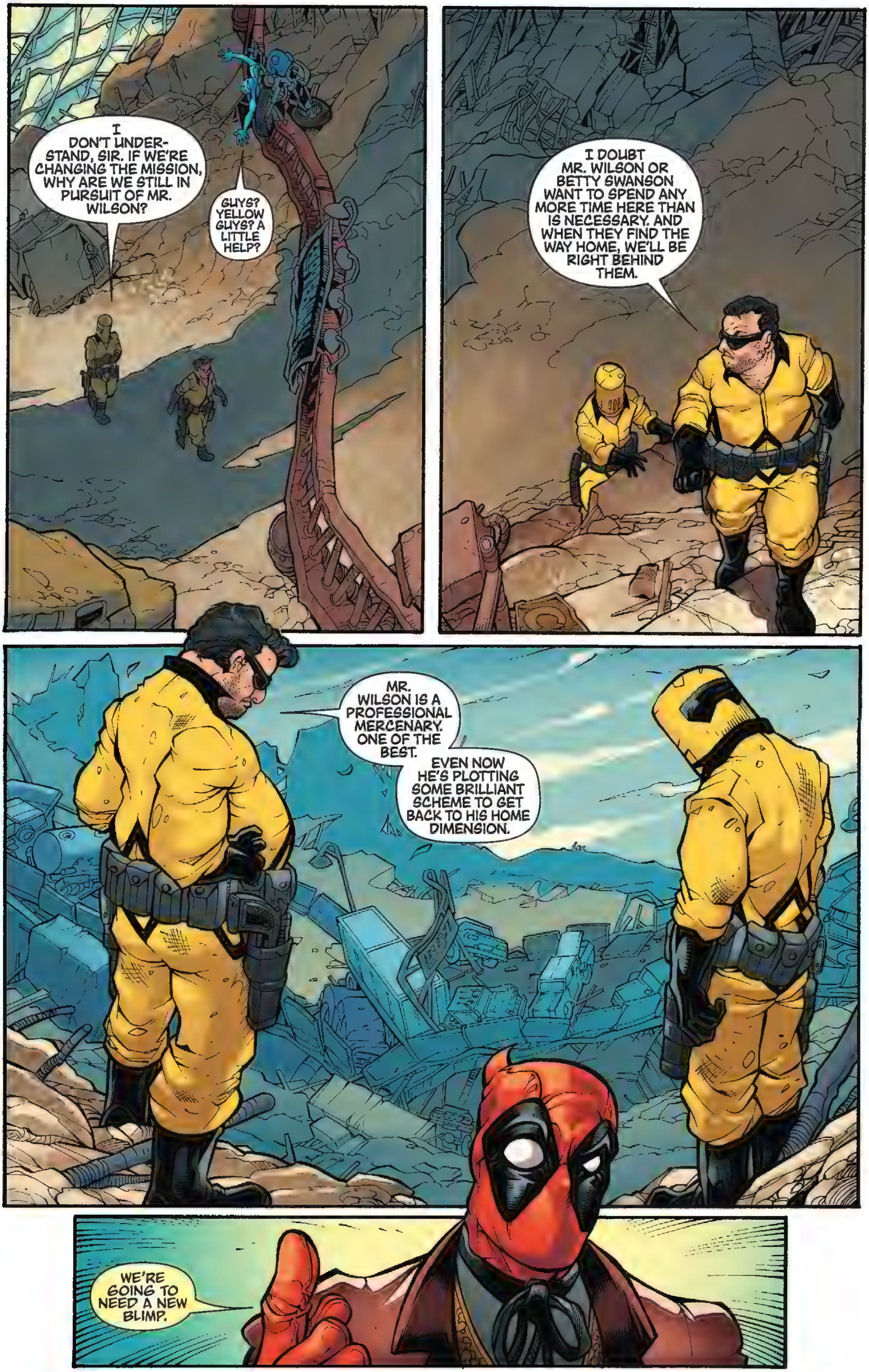

NO! IT'S TOO HARD. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE WANTED TO BE FREE OF THE HUNGER. BUT... I CAN'T. EVERY MOMENT IS UNBEARABLE. I HAVE TO *FEED!*
DING!
WHAT THE...?
VRRRRRMMMMM!
SLAMM!
OOF!

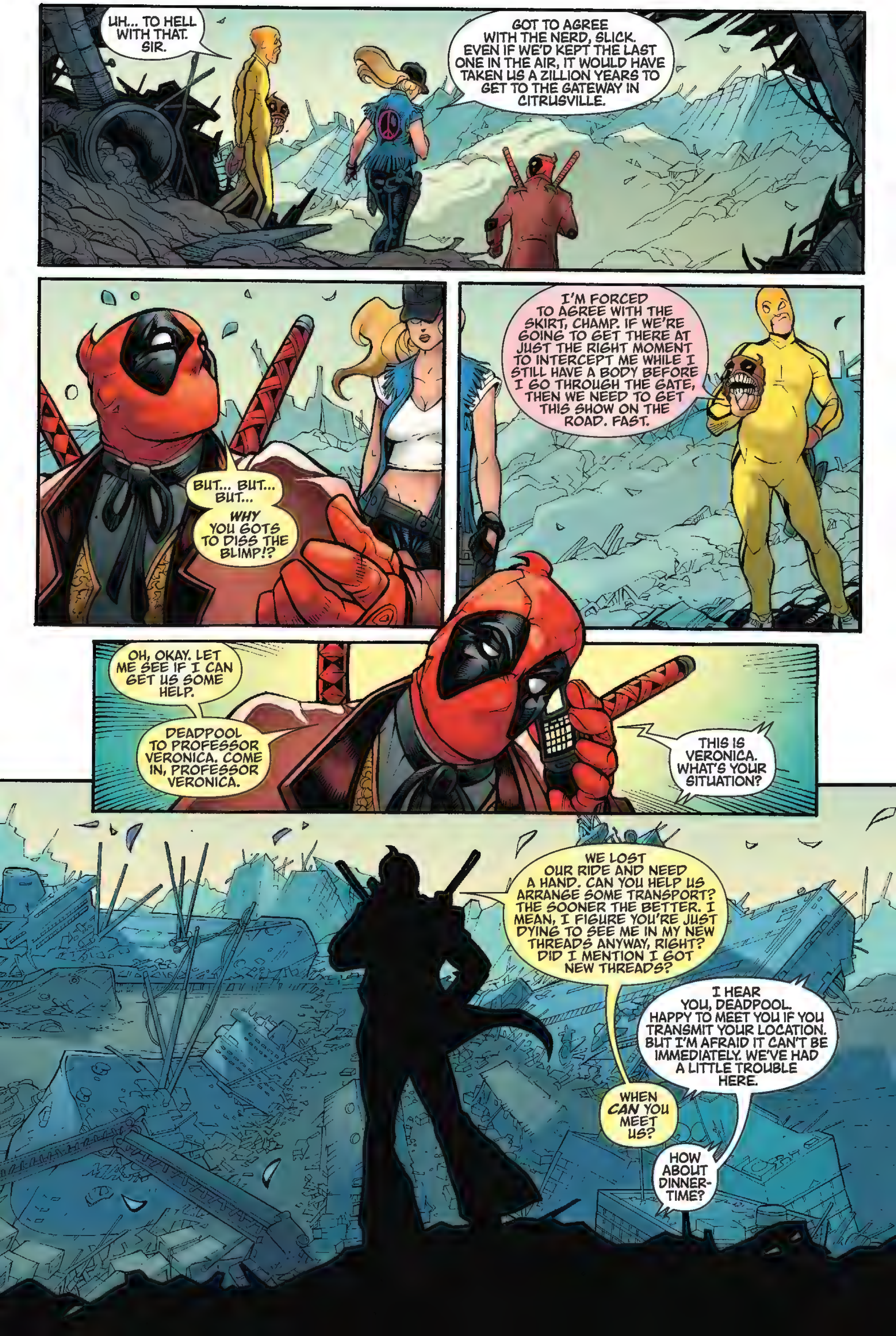

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, EVEL KNIEVEL!
DO PEOPLE REMEMBER EVEL KNIEVEL?
People can look it up in Wikipedia if they don't know. Right now, focus on what you're doing.

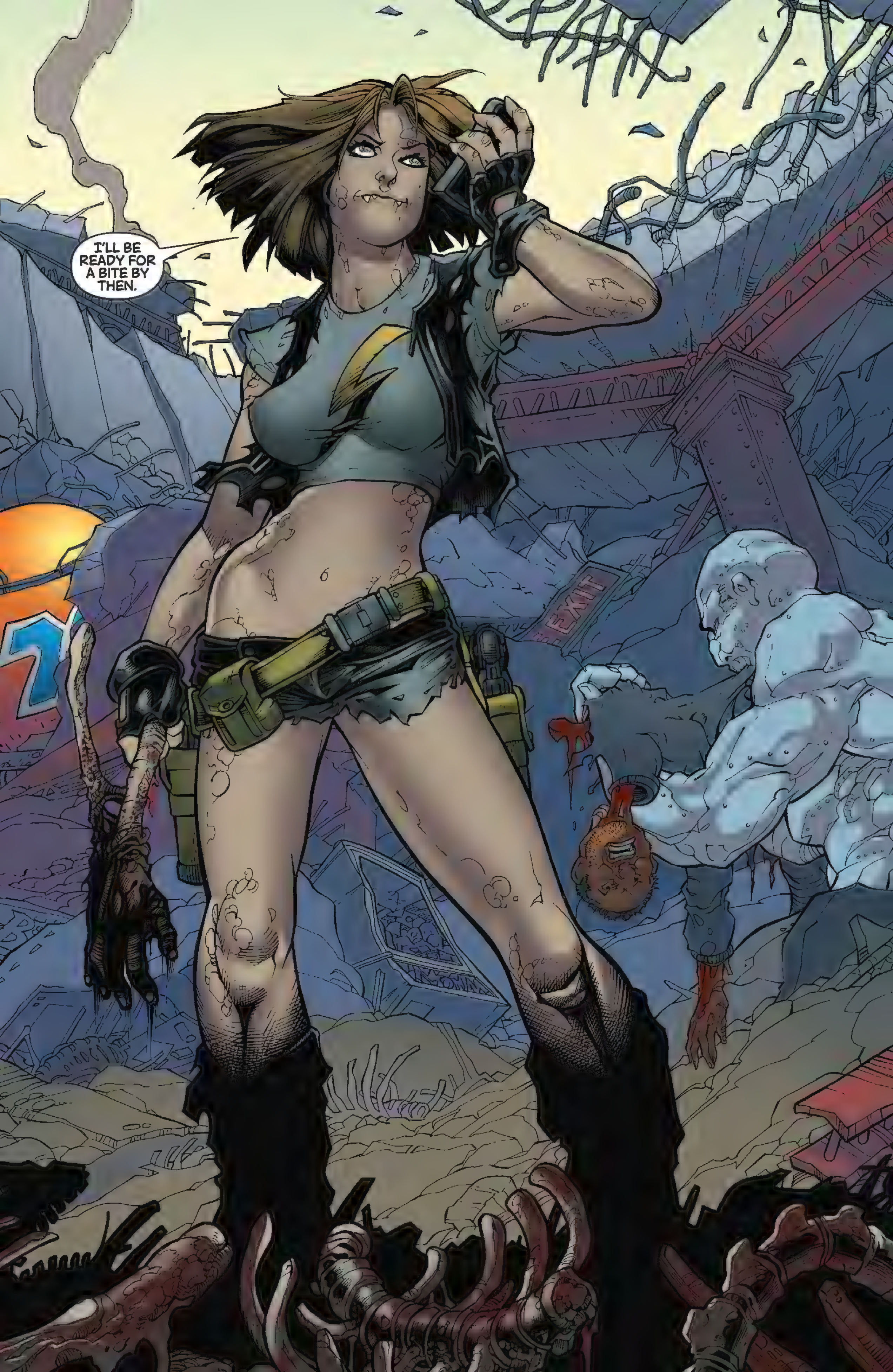

KRAKK!
OH, MY GOD! MY *SPINE!* I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS. OH GOD! *I CAN'T MOVE!*
SOUNDS PAINFUL.
He'll be fine. Let's check on the gang.
AAARRRRRGH!
G-GET ME OUT OF H-HERE. I'M F-FREEZING!
THERE'S A FIREMAN'S AX BY THAT FIRE EXTINGUISHER. WE'LL CHIP YOU OUT PRONTO.


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS, WE NEED SOME NEW THREADS. I CAN'T TROMP AROUND THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE LOOKING LIKE I JUST SLOW DANCED WITH THE HUMAN TORCH.
I WOULDN'T MIND SOME DRY DUDS.
IT HURTS. OH, GOD, IT HURTS.
YOU SAVED MY BACON BACK THERE, SPORT. I WAS SCARED. *REAL* SCARED. I KNOW MAYBE I'M A LITTLE... UH... SHARP WITH YOU SOMETIMES, BUT, WELL, THANKS.
WHY WON'T SOMEBODY HELP ME!?
I ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.
SIGH
MOMMY.
THERE'S A SPOT. I HOPE THEY HAVE A NICE SELECTION IN YELLOW.
SALE!

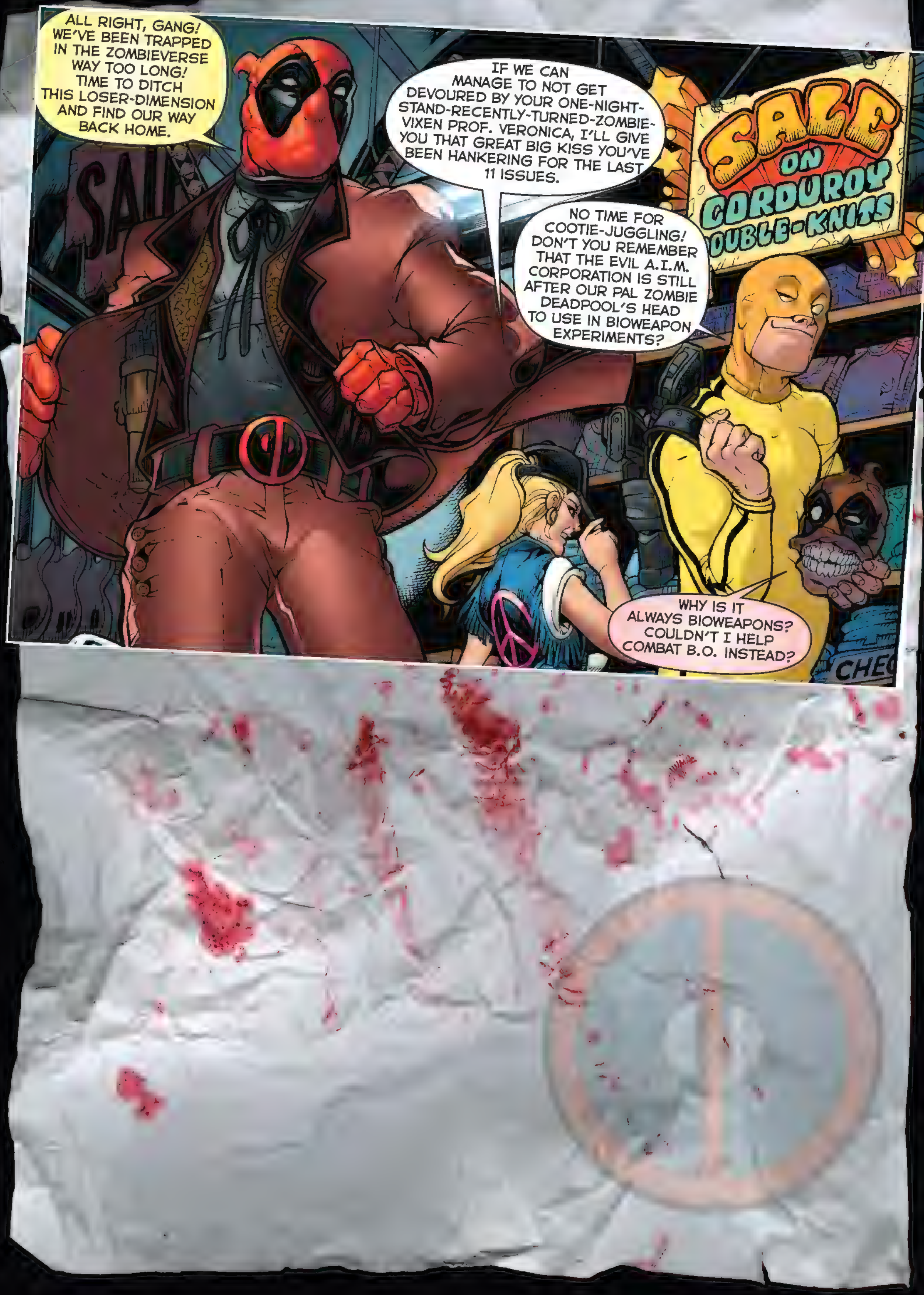

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
YEAH, BABY!
SALE ON CORDUROY DOUBLE-KNITS
SAL
I KNOW I DON'T REALLY NEED NEW CLOTHES, BUT I'M *STILL* JEALOUS.
BONG BONG
CHEC
SIR, OUR SITUATION IS UNTENABLE. SURELY YOU DON'T THINK WE CAN STILL PURSUE OUR MISSION WITH ANY REASONABLE HOPE OF SUCCESS.
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A NEW MISSION, ASHCROFT. I'M CALLING IT OPERATION SAVE OUR SORRY ASSES AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS DIMENSION.
THEY'RE MOVING OFF. WE'LL GIVE THEM A HEAD START AND THEN FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE.
NOT THAT WE COULD EVER TRULY BE SAFE ANYWHERE IN THIS GODFORSAKEN PLACE.

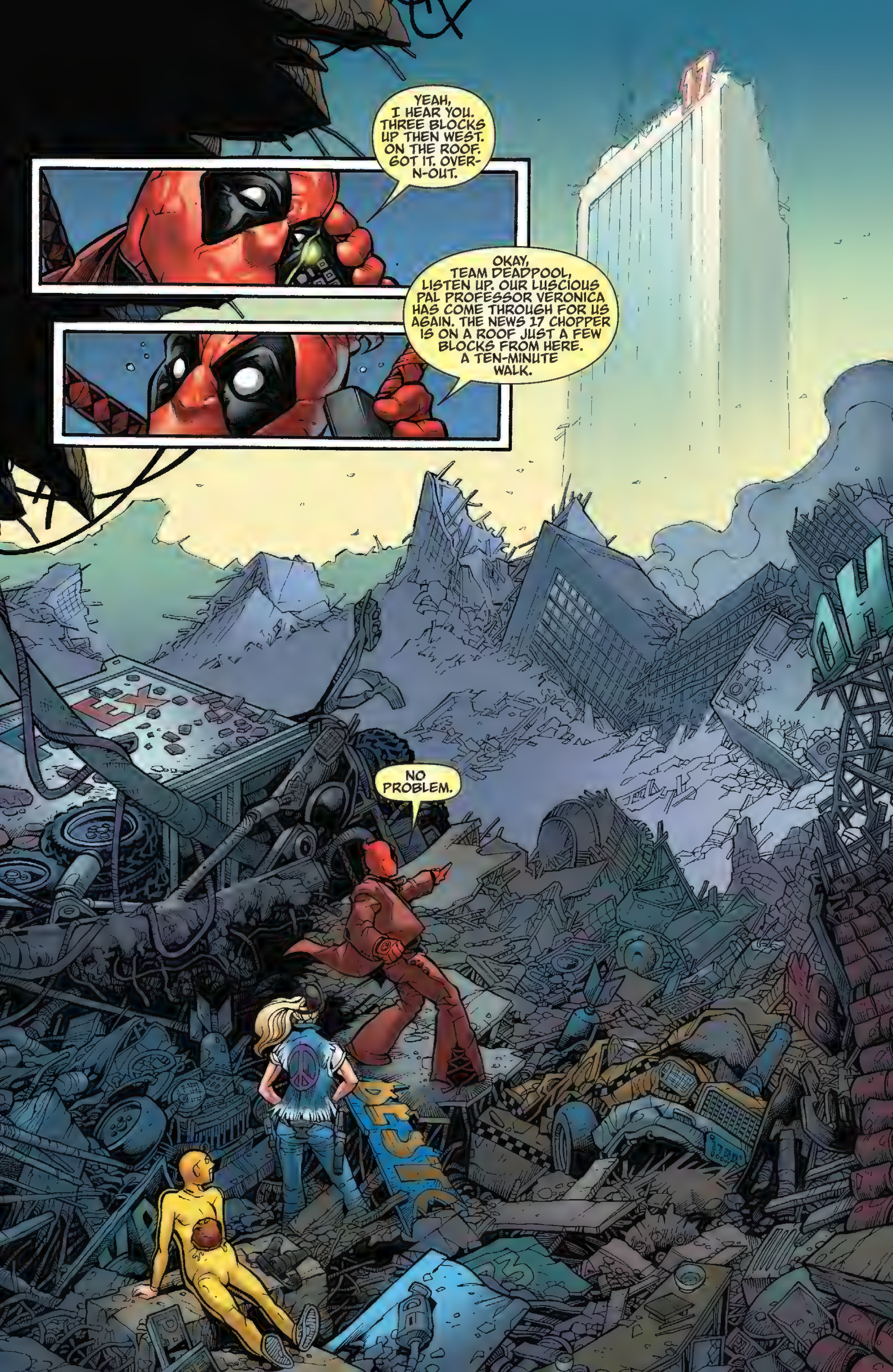

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR. IF WE'RE CHANGING THE MISSION, WHY ARE WE STILL IN PURSUIT OF MR. WILSON?
GUYS? YELLOW GUYS? A LITTLE HELP?
I DOUBT MR. WILSON OR BETTY SWANSON WANT TO SPEND ANY MORE TIME HERE THAN IS NECESSARY. AND WHEN THEY FIND THE WAY HOME, WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND THEM.
MR. WILSON IS A PROFESSIONAL MERCENARY. ONE OF THE BEST.
EVEN NOW HE'S PLOTTING SOME BRILLIANT SCHEME TO GET BACK TO HIS HOME DIMENSION.
WE'RE GOING TO NEED A NEW BLIMP.

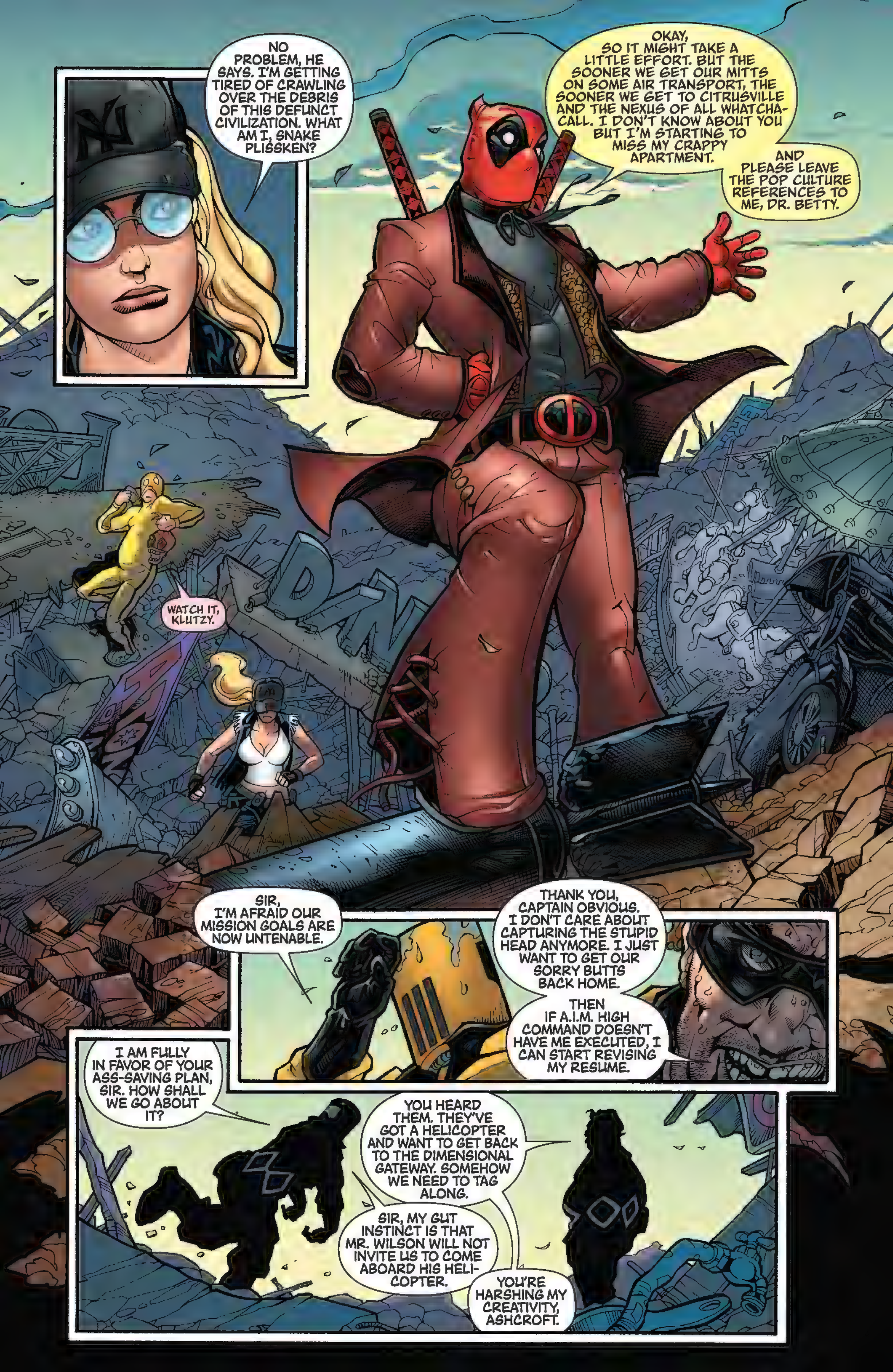

UH... TO HELL WITH THAT. SIR.
GOT TO AGREE WITH THE NERD, SLICK. EVEN IF WE'D KEPT THE LAST ONE IN THE AIR, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN US A ZILLION YEARS TO GET TO THE GATEWAY IN CITRUSVILLE.
BUT... BUT... BUT... *WHY* YOU GOTS TO DISS THE BLIMP!?
I'M FORCED TO AGREE WITH THE SKIRT, CHAMP. IF WE'RE GOING TO GET THERE AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT TO INTERCEPT ME WHILE I STILL HAVE A BODY BEFORE I GO THROUGH THE GATE, THEN WE NEED TO GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD. FAST.
OH, OKAY. LET ME SEE IF I CAN GET US SOME HELP.
DEADPOOL TO PROFESSOR VERONICA. COME IN, PROFESSOR VERONICA.
THIS IS VERONICA. WHAT'S YOUR SITUATION?
WE LOST OUR RIDE AND NEED A HAND. CAN YOU HELP US ARRANGE SOME TRANSPORT? THE SOONER THE BETTER. I MEAN, I FIGURE YOU'RE JUST DYING TO SEE ME IN MY NEW THREADS ANYWAY, RIGHT? DID I MENTION I GOT NEW THREADS?
I HEAR YOU, DEADPOOL. HAPPY TO MEET YOU IF YOU TRANSMIT YOUR LOCATION. BUT I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T BE IMMEDIATELY. WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE HERE.
WHEN *CAN* YOU MEET US?
HOW ABOUT DINNER-TIME?

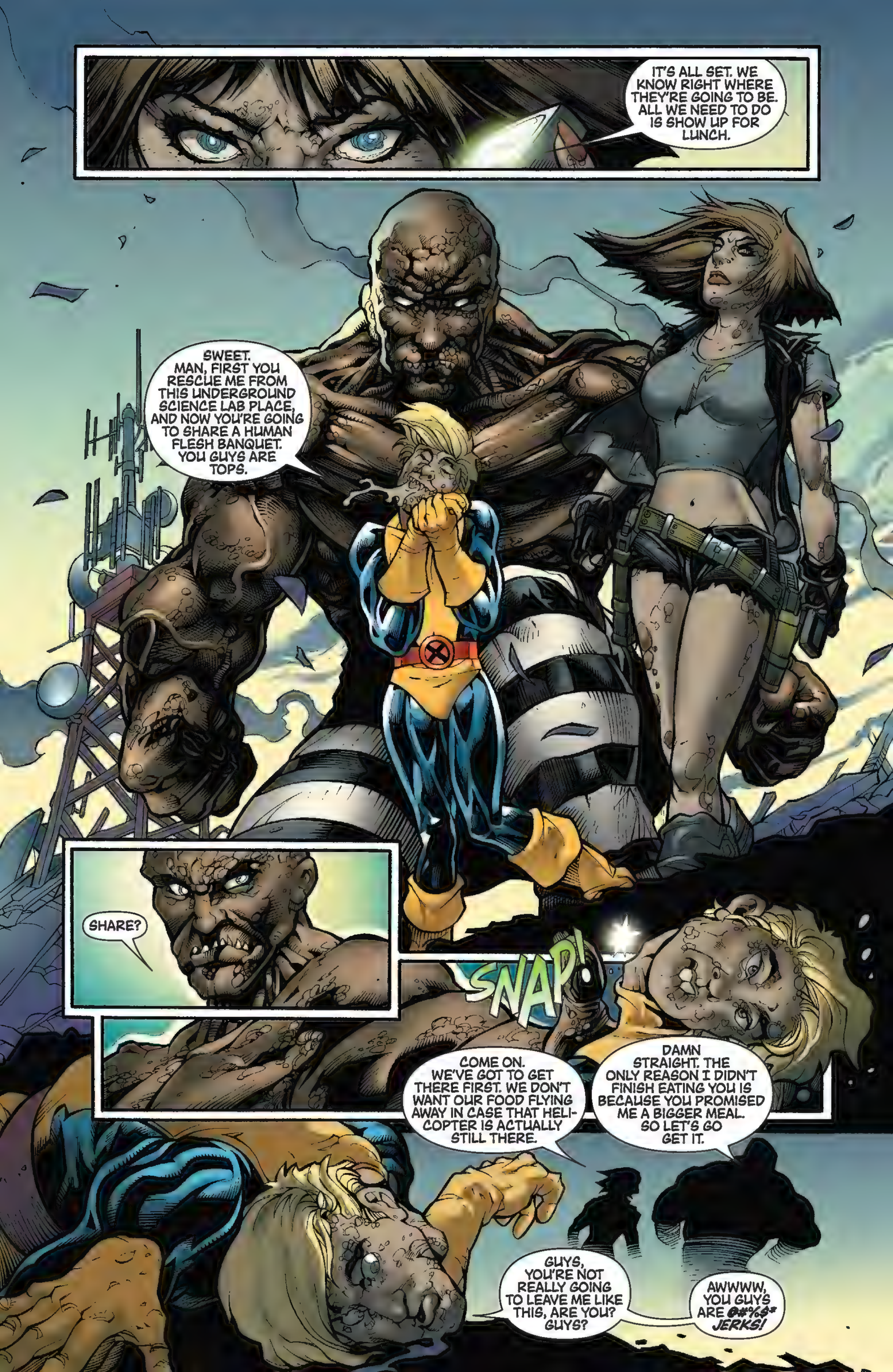

I'LL BE READY FOR A BITE BY THEN.
EXIT

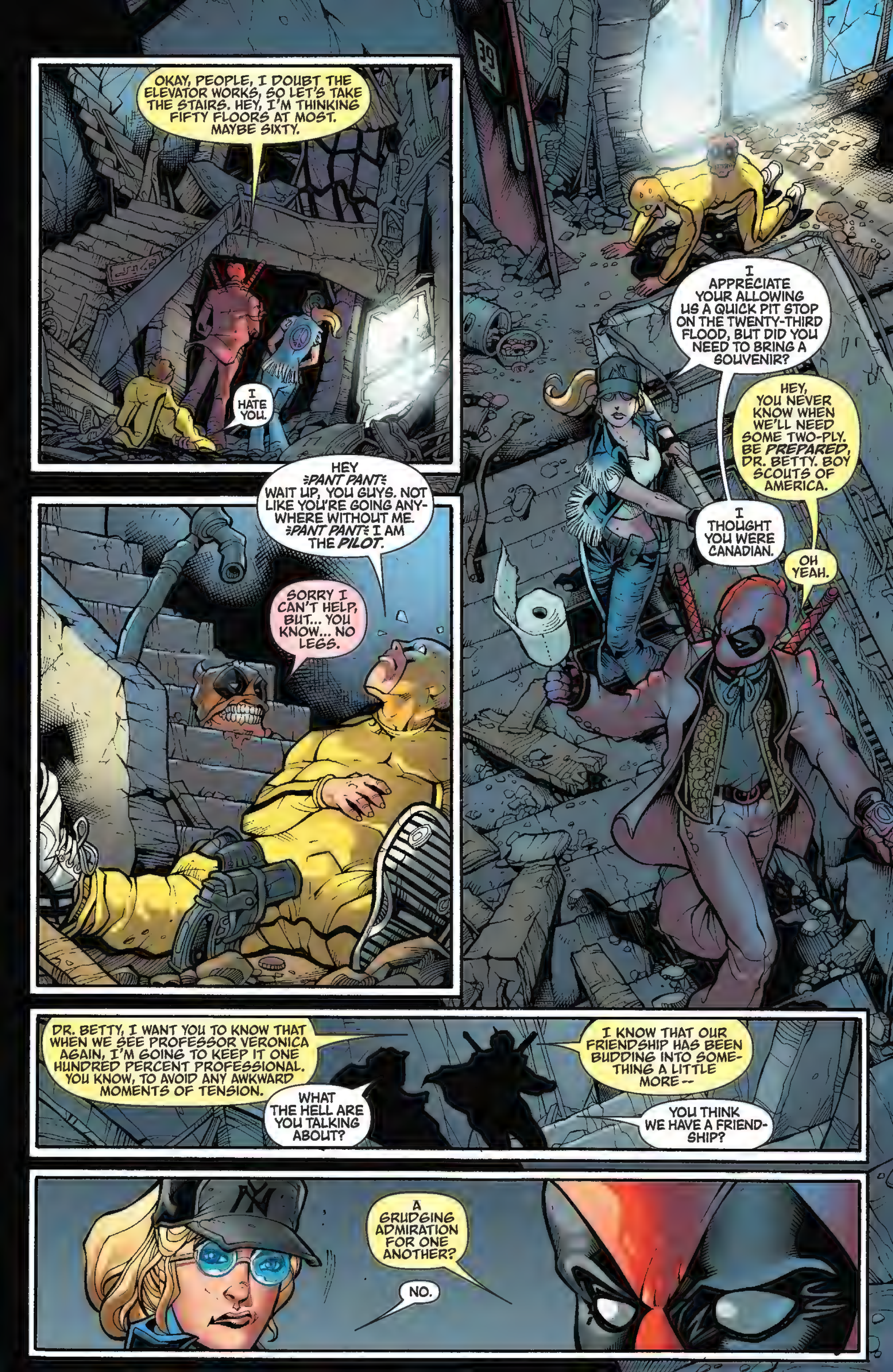
#12
DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH

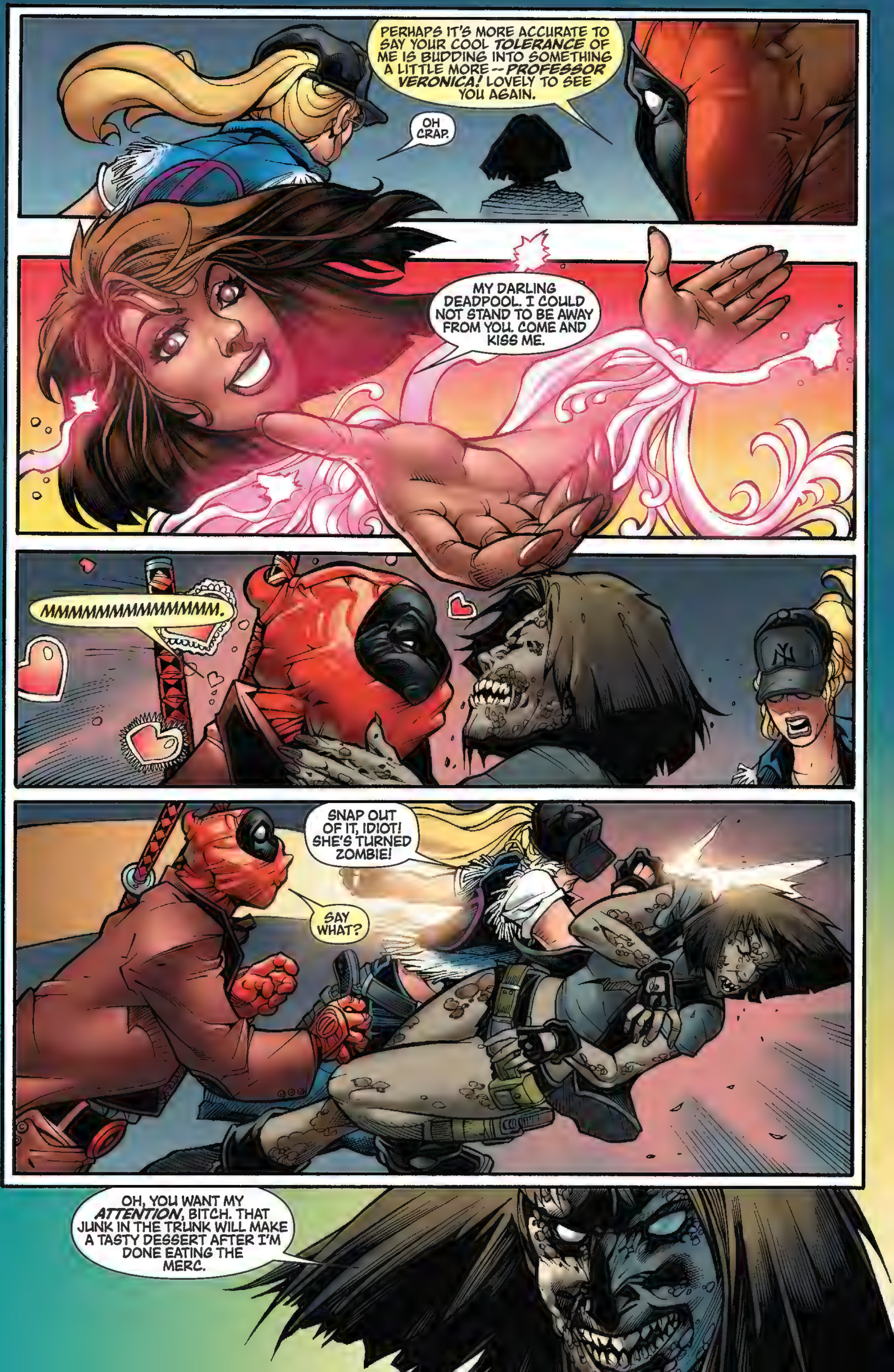

ALL RIGHT, GANG! WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN THE ZOMBIEVERSE WAY TOO LONG! TIME TO DITCH THIS LOSER-DIMENSION AND FIND OUR WAY BACK HOME.
IF WE CAN MANAGE TO NOT GET DEVOURED BY YOUR ONE-NIGHT-STAND-RECENTLY-TURNED-ZOMBIE-VIXEN PROF. VERONICA, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT GREAT BIG KISS YOU'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR THE LAST 11 ISSUES.
SALE ON CORDUROY OUBLE-KNITS
SAL
NO TIME FOR COOTIE-JUGGLING! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT THE EVIL A.I.M. CORPORATION IS STILL AFTER OUR PAL ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD TO USE IN BIOWEAPON EXPERIMENTS?
WHY IS IT ALWAYS BIOWEAPONS? COULDN'T I HELP COMBAT B.O. INSTEAD?
CHEC

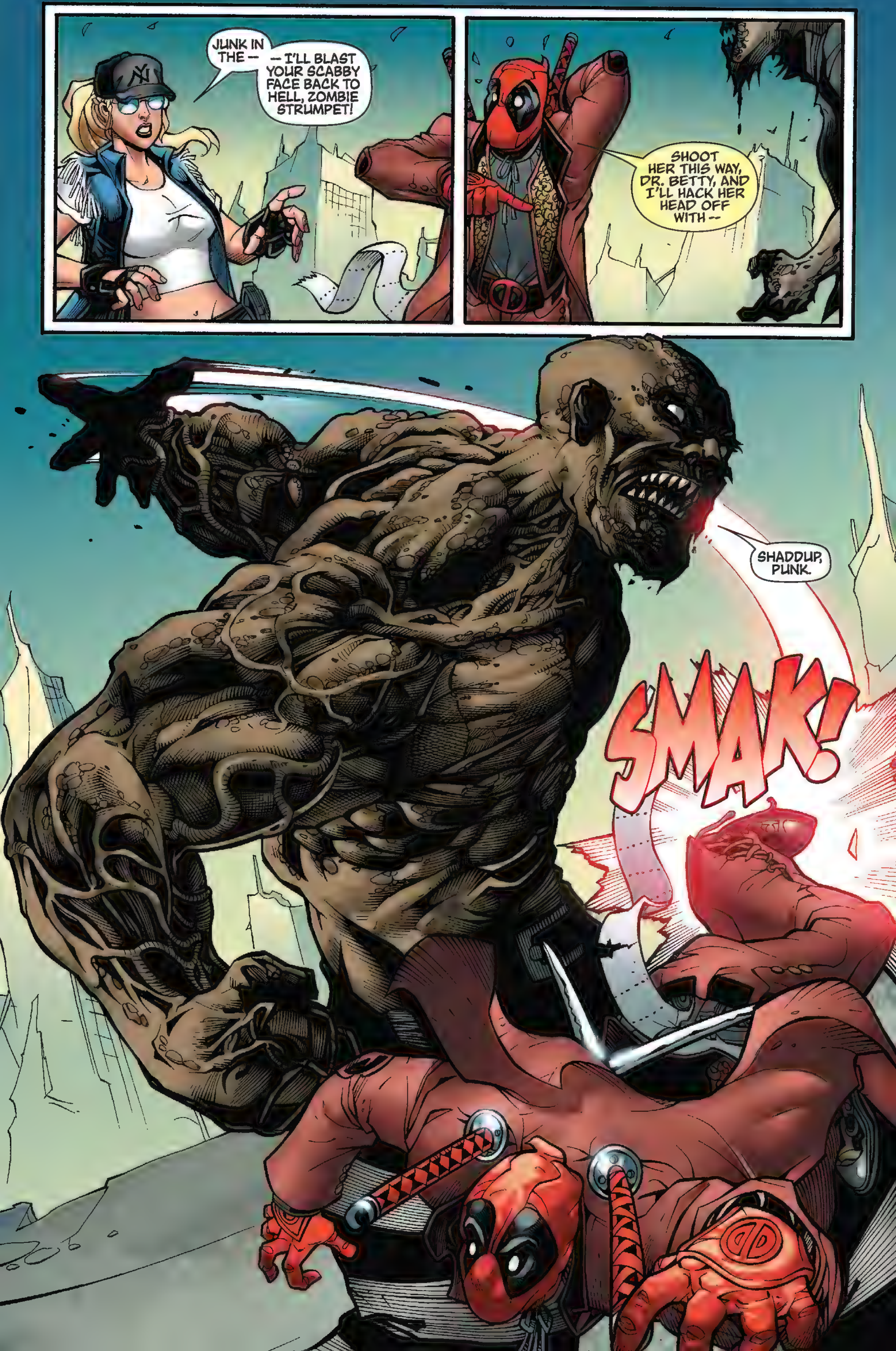

YEAH, I HEAR YOU. THREE BLOCKS UP THEN WEST. ON THE ROOF. GOT IT. OVER-N-OUT.
OKAY, TEAM DEADPOOL, LISTEN UP. OUR LUSCIOUS PAL PROFESSOR VERONICA HAS COME THROUGH FOR US AGAIN. THE NEWS 17 CHOPPER IS ON A ROOF JUST A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE. A TEN-MINUTE WALK.
NO PROBLEM.
17

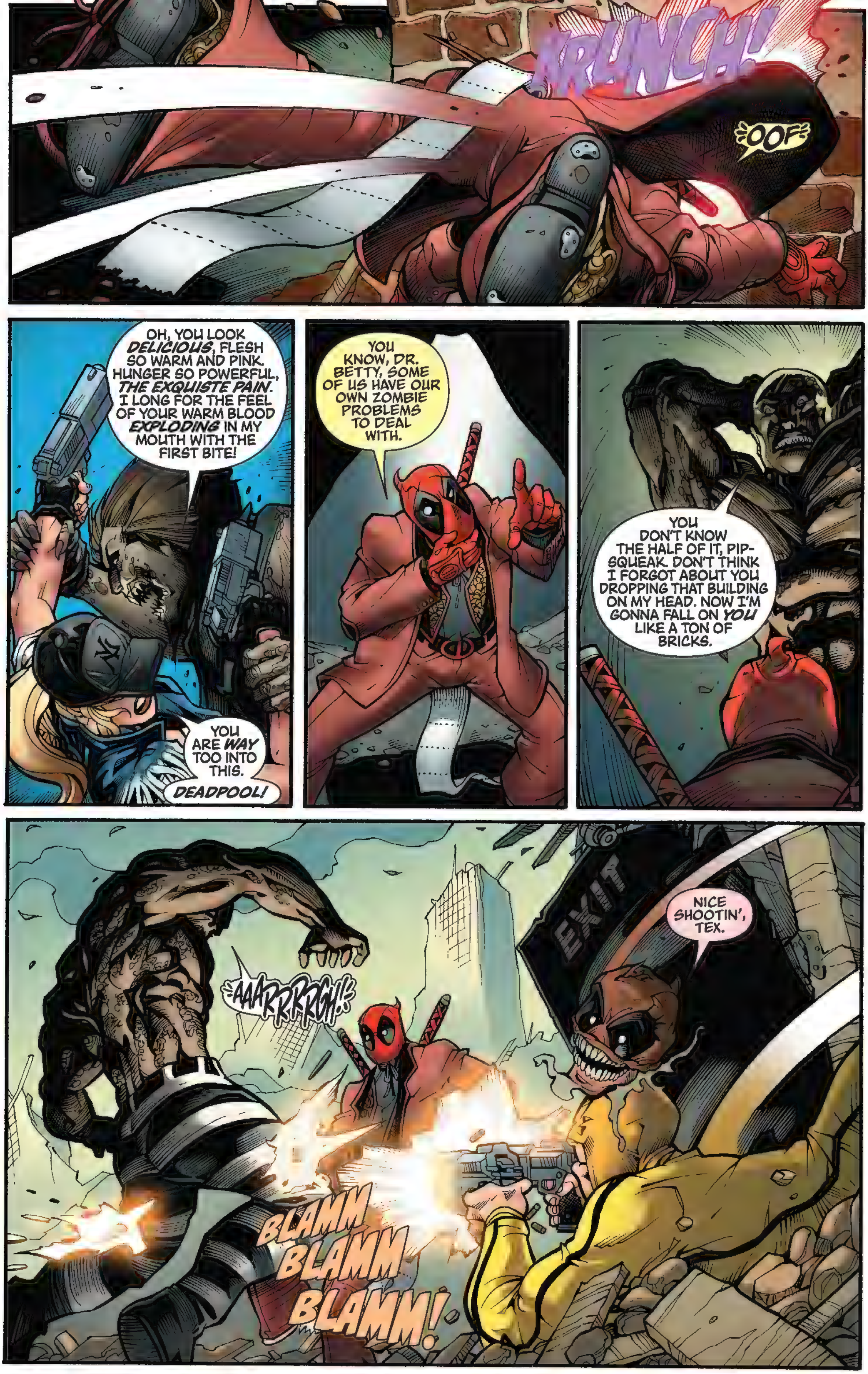

NO PROBLEM, HE SAYS. I'M GETTING TIRED OF CRAWLING OVER THE DEBRIS OF THIS DEFUNCT CIVILIZATION. WHAT AM I, SNAKE PLISSKEN?
OKAY, SO IT MIGHT TAKE A LITTLE EFFORT. BUT THE SOONER WE GET OUR MITTS ON SOME AIR TRANSPORT, THE SOONER WE GET TO CITRUSVILLE AND THE NEXUS OF ALL WHATCHA-CALL. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT I'M STARTING TO MISS MY CRAPPY APARTMENT.
AND PLEASE LEAVE THE POP CULTURE REFERENCES TO ME, DR. BETTY.
WATCH IT, KLUTZY.
SIR, I'M AFRAID OUR MISSION GOALS ARE NOW UNTENABLE.
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN OBVIOUS. I DON'T CARE ABOUT CAPTURING THE STUPID HEAD ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO GET OUR SORRY BUTTS BACK HOME.
THEN IF A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND DOESN'T HAVE ME EXECUTED, I CAN START REVISING MY RESUME.
I AM FULLY IN FAVOR OF YOUR ASS-SAVING PLAN, SIR. HOW SHALL WE GO ABOUT IT?
YOU HEARD THEM. THEY'VE GOT A HELICOPTER AND WANT TO GET BACK TO THE DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY. SOMEHOW WE NEED TO TAG ALONG.
SIR, MY GUT INSTINCT IS THAT MR. WILSON WILL NOT INVITE US TO COME ABOARD HIS HELI-COPTER.
YOU'RE HARSHING MY CREATIVITY, ASHCROFT.

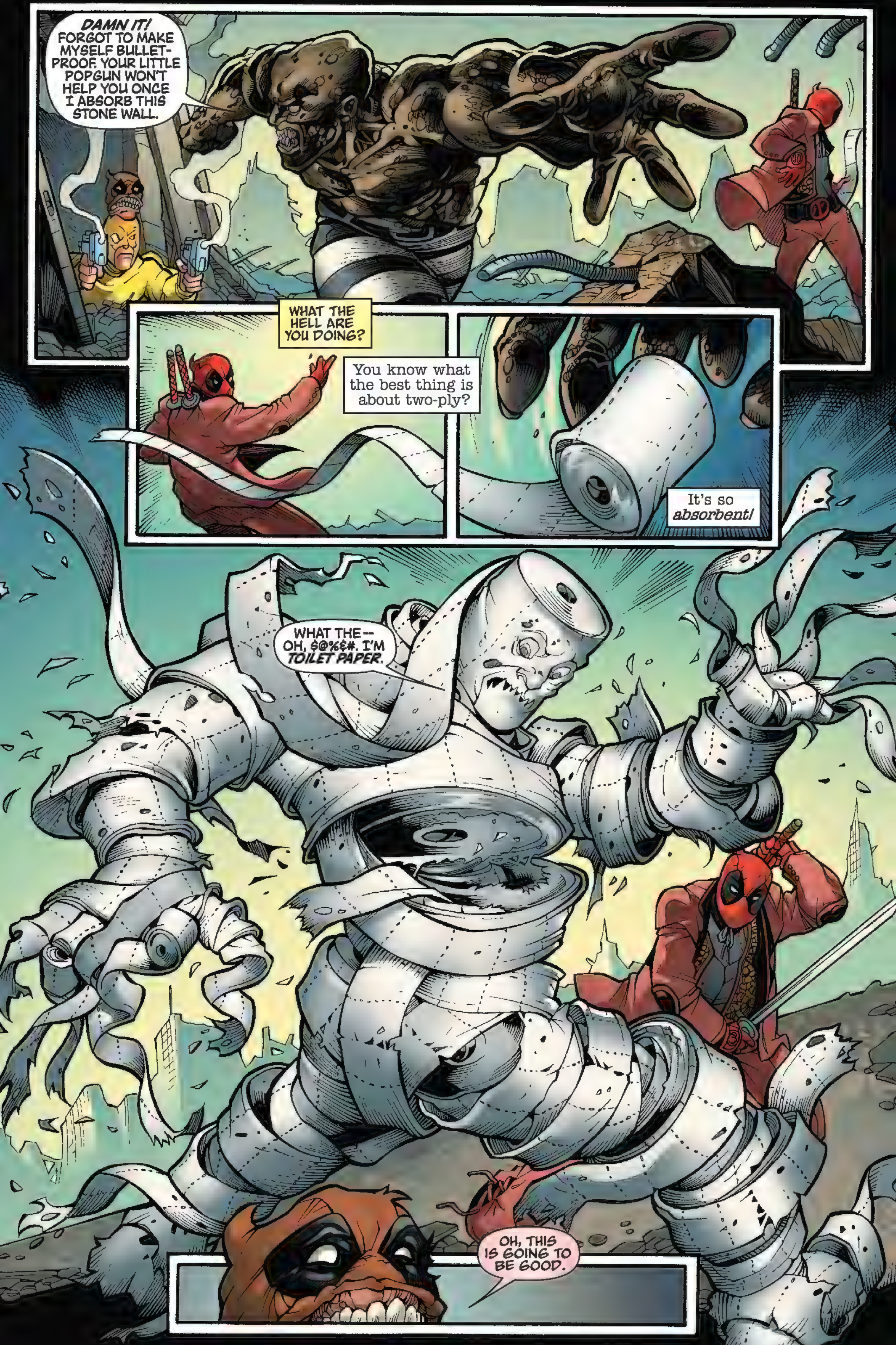

IT'S ALL SET. WE KNOW RIGHT WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO BE. ALL WE NEED TO DO IS SHOW UP FOR LUNCH.
SWEET. MAN, FIRST YOU RESCUE ME FROM THIS UNDERGROUND SCIENCE LAB PLACE, AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SHARE A HUMAN FLESH BANQUET. YOU GUYS ARE TOPS.
SHARE?
SNAP!
COME ON. WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST. WE DON'T WANT OUR FOOD FLYING AWAY IN CASE THAT HELICOPTER IS ACTUALLY STILL THERE.
DAMN STRAIGHT. THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T FINISH EATING YOU IS BECAUSE YOU PROMISED ME A BIGGER MEAL. SO LET'S GO GET IT.
GUYS, YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO LEAVE ME LIKE THIS, ARE YOU? GUYS?
AWWWW, YOU GUYS ARE *@#%$* JERKS!*

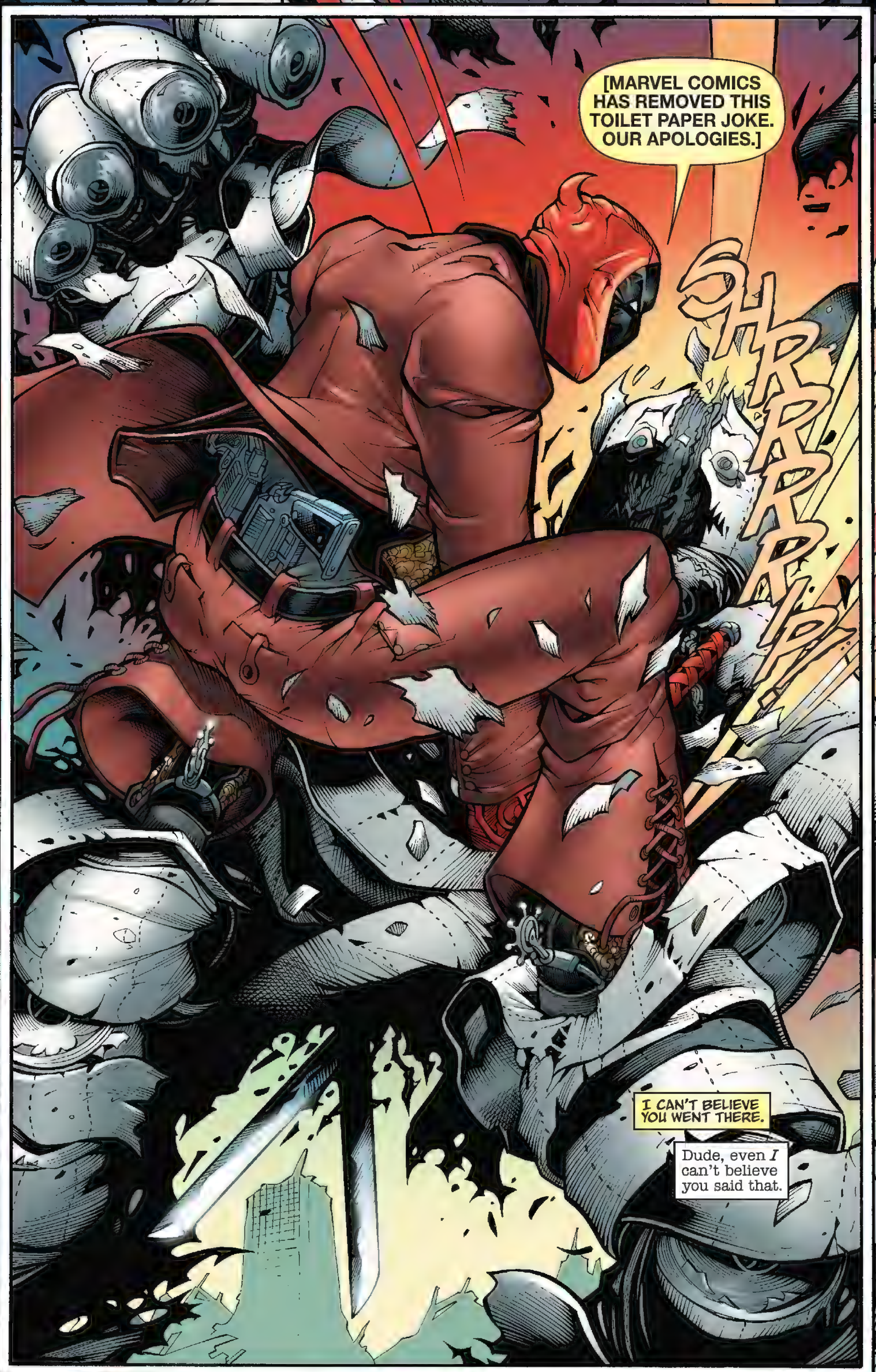

OKAY, PEOPLE, I DOUBT THE ELEVATOR WORKS, SO LET'S TAKE THE STAIRS. HEY, I'M THINKING FIFTY FLOORS AT MOST. MAYBE SIXTY.
I HATE YOU.
HEY *PANT PANT* WAIT UP, YOU GUYS. NOT LIKE YOU'RE GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT ME. *PANT PANT* I AM THE *PILOT*.
SORRY I CAN'T HELP, BUT... YOU KNOW... NO LEGS.
39
I APPRECIATE YOUR ALLOWING US A QUICK PIT STOP ON THE TWENTY-THIRD FLOOD, BUT DID YOU NEED TO BRING A SOUVENIR?
HEY, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN WE'LL NEED SOME TWO-PLY. BE *PREPARED*, DR. BETTY. BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE CANADIAN.
OH YEAH.
DR. BETTY, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WHEN WE SEE PROFESSOR VERONICA AGAIN, I'M GOING TO KEEP IT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT PROFESSIONAL. YOU KNOW, TO AVOID ANY AWKWARD MOMENTS OF TENSION.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I KNOW THAT OUR FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN BUDDING INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE --
YOU THINK WE HAVE A FRIENDSHIP?
A GRUDGING ADMIRATION FOR ONE ANOTHER?
NO.

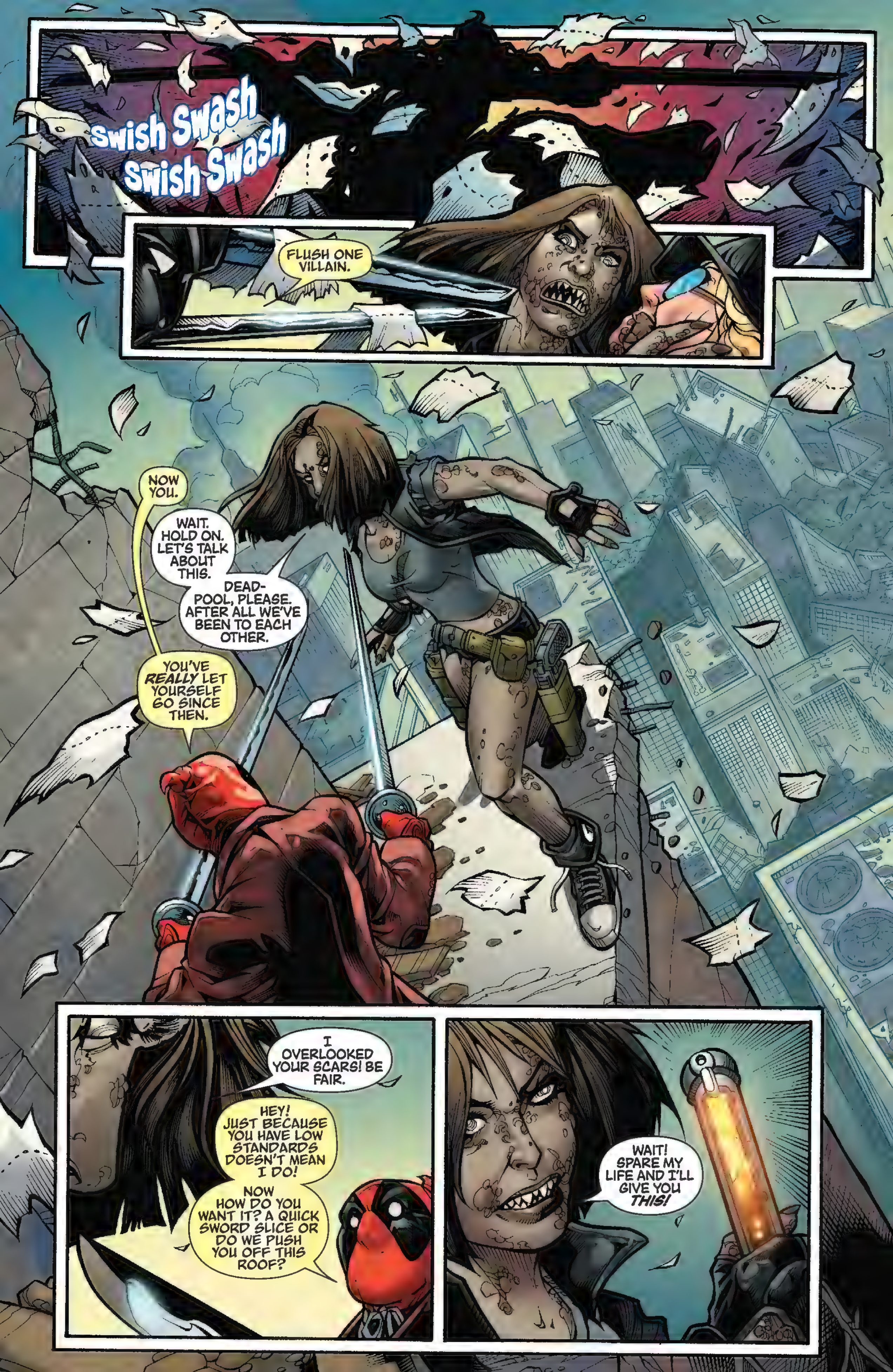

PERHAPS IT'S MORE ACCURATE TO SAY YOUR COOL *TOLERANCE* OF ME IS BUDDING INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE-- *PROFESSOR VERONICA!* LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
OH CRAP.
MY DARLING DEADPOOL. I COULD NOT STAND TO BE AWAY FROM YOU. COME AND KISS ME.
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.
SNAP OUT OF IT, IDIOT! SHE'S TURNED ZOMBIE!
SAY WHAT?
OH, YOU WANT MY *ATTENTION*, BITCH. THAT JUNK IN THE TRUNK WILL MAKE A TASTY DESSERT AFTER I'M DONE EATING THE MERC.

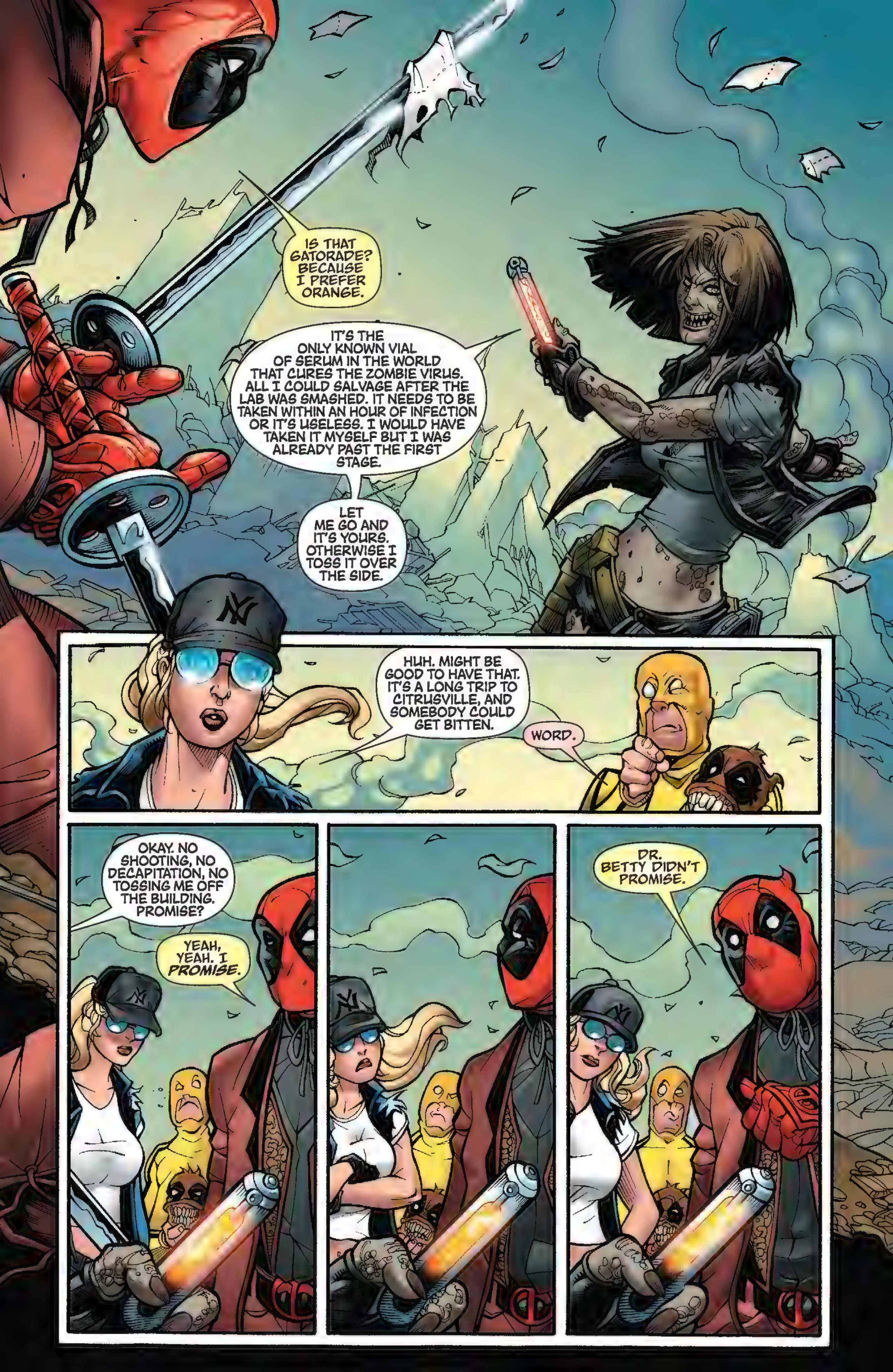

JUNK IN THE --
-- I'LL BLAST YOUR SCABBY FACE BACK TO HELL, ZOMBIE STRUMPET!
SHOOT HER THIS WAY, DR. BETTY, AND I'LL HACK HER HEAD OFF WITH --
SHADDUP, PUNK.
SMAK!

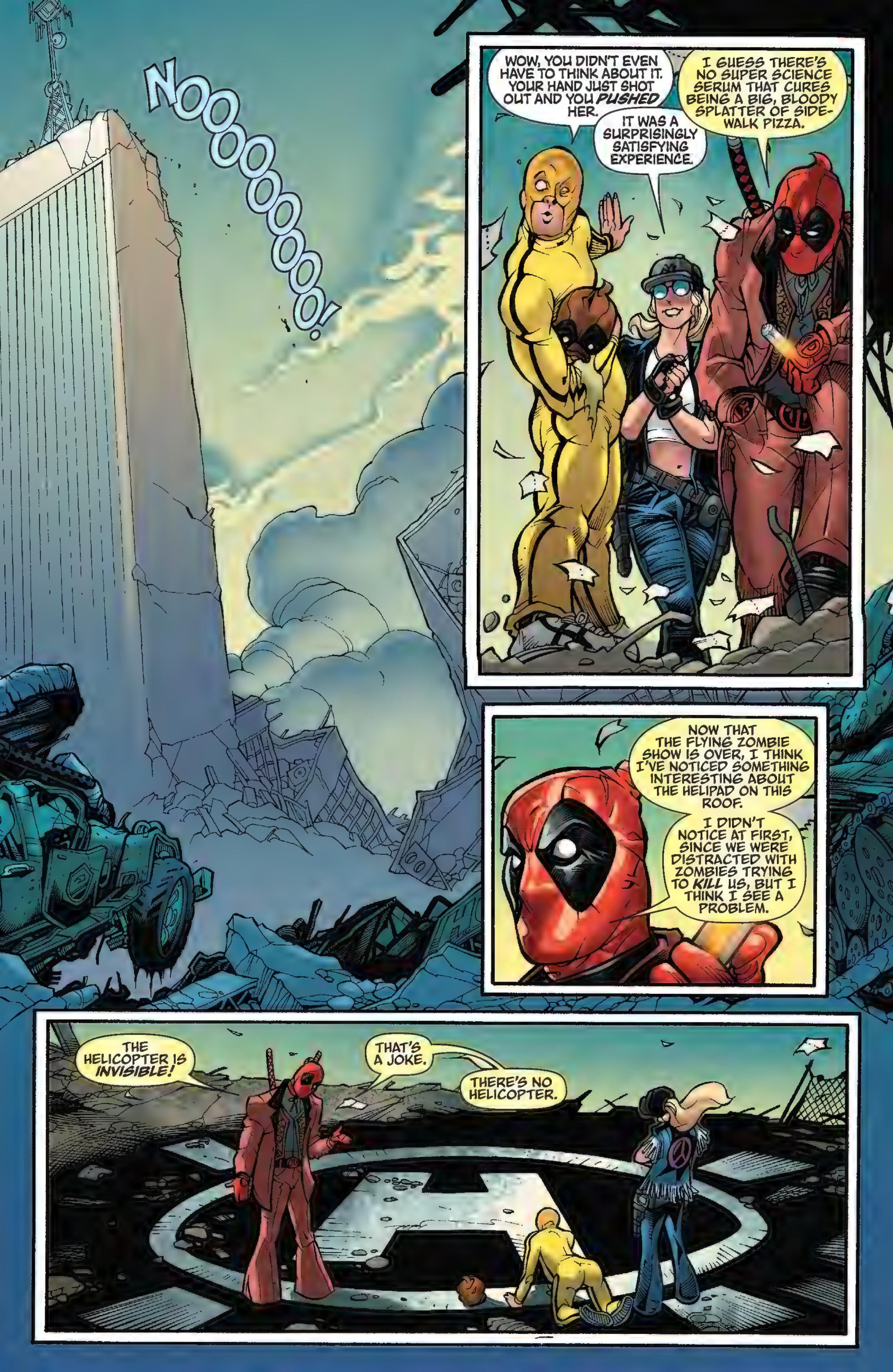

KRUNCH!
OOF
OH, YOU LOOK *DELICIOUS*, FLESH SO WARM AND PINK. HUNGER SO POWERFUL, *THE EXQUISTE PAIN*. I LONG FOR THE FEEL OF YOUR WARM BLOOD *EXPLODING* IN MY MOUTH WITH THE FIRST BITE!
YOU ARE *WAY* TOO INTO THIS.
DEADPOOL!
YOU KNOW, DR. BETTY, SOME OF US HAVE OUR OWN ZOMBIE PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH.
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, PIP-SQUEAK. DON'T THINK I FORGOT ABOUT YOU DROPPING THAT BUILDING ON MY HEAD. NOW I'M GONNA FALL ON *YOU* LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.
EXIT
AAARRRRGH!
NICE SHOOTIN', TEX.
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM!

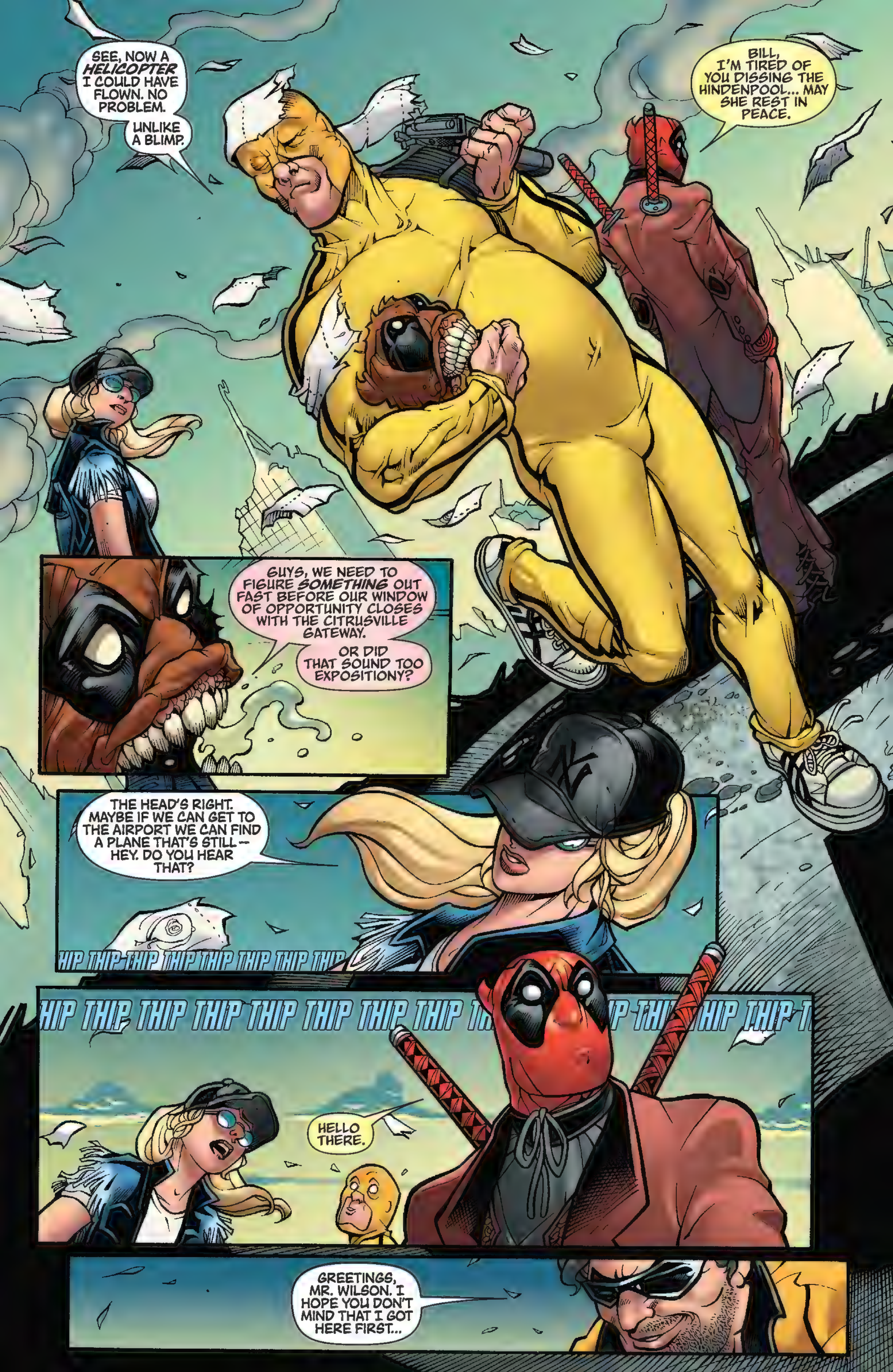

DAMN IT! FORGOT TO MAKE MYSELF BULLET-PROOF. YOUR LITTLE POPGUN WON'T HELP YOU ONCE I ABSORB THIS STONE WALL.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
You know what the best thing is about two-ply?
It's so *absorbent!*
WHAT THE-- OH, $@%&#. I'M *TOILET PAPER.*
OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD.

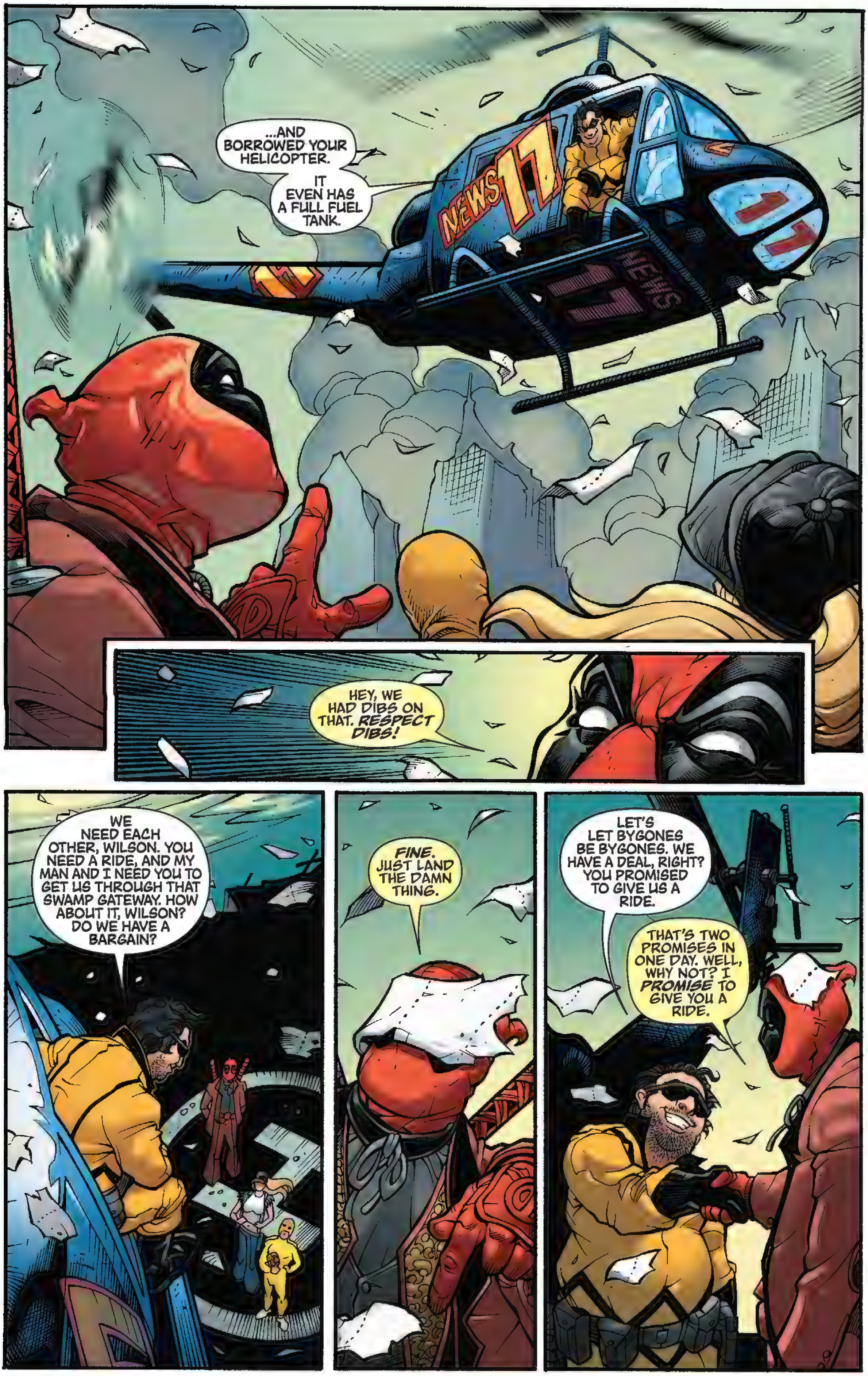

[MARVEL COMICS HAS REMOVED THIS TOILET PAPER JOKE. OUR APOLOGIES.]
SHRRRRIPP!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WENT THERE.
Dude, even *I* can't believe you said that.

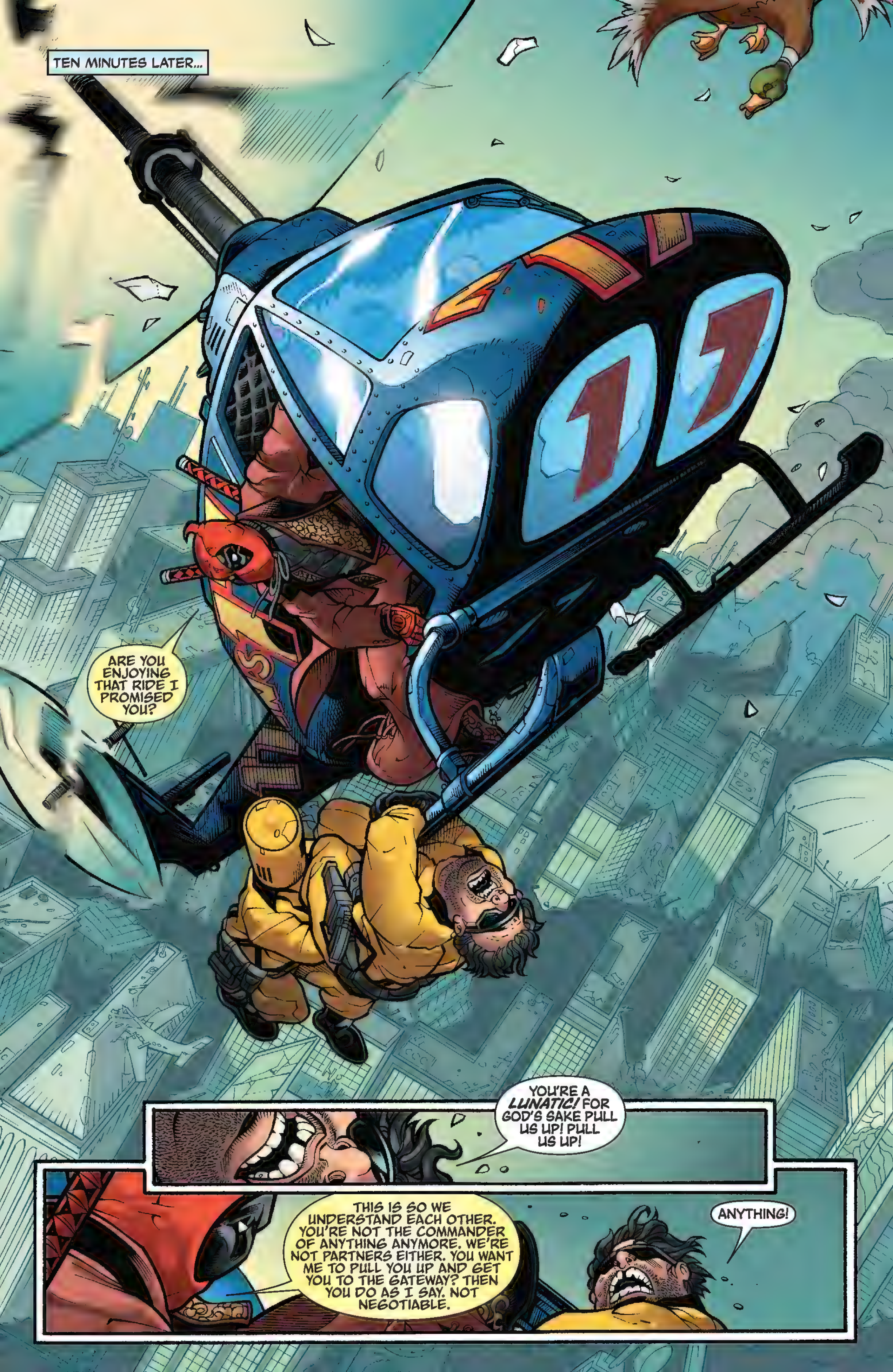

Swish Swash
Swish Swash
FLUSH ONE VILLAIN.
NOW YOU.
WAIT. HOLD ON. LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS.
DEAD-POOL, PLEASE. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN TO EACH OTHER.
YOU'VE *REALLY* LET YOURSELF GO SINCE THEN.
I OVERLOOKED YOUR SCARS! BE FAIR.
HEY! JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE LOW STANDARDS DOESN'T MEAN I DO!
NOW HOW DO YOU WANT IT? A QUICK SWORD SLICE OR DO WE PUSH YOU OFF THIS ROOF?
WAIT! SPARE MY LIFE AND I'LL GIVE YOU *THIS!*

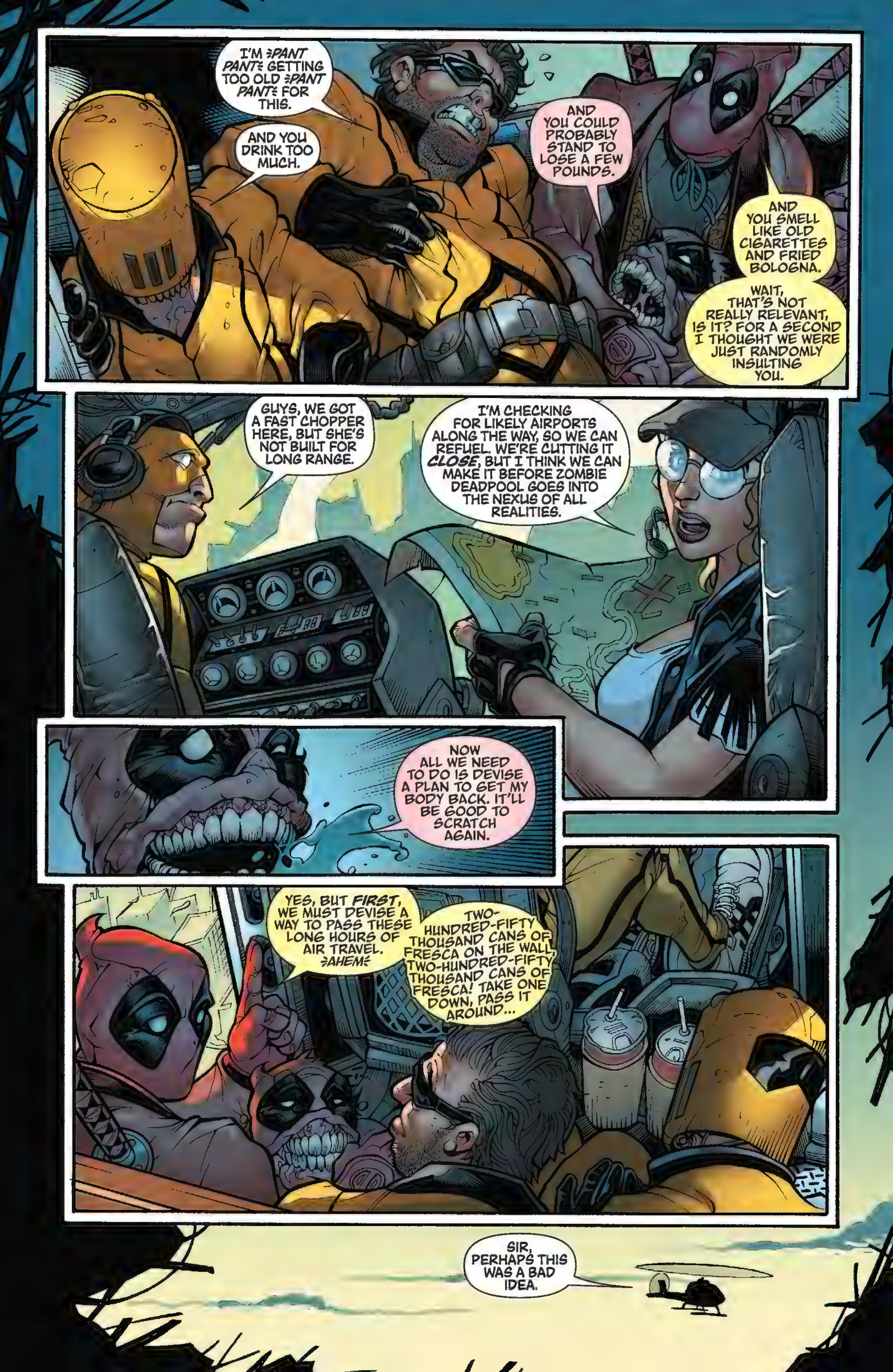

IS THAT GATORADE? BECAUSE I PREFER ORANGE.
IT'S THE ONLY KNOWN VIAL OF SERUM IN THE WORLD THAT CURES THE ZOMBIE VIRUS. ALL I COULD SALVAGE AFTER THE LAB WAS SMASHED. IT NEEDS TO BE TAKEN WITHIN AN HOUR OF INFECTION OR IT'S USELESS. I WOULD HAVE TAKEN IT MYSELF BUT I WAS ALREADY PAST THE FIRST STAGE.
LET ME GO AND IT'S YOURS. OTHERWISE I TOSS IT OVER THE SIDE.
HUH. MIGHT BE GOOD TO HAVE THAT. IT'S A LONG TRIP TO CITRUSVILLE, AND SOMEBODY COULD GET BITTEN.
WORD.
OKAY. NO SHOOTING, NO DECAPITATION, NO TOSSING ME OFF THE BUILDING. PROMISE?
YEAH, YEAH. I *PROMISE.*
DR. BETTY DIDN'T PROMISE.

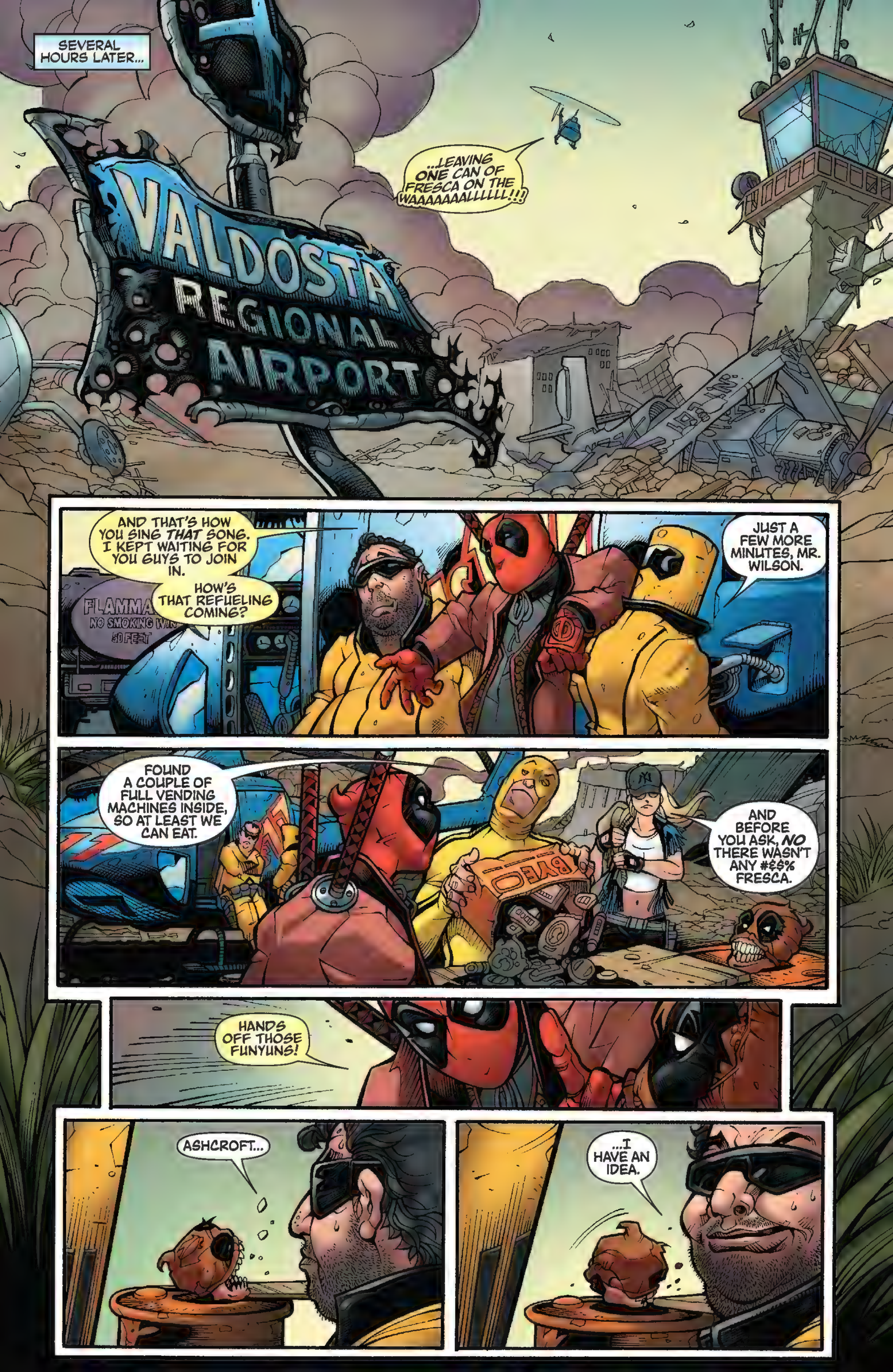

NOOOOOOOOOO!
WOW, YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT. YOUR HAND JUST SHOT OUT AND YOU *PUSHED* HER.
IT WAS A SURPRISINGLY SATISFYING EXPERIENCE.
I GUESS THERE'S NO SUPER SCIENCE SERUM THAT CURES BEING A BIG, BLOODY SPLATTER OF SIDE-WALK PIZZA.
NOW THAT THE FLYING ZOMBIE SHOW IS OVER, I THINK I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING INTERESTING ABOUT THE HELIPAD ON THIS ROOF.
I DIDN'T NOTICE AT FIRST, SINCE WE WERE DISTRACTED WITH ZOMBIES TRYING TO *KILL* US, BUT I THINK I SEE A PROBLEM.
THE HELICOPTER IS *INVISIBLE!*
THAT'S A JOKE.
THERE'S NO HELICOPTER.

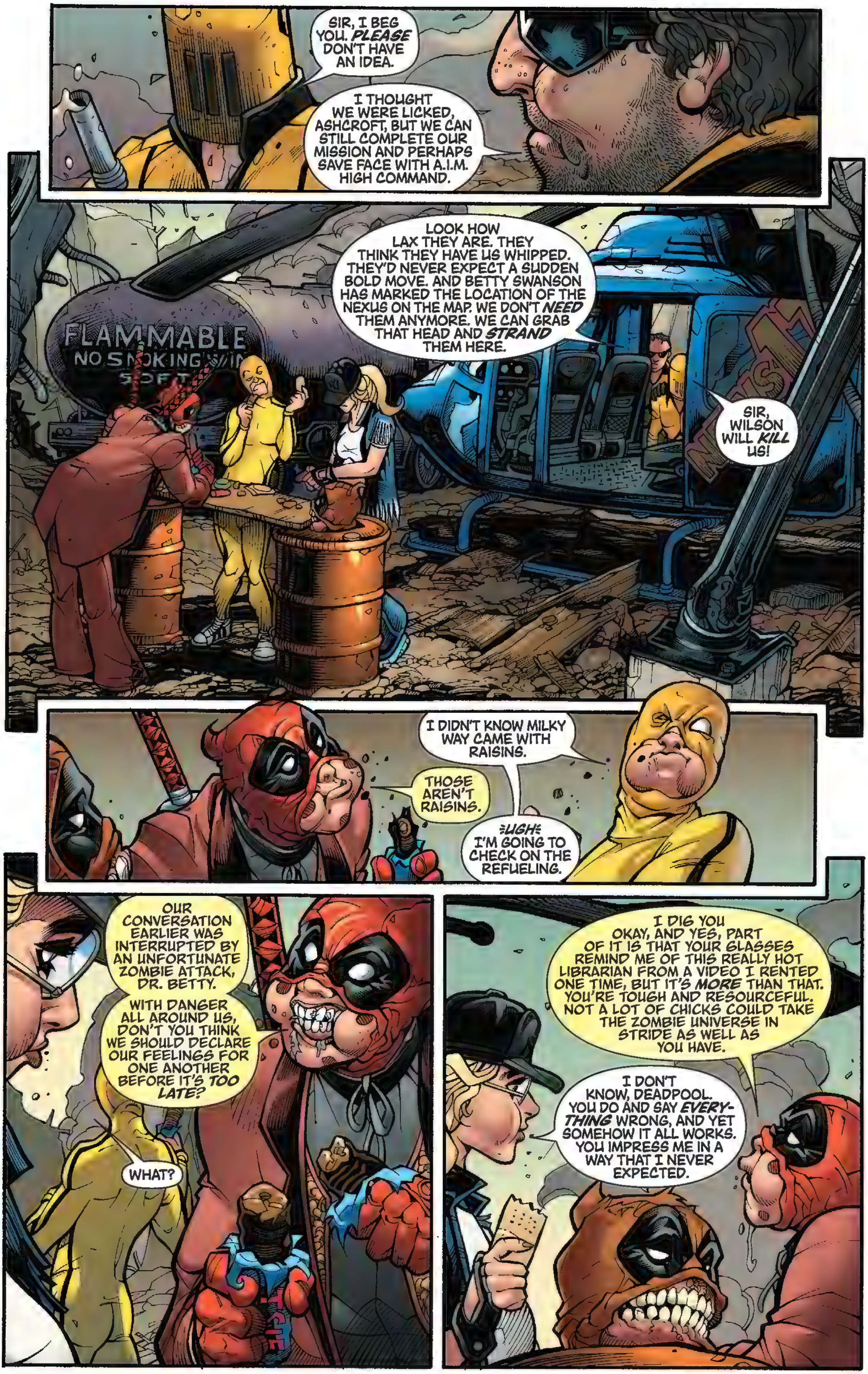

SEE, NOW A *HELICOPTER* I COULD HAVE FLOWN. NO PROBLEM.
UNLIKE A BLIMP.
BILL, I'M TIRED OF YOU DISSING THE HINDENPOOL... MAY SHE REST IN PEACE.
GUYS, WE NEED TO FIGURE *SOMETHING* OUT FAST BEFORE OUR WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY CLOSES WITH THE CITRUSVILLE GATEWAY.
OR DID THAT SOUND TOO EXPOSITIONY?
THE HEAD'S RIGHT. MAYBE IF WE CAN GET TO THE AIRPORT WE CAN FIND A PLANE THAT'S STILL-- HEY. DO YOU HEAR THAT?
HIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP
HIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP HIP THIP
HELLO THERE.
GREETINGS, MR. WILSON. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THAT I GOT HERE FIRST...

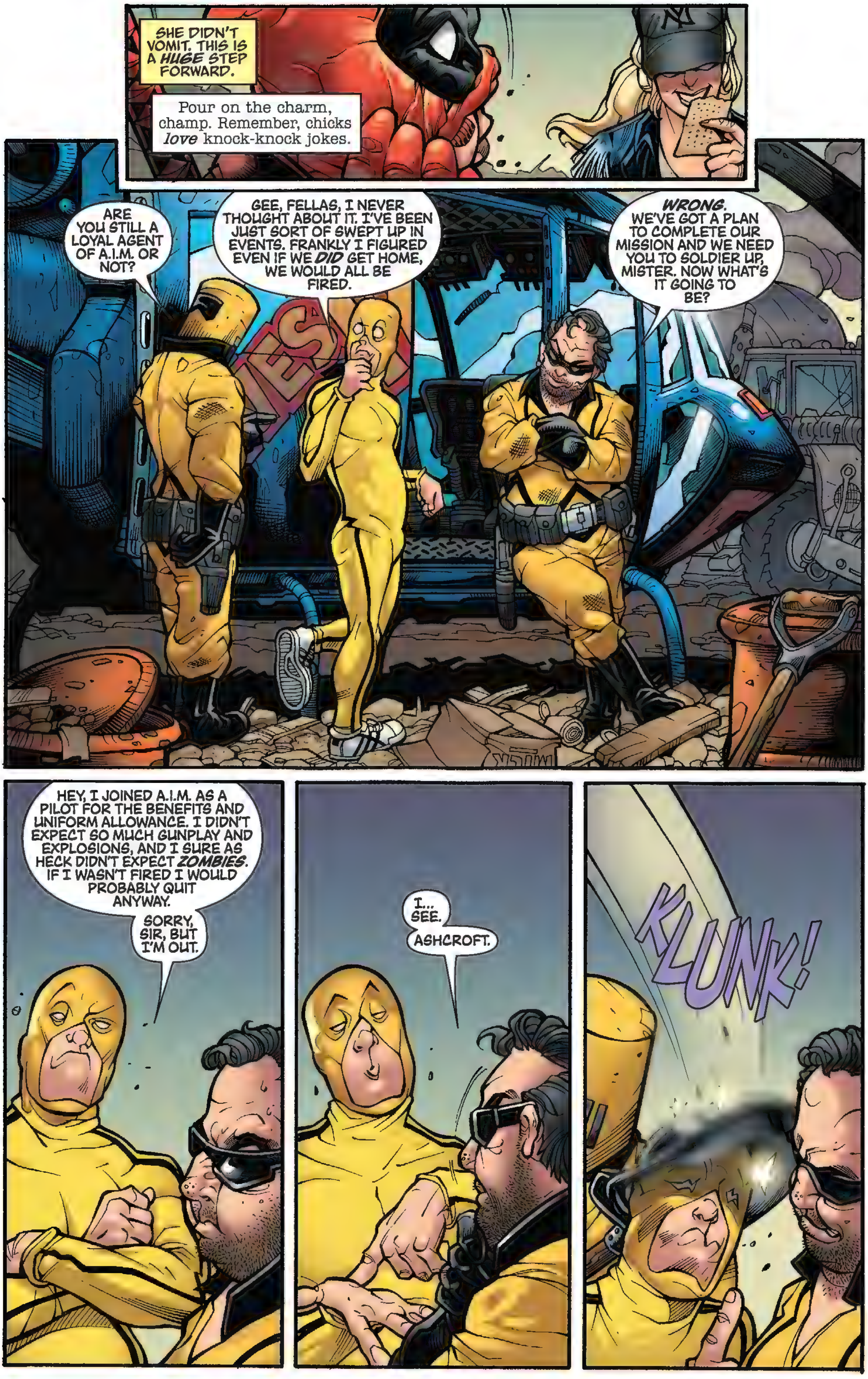

...AND BORROWED YOUR HELICOPTER.
IT EVEN HAS A FULL FUEL TANK.
NEWS 17
HEY, WE HAD DIBS ON THAT. *RESPECT DIBS!*
WE NEED EACH OTHER, WILSON. YOU NEED A RIDE, AND MY MAN AND I NEED YOU TO GET US THROUGH THAT SWAMP GATEWAY. HOW ABOUT IT, WILSON? DO WE HAVE A BARGAIN?
FINE. JUST LAND THE DAMN THING.
LET'S LET BYGONES BE BYGONES. WE HAVE A DEAL, RIGHT? YOU PROMISED TO GIVE US A RIDE.
THAT'S TWO PROMISES IN ONE DAY. WELL, WHY NOT? I *PROMISE* TO GIVE YOU A RIDE.

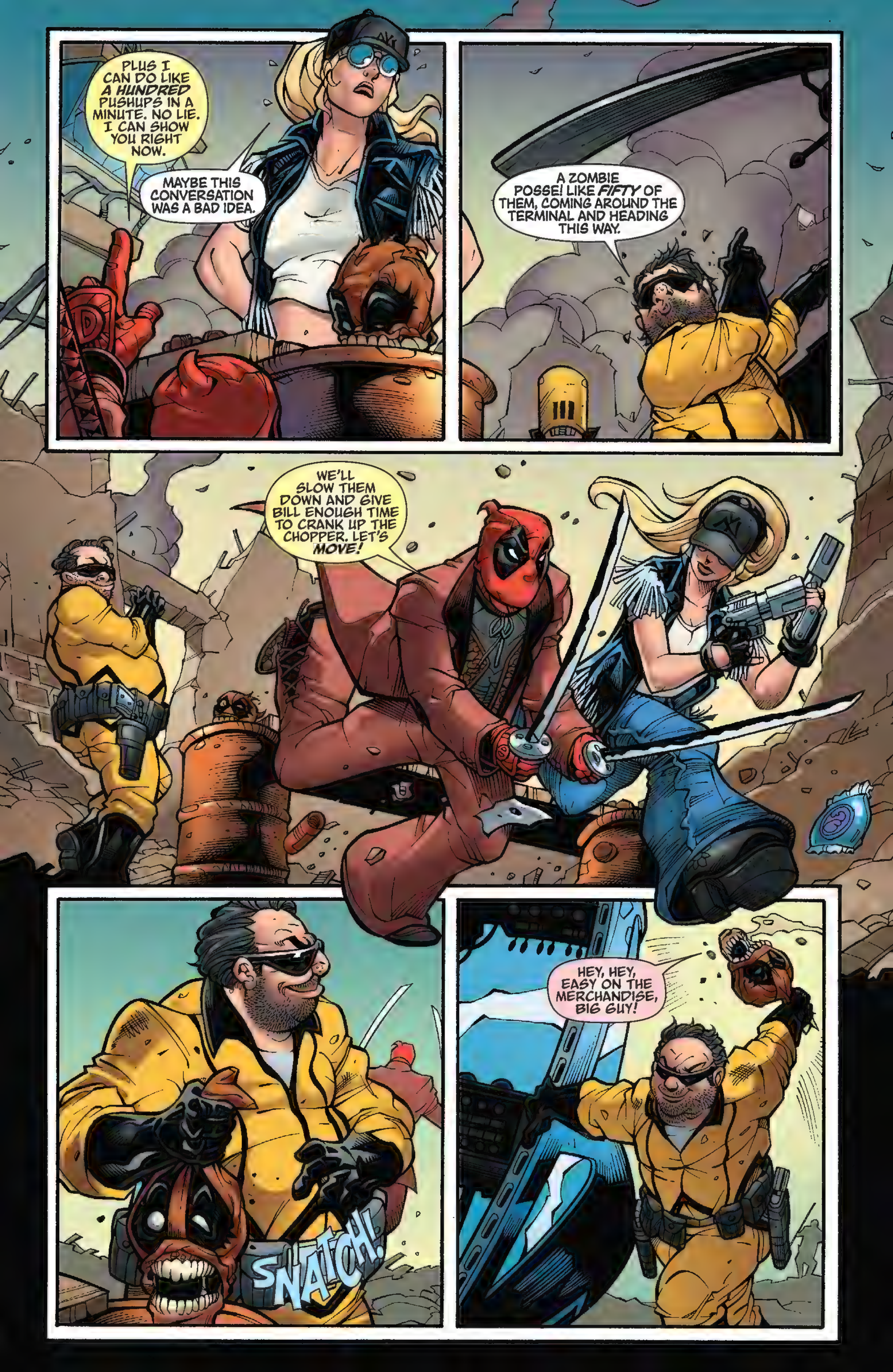

TEN MINUTES LATER...
ARE YOU ENJOYING THAT RIDE I PROMISED YOU?
YOU'RE A *LUNATIC!* FOR GOD'S SAKE PULL US UP! PULL US UP!
THIS IS SO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. YOU'RE NOT THE COMMANDER OF ANYTHING ANYMORE. WE'RE NOT PARTNERS EITHER. YOU WANT ME TO PULL YOU UP AND GET YOU TO THE GATEWAY? THEN YOU DO AS I SAY. NOT NEGOTIABLE.
ANYTHING!

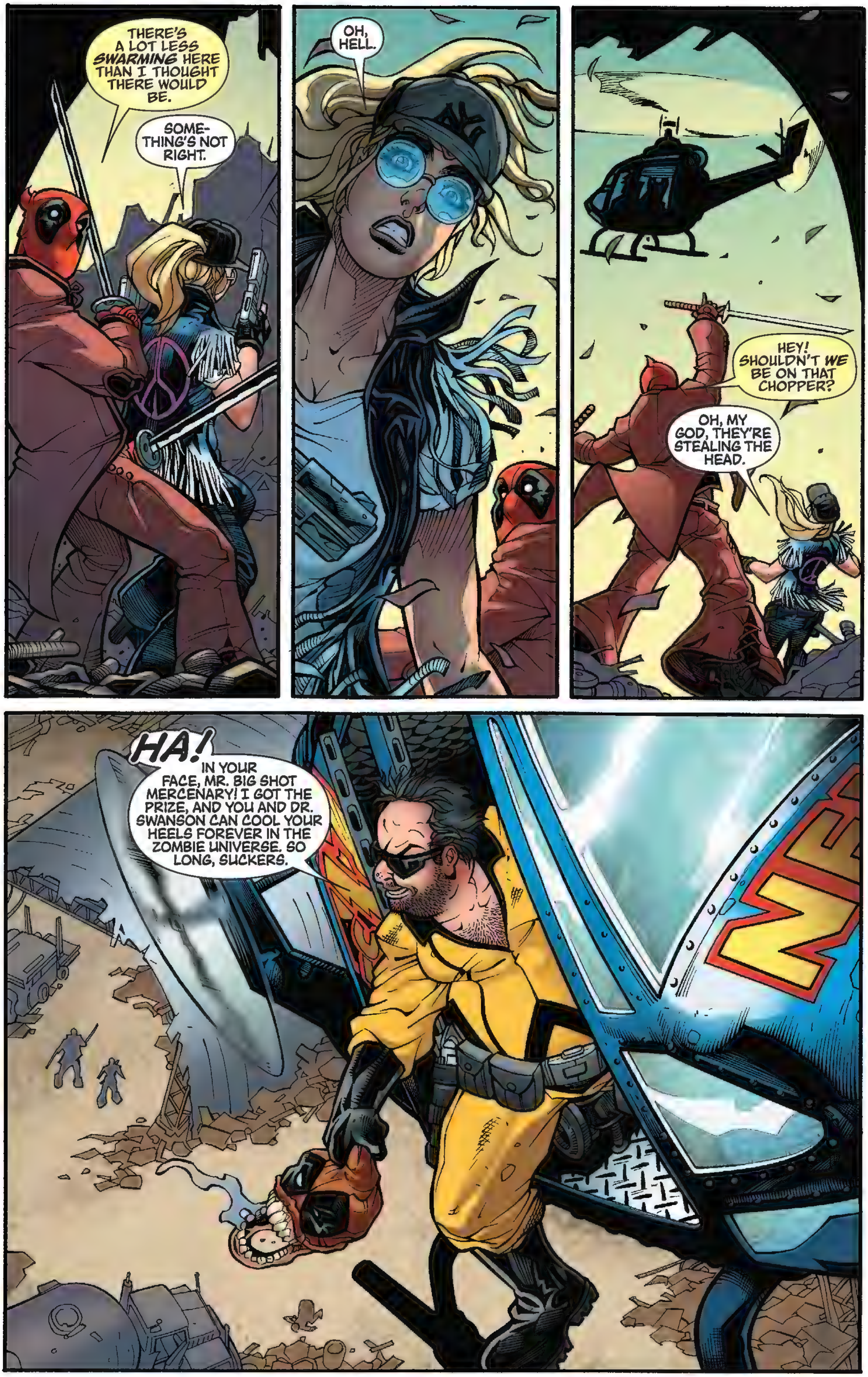

I'M *PANT PANT* GETTING TOO OLD *PANT PANT* FOR THIS.
AND YOU DRINK TOO MUCH.
AND YOU COULD PROBABLY STAND TO LOSE A FEW POUNDS.
AND YOU SMELL LIKE OLD CIGARETTES AND FRIED BOLOGNA.
WAIT, THAT'S NOT REALLY RELEVANT, IS IT? FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT WE WERE JUST RANDOMLY INSULTING YOU.
GUYS, WE GOT A FAST CHOPPER HERE, BUT SHE'S NOT BUILT FOR LONG RANGE.
I'M CHECKING FOR LIKELY AIRPORTS ALONG THE WAY, SO WE CAN REFUEL. WE'RE CUTTING IT *CLOSE*, BUT I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT BEFORE ZOMBIE DEADPOOL GOES INTO THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES.
NOW ALL WE NEED TO DO IS DEVISE A PLAN TO GET MY BODY BACK. IT'LL BE GOOD TO SCRATCH AGAIN.
YES, BUT *FIRST*, WE MUST DEVISE A WAY TO PASS THESE LONG HOURS OF AIR TRAVEL. *AHEM*
TWO-HUNDRED-FIFTY THOUSAND CANS OF FRESCA ON THE WALL, TWO-HUNDRED-FIFTY THOUSAND CANS OF FRESCA! TAKE ONE DOWN, PASS IT AROUND...
SIR, PERHAPS THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.

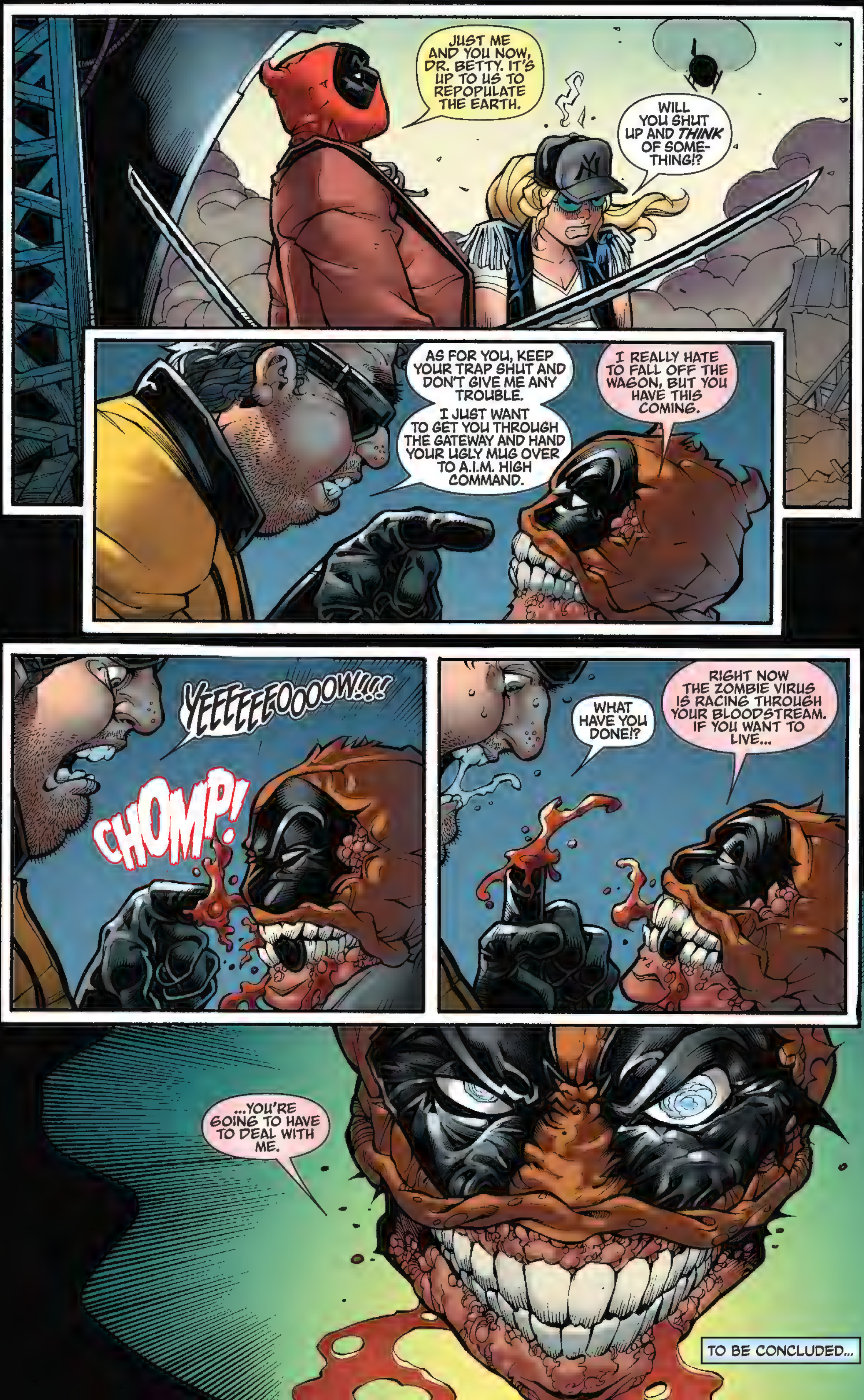

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
VALDOSTA REGIONAL AIRPORT
...LEAVING ONE CAN OF FRESCA ON THE WAAAAAAAALLLLLLL!!!
AND THAT'S HOW YOU SING *THAT* SONG. I KEPT WAITING FOR YOU GUYS TO JOIN IN.
HOW'S THAT REFUELING COMING?
FLAMMA NO SMOKING WI 50 FEET
JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, MR. WILSON.
FOUND A COUPLE OF FULL VENDING MACHINES INSIDE, SO AT LEAST WE CAN EAT.
AND BEFORE YOU ASK, *NO* THERE WASN'T ANY #&$% FRESCA.
HANDS OFF THOSE FUNYUNS!
ASHCROFT...
...I HAVE AN IDEA.

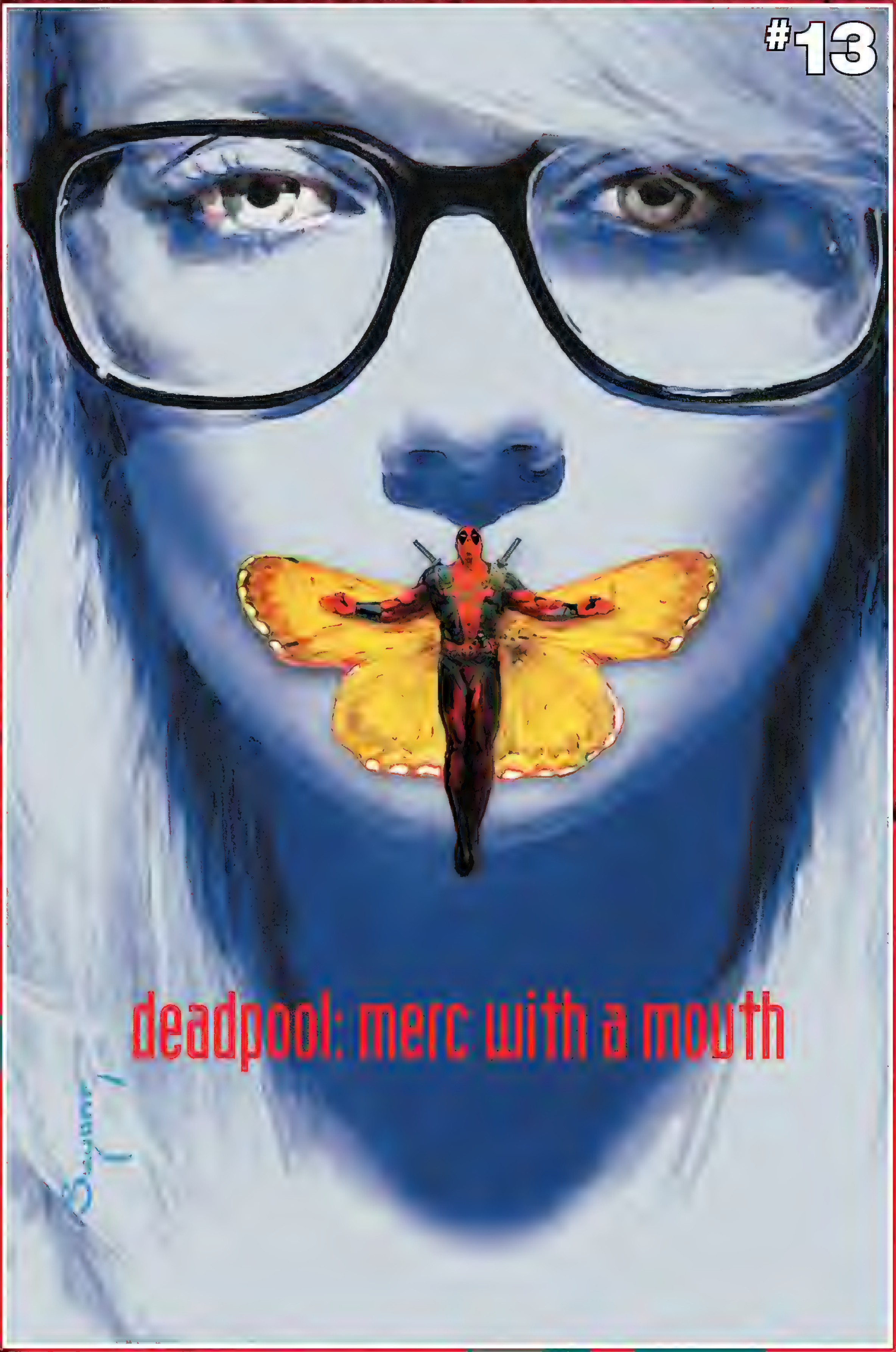

SIR, I BEG YOU. *PLEASE* DON'T HAVE AN IDEA.
I THOUGHT WE WERE LICKED, ASHCROFT, BUT WE CAN STILL COMPLETE OUR MISSION AND PERHAPS SAVE FACE WITH A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND.
FLAMMABLE
NO SMOKING
LOOK HOW LAX THEY ARE. THEY THINK THEY HAVE US WHIPPED. THEY'D NEVER EXPECT A SUDDEN BOLD MOVE. AND BETTY SWANSON HAS MARKED THE LOCATION OF THE NEXUS ON THE MAP. WE DON'T *NEED* THEM ANYMORE. WE CAN GRAB THAT HEAD AND *STRAND* THEM HERE.
SIR, WILSON WILL *KILL* US!
I DIDN'T KNOW MILKY WAY CAME WITH RAISINS.
THOSE AREN'T RAISINS.
UGH I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THE REFUELING.
OUR CONVERSATION EARLIER WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN UNFORTUNATE ZOMBIE ATTACK, DR. BETTY.
WITH DANGER ALL AROUND US, DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD DECLARE OUR FEELINGS FOR ONE ANOTHER BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE?*
WHAT?
I DIG YOU OKAY, AND YES, PART OF IT IS THAT YOUR GLASSES REMIND ME OF THIS REALLY HOT LIBRARIAN FROM A VIDEO I RENTED ONE TIME, BUT IT'S *MORE* THAN THAT. YOU'RE TOUGH AND RESOURCEFUL. NOT A LOT OF CHICKS COULD TAKE THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE IN STRIDE AS WELL AS YOU HAVE.
I DON'T KNOW, DEADPOOL. YOU DO AND SAY *EVERYTHING* WRONG, AND YET SOMEHOW IT ALL WORKS. YOU IMPRESS ME IN A WAY THAT I NEVER EXPECTED.

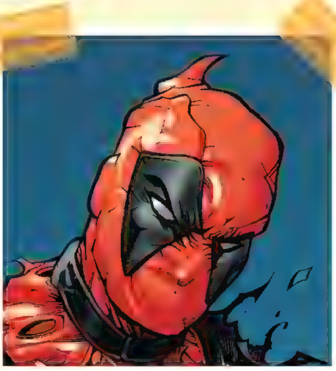

SHE DIDN'T VOMIT. THIS IS A *HUGE* STEP FORWARD.
Pour on the charm, champ. Remember, chicks *love* knock-knock jokes.
ARE YOU STILL A LOYAL AGENT OF A.I.M. OR NOT?
GEE, FELLAS, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I'VE BEEN JUST SORT OF SWEPT UP IN EVENTS. FRANKLY I FIGURED EVEN IF WE *DID* GET HOME, WE WOULD ALL BE FIRED.
WRONG. WE'VE GOT A PLAN TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION AND WE NEED YOU TO SOLDIER UP, MISTER. NOW WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?
HEY, I JOINED A.I.M. AS A PILOT FOR THE BENEFITS AND UNIFORM ALLOWANCE. I DIDN'T EXPECT SO MUCH GUNPLAY AND EXPLOSIONS, AND I SURE AS HECK DIDN'T EXPECT *ZOMBIES*. IF I WASN'T FIRED I WOULD PROBABLY QUIT ANYWAY.
SORRY, SIR, BUT I'M OUT.
I... SEE.
ASHCROFT.
KLUNK!


PLUS I CAN DO LIKE *A HUNDRED* PUSHUPS IN A MINUTE. NO LIE. I CAN SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW.
MAYBE THIS CONVERSATION WAS A BAD IDEA.
A ZOMBIE POSSE! LIKE *FIFTY* OF THEM, COMING AROUND THE TERMINAL AND HEADING THIS WAY.
WE'LL SLOW THEM DOWN AND GIVE BILL ENOUGH TIME TO CRANK UP THE CHOPPER. LET'S *MOVE!*
SNATCH!
HEY, HEY, EASY ON THE MERCHANDISE, BIG GUY!

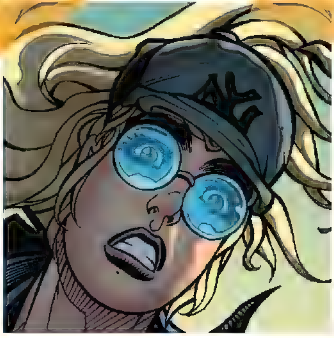

THERE'S A LOT LESS *SWARMING* HERE THAN I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE.
SOME-THING'S NOT RIGHT.
OH, HELL.
HEY! SHOULDN'T *WE* BE ON THAT CHOPPER?
OH, MY GOD, THEY'RE STEALING THE HEAD.
HA! IN YOUR FACE, MR. BIG SHOT MERCENARY! I GOT THE PRIZE, AND YOU AND DR. SWANSON CAN COOL YOUR HEELS FOREVER IN THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE. SO LONG, SUCKERS.


JUST ME AND YOU NOW, DR. BETTY. IT'S UP TO US TO REPOPULATE THE EARTH.
WILL YOU SHUT UP AND *THINK* OF SOMETHING!?
AS FOR YOU, KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE.
I JUST WANT TO GET YOU THROUGH THE GATEWAY AND HAND YOUR UGLY MUG OVER TO A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND.
I REALLY HATE TO FALL OFF THE WAGON, BUT YOU HAVE THIS COMING.
YEEEEEEOOOOW!!!
CHOMP!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?
RIGHT NOW THE ZOMBIE VIRUS IS RACING THROUGH YOUR BLOODSTREAM. IF YOU WANT TO LIVE...
...YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

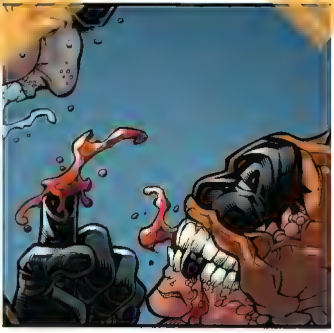

#13
deadpool: merc with a mouth



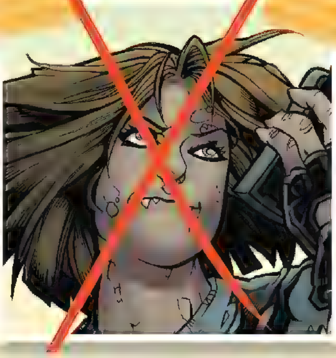
That's ME!



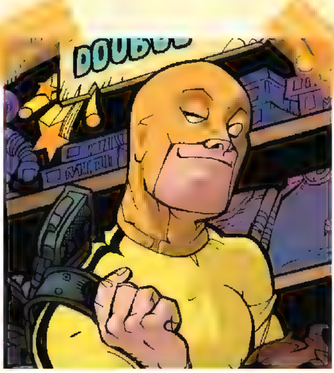
That's my girl!



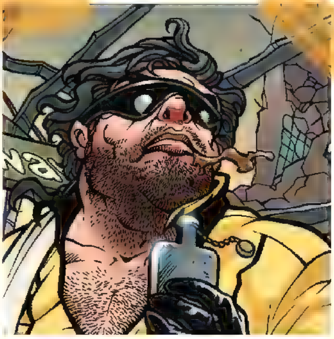
That's my zombie head from another dimension.



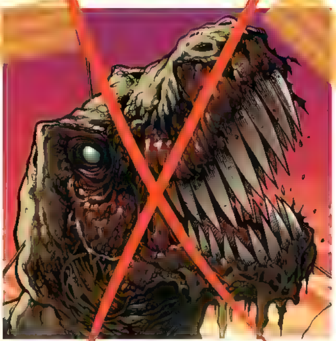
That USED to be my girl!



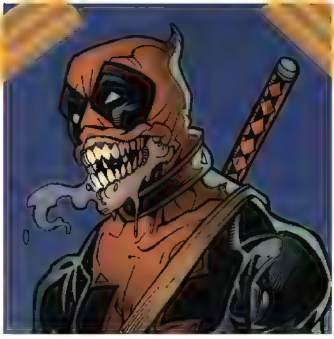
That's my sidekick!



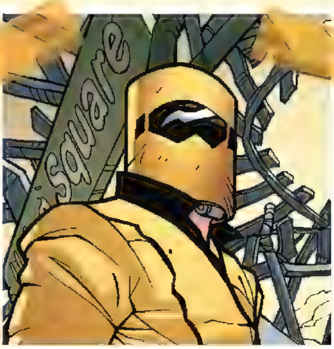
These dudes stole my zombie Head!



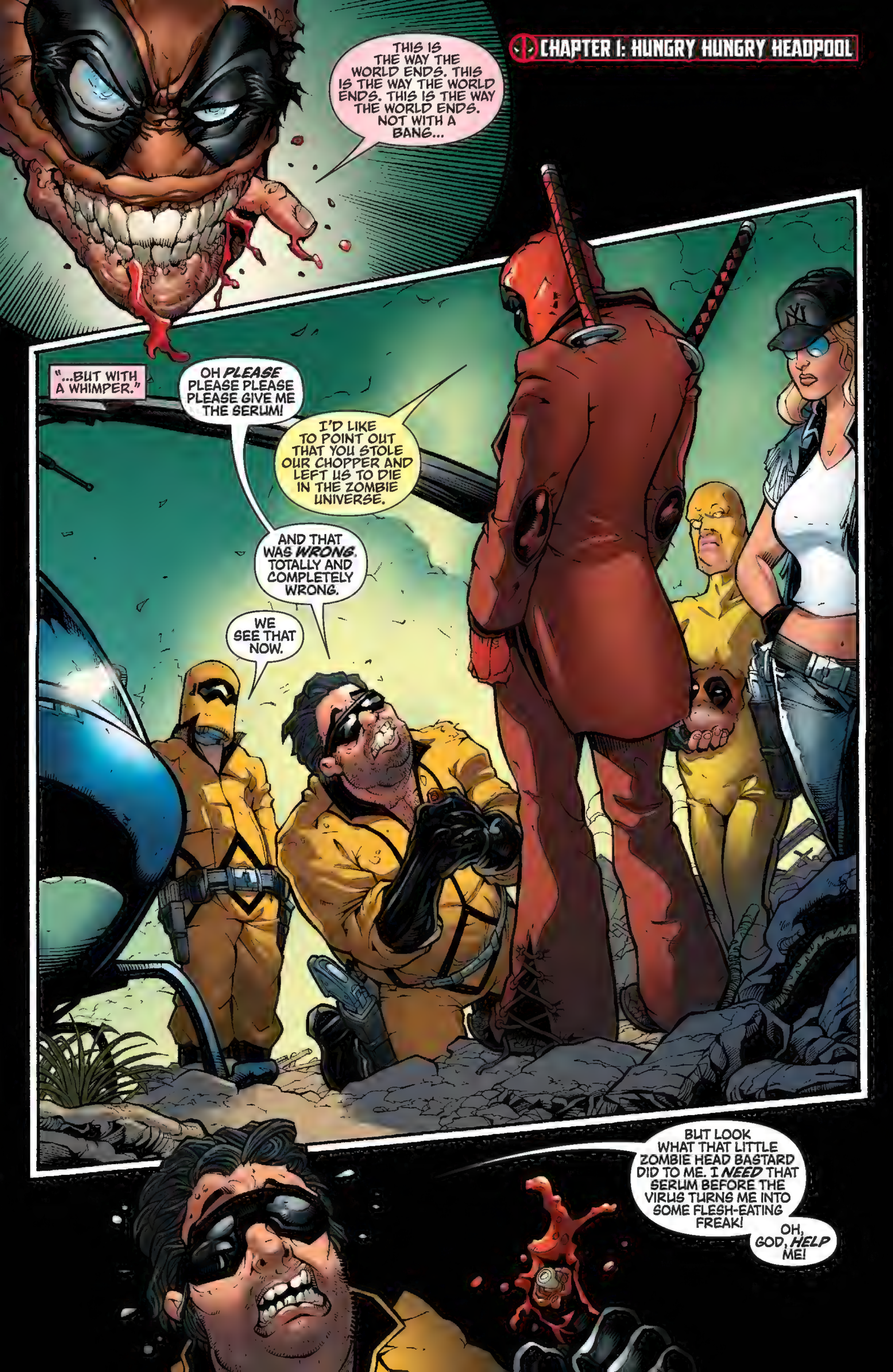
That's a zombie T-Rex we nuked!

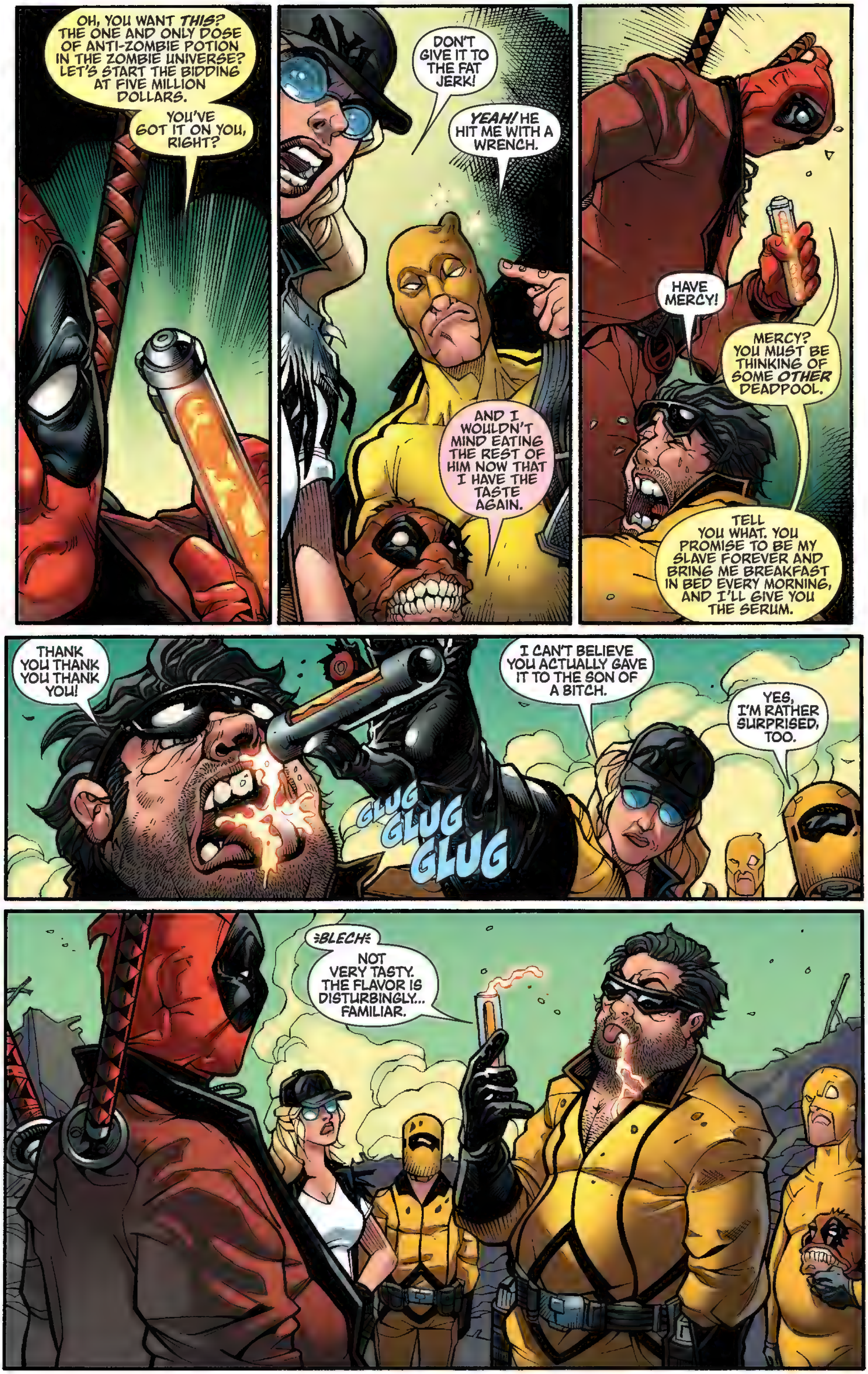


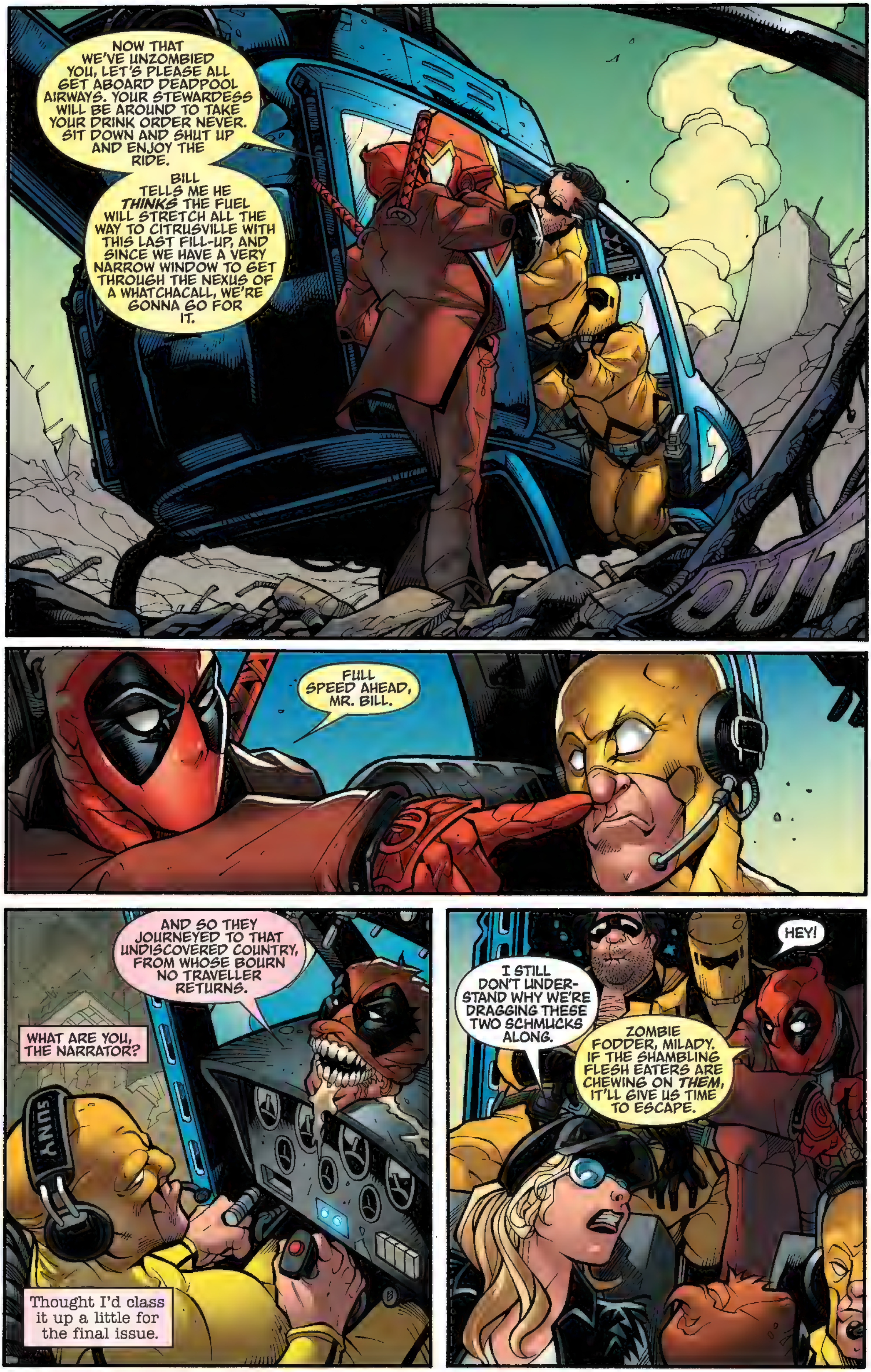
That's the zombie Deadpool BEFORE he lost his noggin'! (it's a time-travel thing)

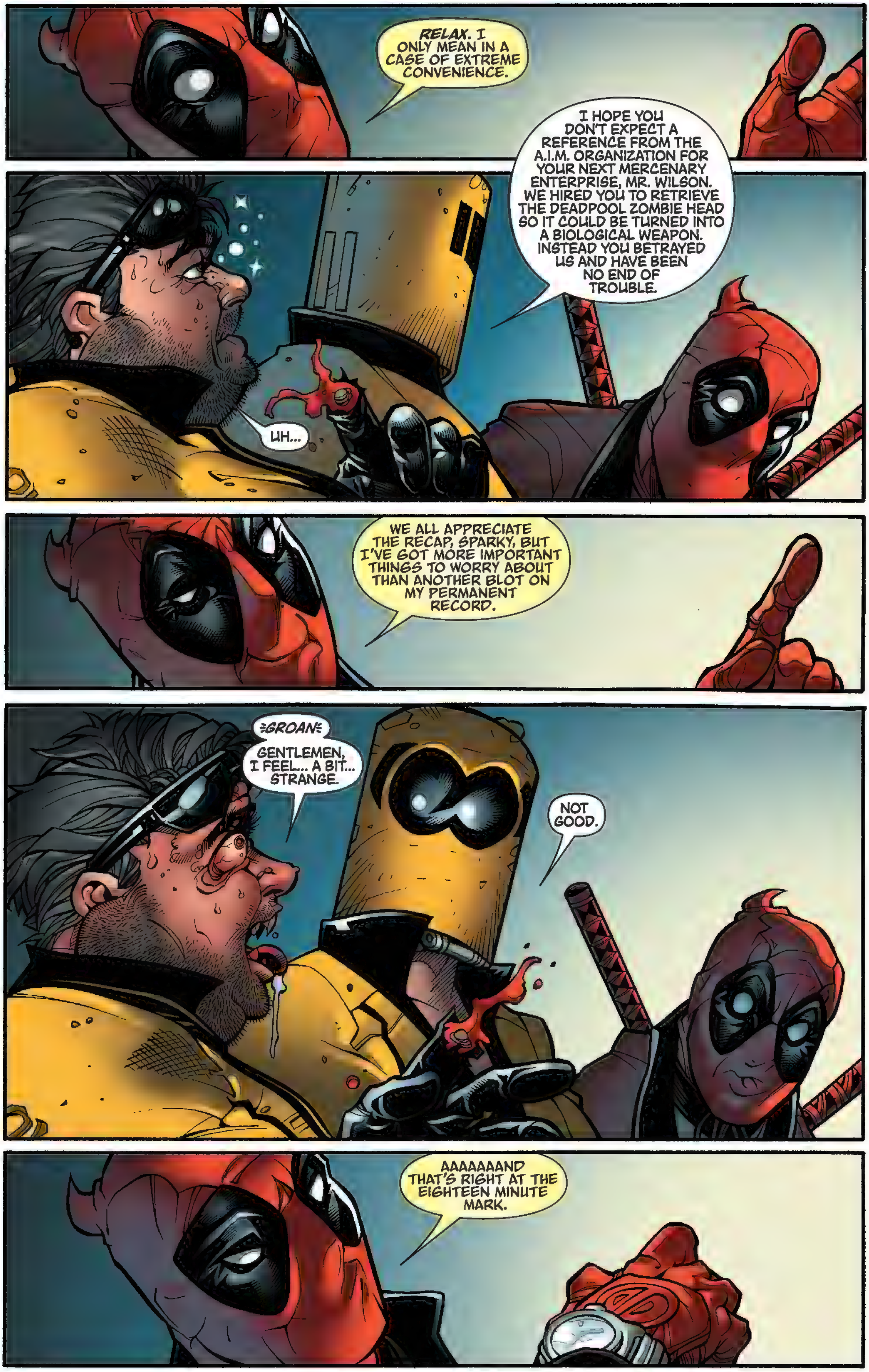


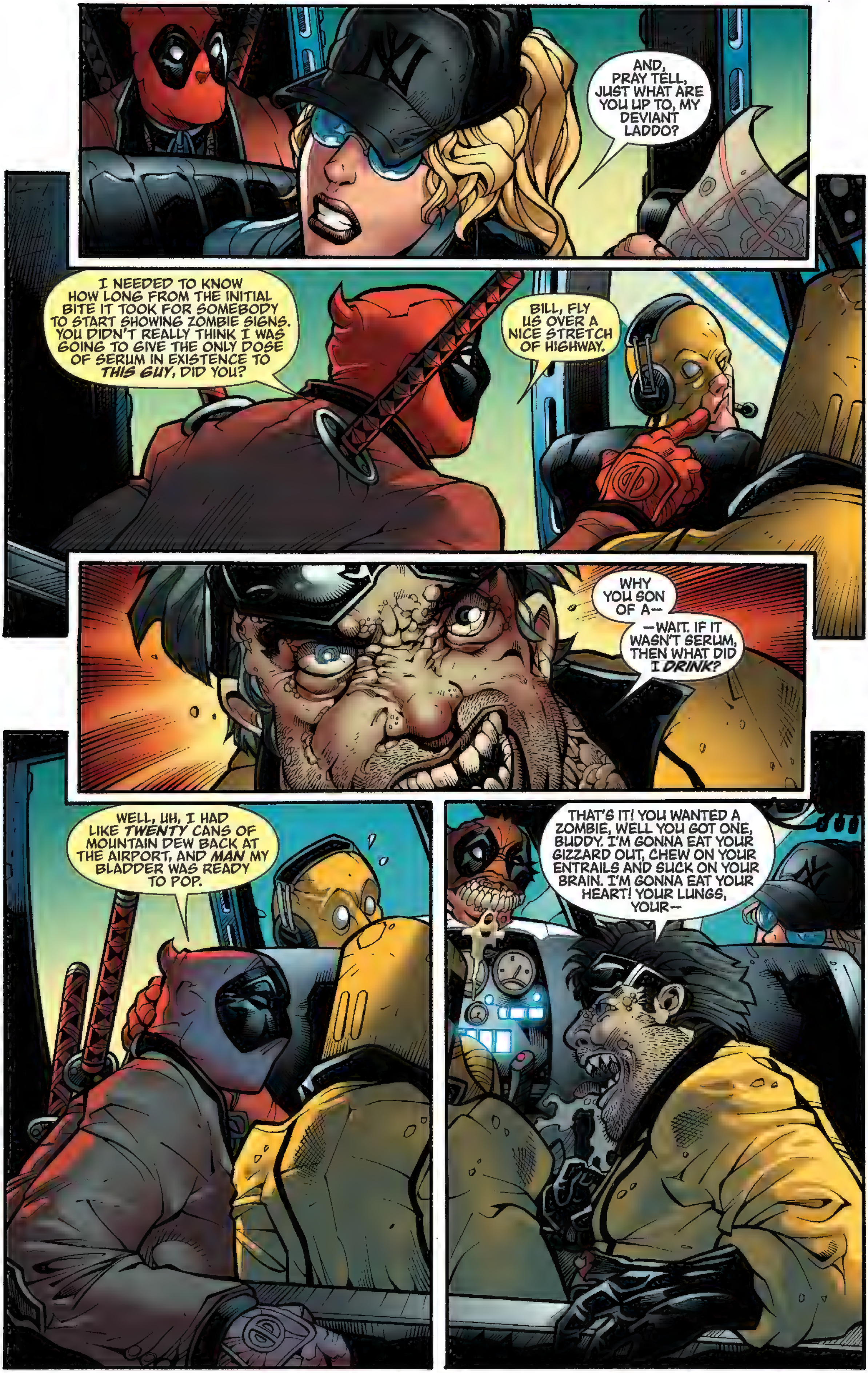
CHAPTER 1: HUNGRY HUNGRY HEADPOOL

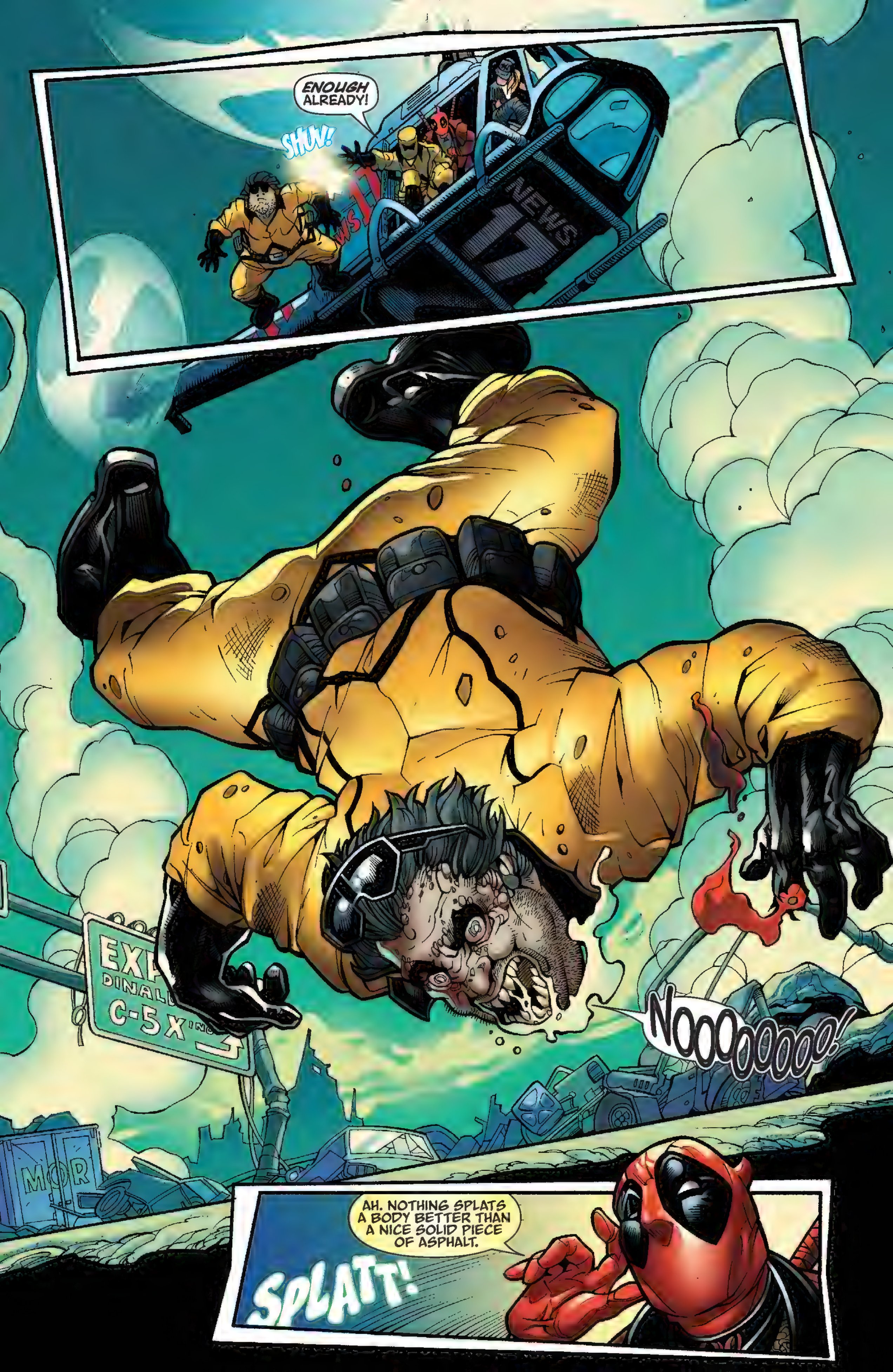

THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS. THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS. THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS. NOT WITH A BANG...
"...BUT WITH A WHIMPER."
OH *PLEASE* PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE GIVE ME THE SERUM!
I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT YOU STOLE OUR CHOPPER AND LEFT US TO DIE IN THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE.
AND THAT WAS ***WRONG***. TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY WRONG.
WE SEE THAT NOW.
BUT LOOK WHAT THAT LITTLE ZOMBIE HEAD BASTARD DID TO ME. I ***NEED*** THAT SERUM BEFORE THE VIRUS TURNS ME INTO SOME FLESH-EATING FREAK!
OH, GOD, ***HELP*** ME!

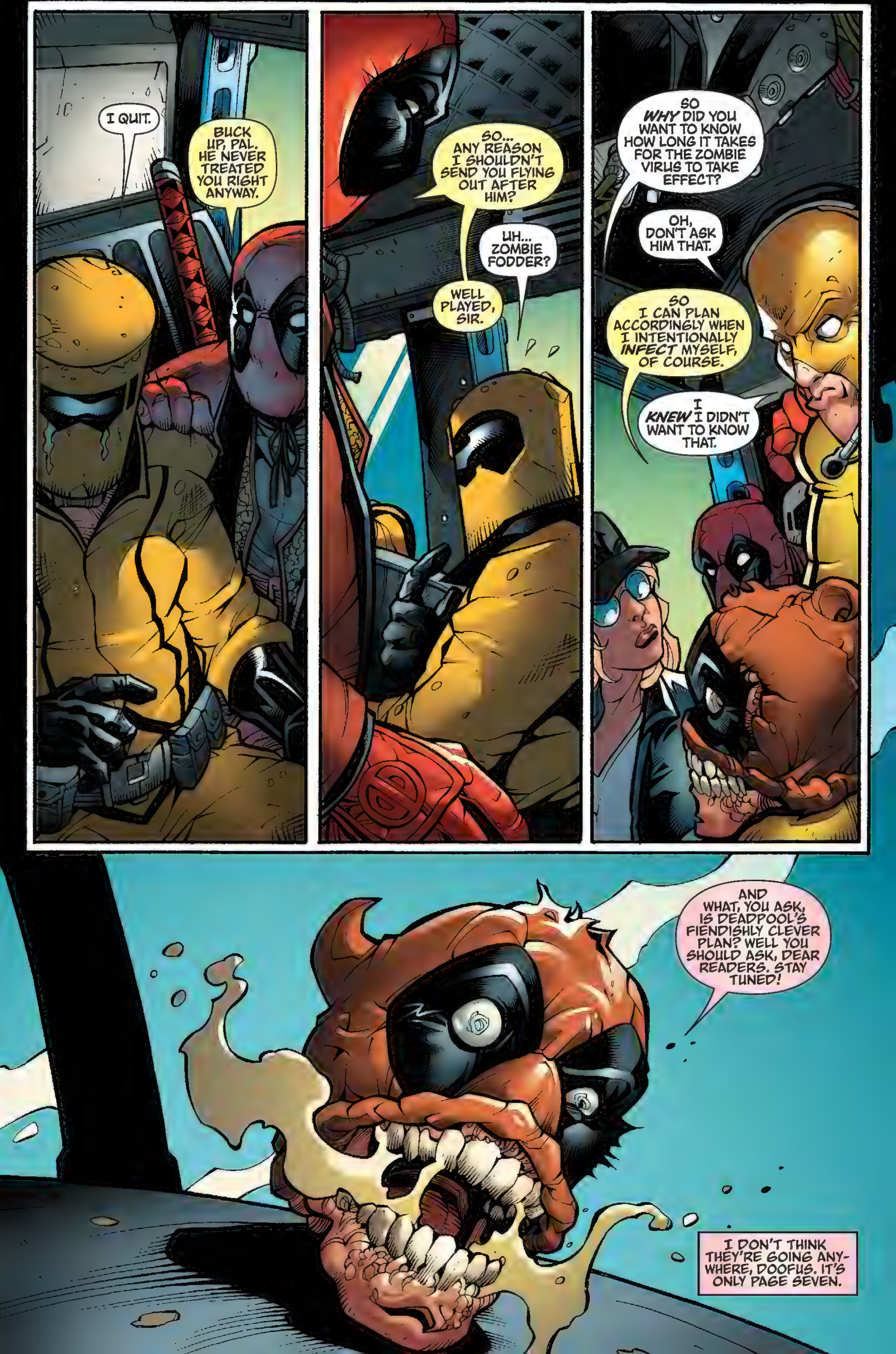

OH, YOU WANT *THIS?* THE ONE AND ONLY DOSE OF ANTI-ZOMBIE POTION IN THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE? LET'S START THE BIDDING AT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.
YOU'VE GOT IT ON YOU, RIGHT?
DON'T GIVE IT TO THE FAT JERK!
YEAH! HE HIT ME WITH A WRENCH.
AND I WOULDN'T MIND EATING THE REST OF HIM NOW THAT I HAVE THE TASTE AGAIN.
HAVE MERCY!
MERCY? YOU MUST BE THINKING OF SOME *OTHER* DEADPOOL.
TELL YOU WHAT. YOU PROMISE TO BE MY SLAVE FOREVER AND BRING ME BREAKFAST IN BED EVERY MORNING, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SERUM.
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!
GLUG GLUG GLUG
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY GAVE IT TO THE SON OF A BITCH.
YES, I'M RATHER SURPRISED, TOO.
BLECH
NOT VERY TASTY. THE FLAVOR IS DISTURBINGLY... FAMILIAR.

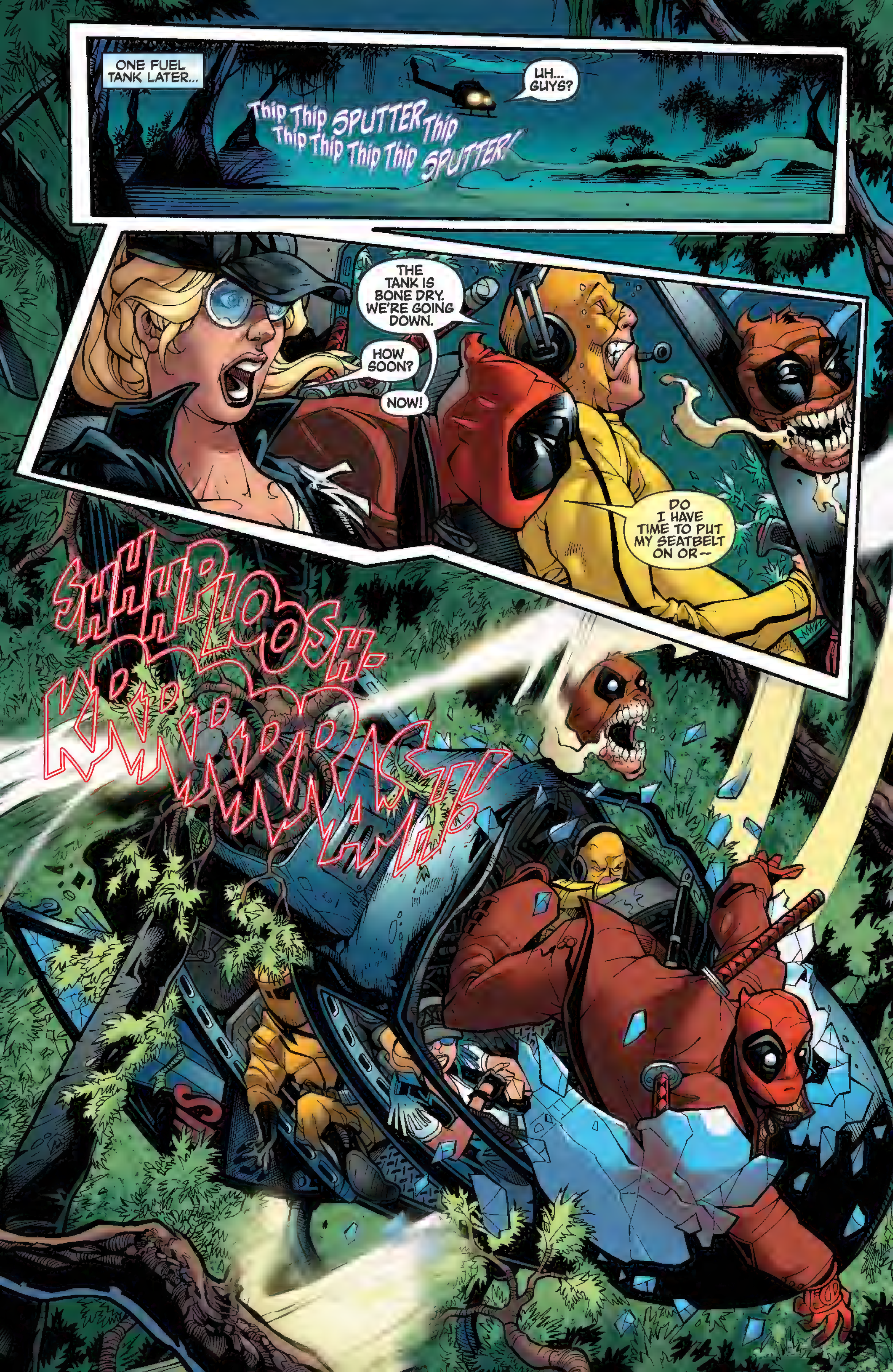

NOW THAT WE'VE UNZOMBIED YOU, LET'S PLEASE ALL GET ABOARD DEADPOOL AIRWAYS. YOUR STEWARDESS WILL BE AROUND TO TAKE YOUR DRINK ORDER NEVER. SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP AND ENJOY THE RIDE.
BILL TELLS ME HE *THINKS* THE FUEL WILL STRETCH ALL THE WAY TO CITRUSVILLE WITH THIS LAST FILL-UP, AND SINCE WE HAVE A VERY NARROW WINDOW TO GET THROUGH THE NEXUS OF A WHATCHACALL, WE'RE GONNA GO FOR IT.
OUT
FULL SPEED AHEAD, MR. BILL.
AND SO THEY JOURNEYED TO THAT UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY, FROM WHOSE BOURN NO TRAVELLER RETURNS.
WHAT ARE YOU, THE NARRATOR?
SUNY
Thought I'd class it up a little for the final issue.
HEY!
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE DRAGGING THESE TWO SCHMUCKS ALONG.
ZOMBIE FODDER, MILADY. IF THE SHAMBLING FLESH EATERS ARE CHEWING ON *THEM*, IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO ESCAPE.

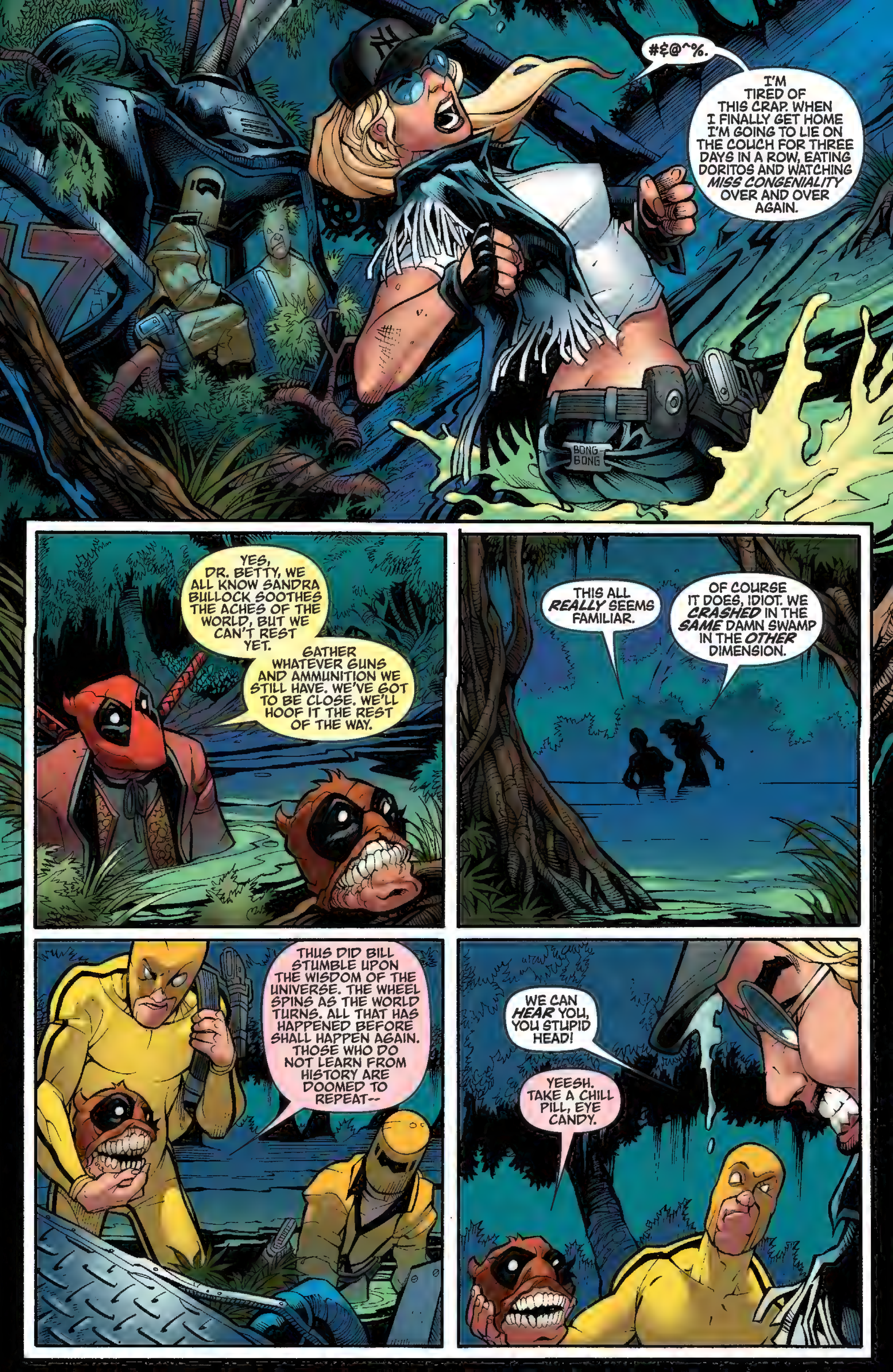

RELAX. I ONLY MEAN IN A CASE OF EXTREME CONVENIENCE.
I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT A REFERENCE FROM THE A.I.M. ORGANIZATION FOR YOUR NEXT MERCENARY ENTERPRISE, MR. WILSON. WE HIRED YOU TO RETRIEVE THE DEADPOOL ZOMBIE HEAD SO IT COULD BE TURNED INTO A BIOLOGICAL WEAPON. INSTEAD YOU BETRAYED US AND HAVE BEEN NO END OF TROUBLE.
UH...
WE ALL APPRECIATE THE RECAP, SPARKY, BUT I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT THAN ANOTHER BLOT ON MY PERMANENT RECORD.
GROAN
GENTLEMEN, I FEEL... A BIT... STRANGE.
NOT GOOD.
AAAAAAAND THAT'S RIGHT AT THE EIGHTEEN MINUTE MARK.

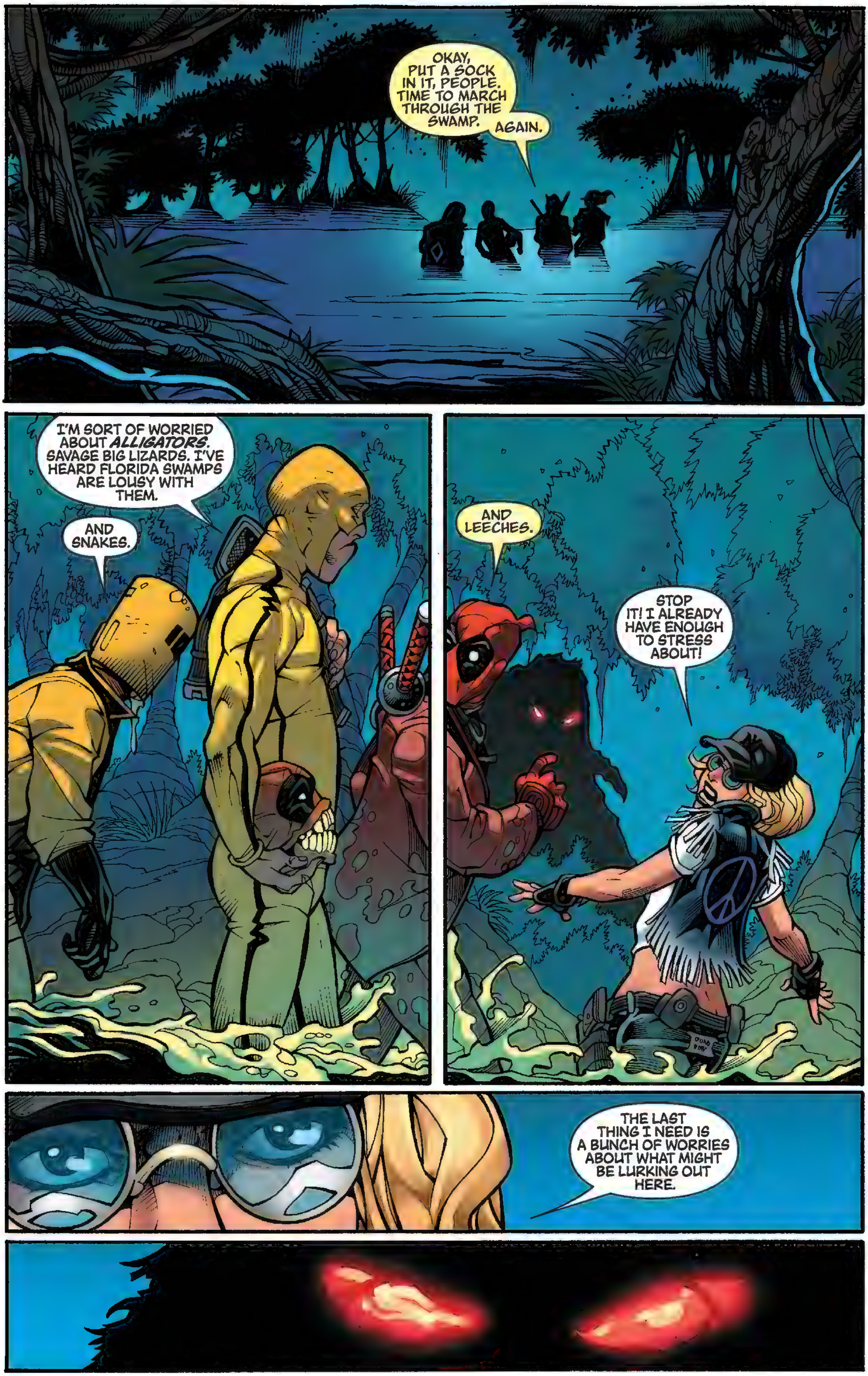

AND, PRAY TELL, JUST WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, MY DEVIANT LADDO?
I NEEDED TO KNOW HOW LONG FROM THE INITIAL BITE IT TOOK FOR SOMEBODY TO START SHOWING ZOMBIE SIGNS. YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO GIVE THE ONLY DOSE OF SERUM IN EXISTENCE TO *THIS GUY*, DID YOU?
BILL, FLY US OVER A NICE STRETCH OF HIGHWAY.
WHY YOU SON OF A--
--WAIT. IF IT WASN'T SERUM, THEN WHAT DID I *DRINK*?
WELL, UH, I HAD LIKE *TWENTY* CANS OF MOUNTAIN DEW BACK AT THE AIRPORT, AND *MAN* MY BLADDER WAS READY TO POP.
THAT'S IT! YOU WANTED A ZOMBIE, WELL YOU GOT ONE, BUDDY. I'M GONNA EAT YOUR GIZZARD OUT, CHEW ON YOUR ENTRAILS AND SUCK ON YOUR BRAIN. I'M GONNA EAT YOUR HEART! YOUR LUNGS, YOUR--

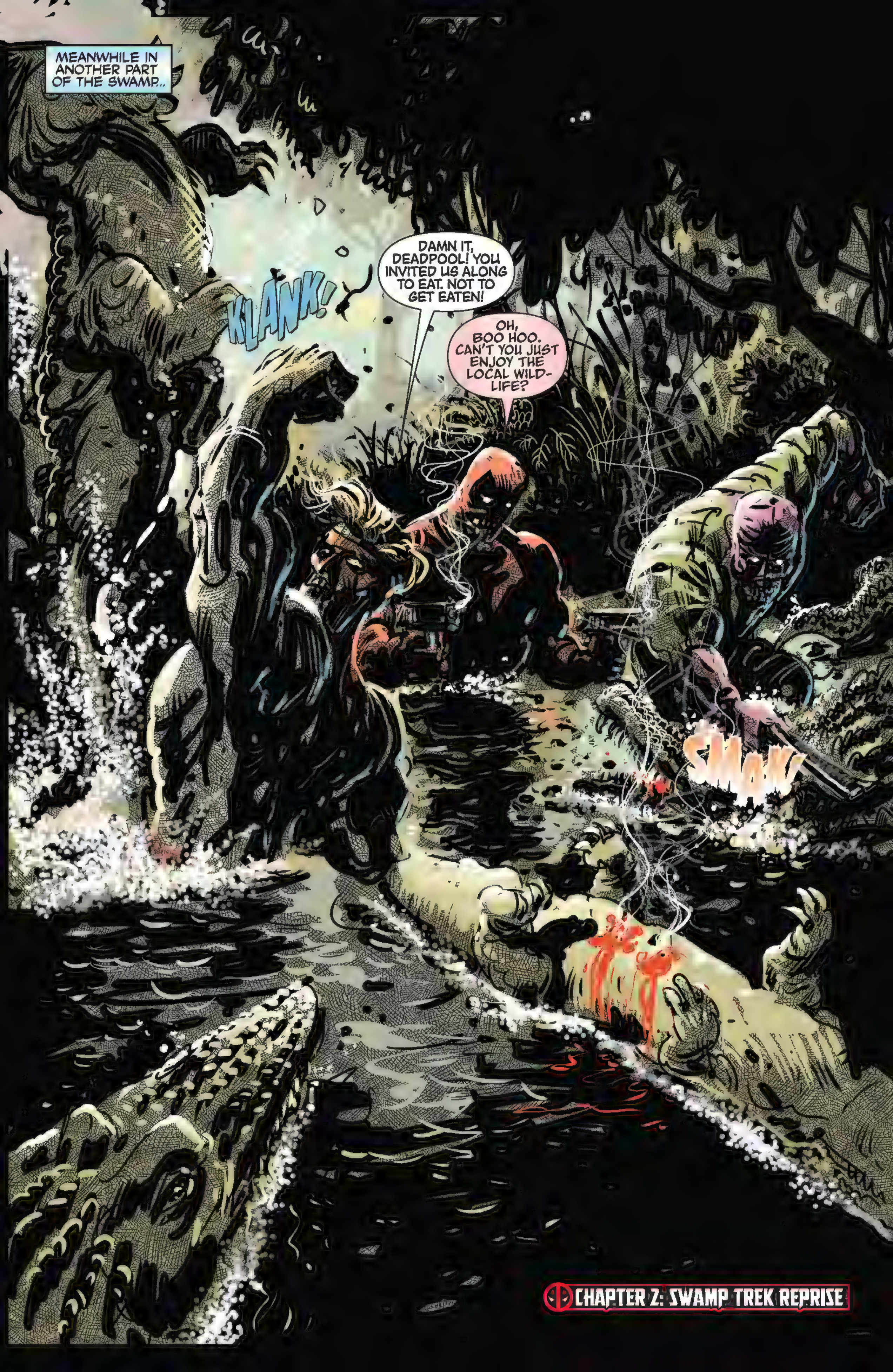

ENOUGH ALREADY!
SHUV!
NEWS 17
NOOOOOOOO!
EXP
DINAL
C-5X
MOR
AH. NOTHING SPLATS A BODY BETTER THAN A NICE SOLID PIECE OF ASPHALT.
SPLATT!

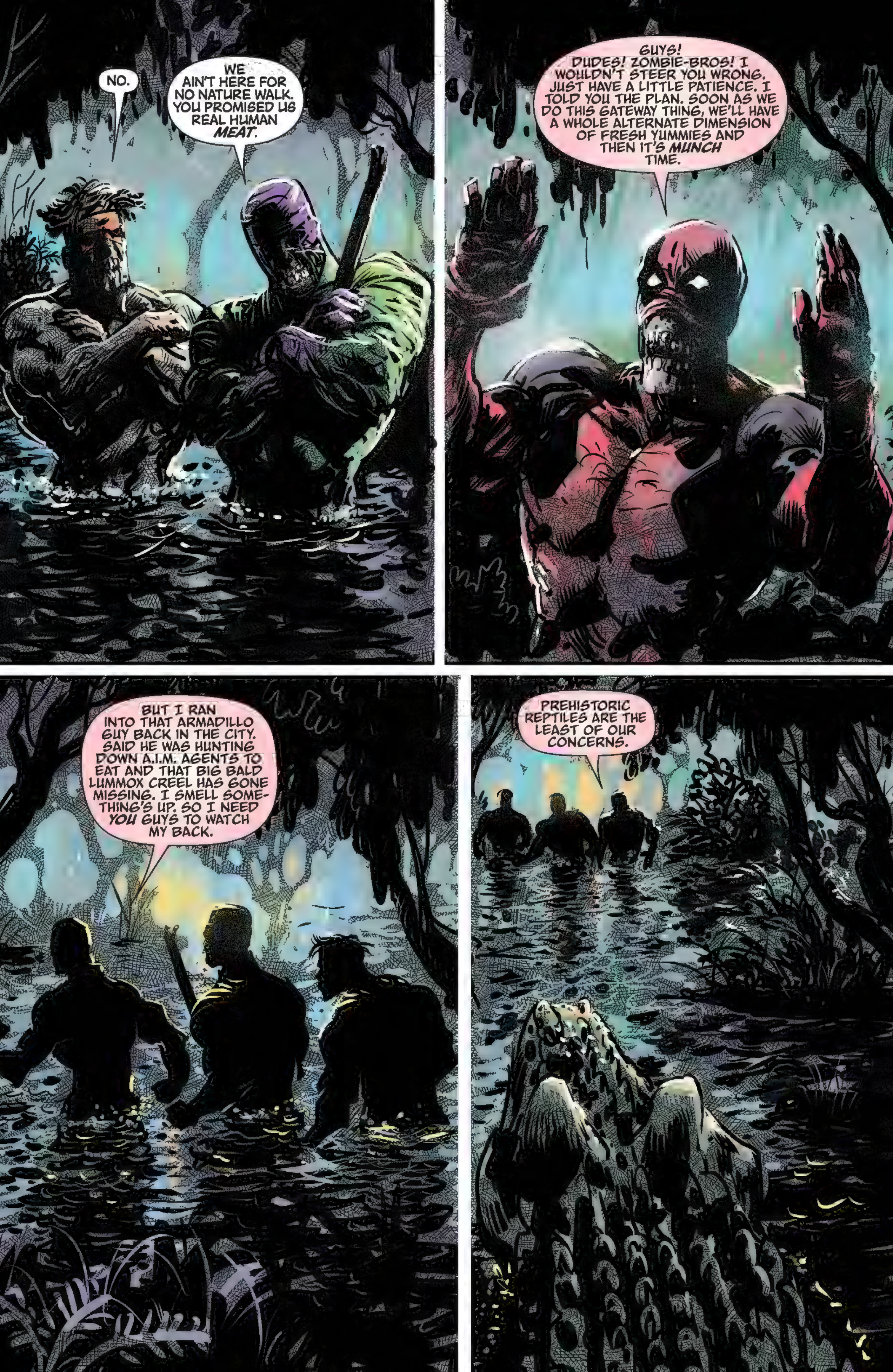

I QUIT.
BUCK UP, PAL. HE NEVER TREATED YOU RIGHT ANYWAY.
SO... ANY REASON I SHOULDN'T SEND YOU FLYING OUT AFTER HIM?
UH... ZOMBIE FODDER?
WELL PLAYED, SIR.
SO *WHY* DID YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE ZOMBIE VIRUS TO TAKE EFFECT?
OH, DON'T ASK HIM THAT.
SO I CAN PLAN ACCORDINGLY WHEN I INTENTIONALLY *INFECT* MYSELF, OF COURSE.
I *KNEW* I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW THAT.
AND WHAT, YOU ASK, IS DEADPOOL'S FIENDISHLY CLEVER PLAN? WELL YOU SHOULD ASK, DEAR READERS. STAY TUNED!
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING ANYWHERE, DOOFUS. IT'S ONLY PAGE SEVEN.

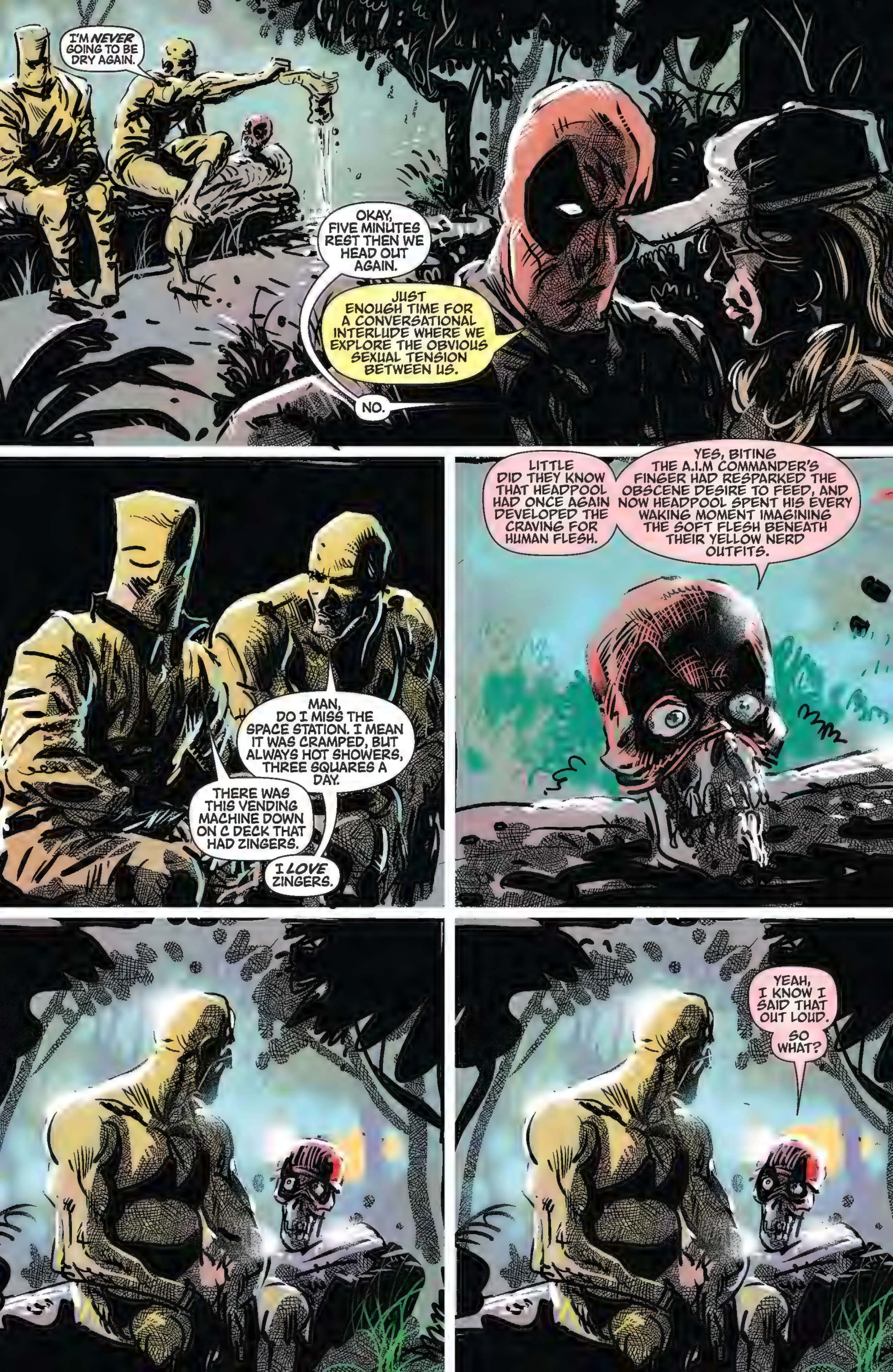

ONE FUEL TANK LATER...
Thip Thip SPUTTER Thip Thip Thip Thip Thip SPUTTER!
UH... GUYS?
THE TANK IS BONE DRY. WE'RE GOING DOWN.
HOW SOON?
NOW!
DO I HAVE TIME TO PUT MY SEATBELT ON OR--
SHHPLOOSH-KRRRRRASH

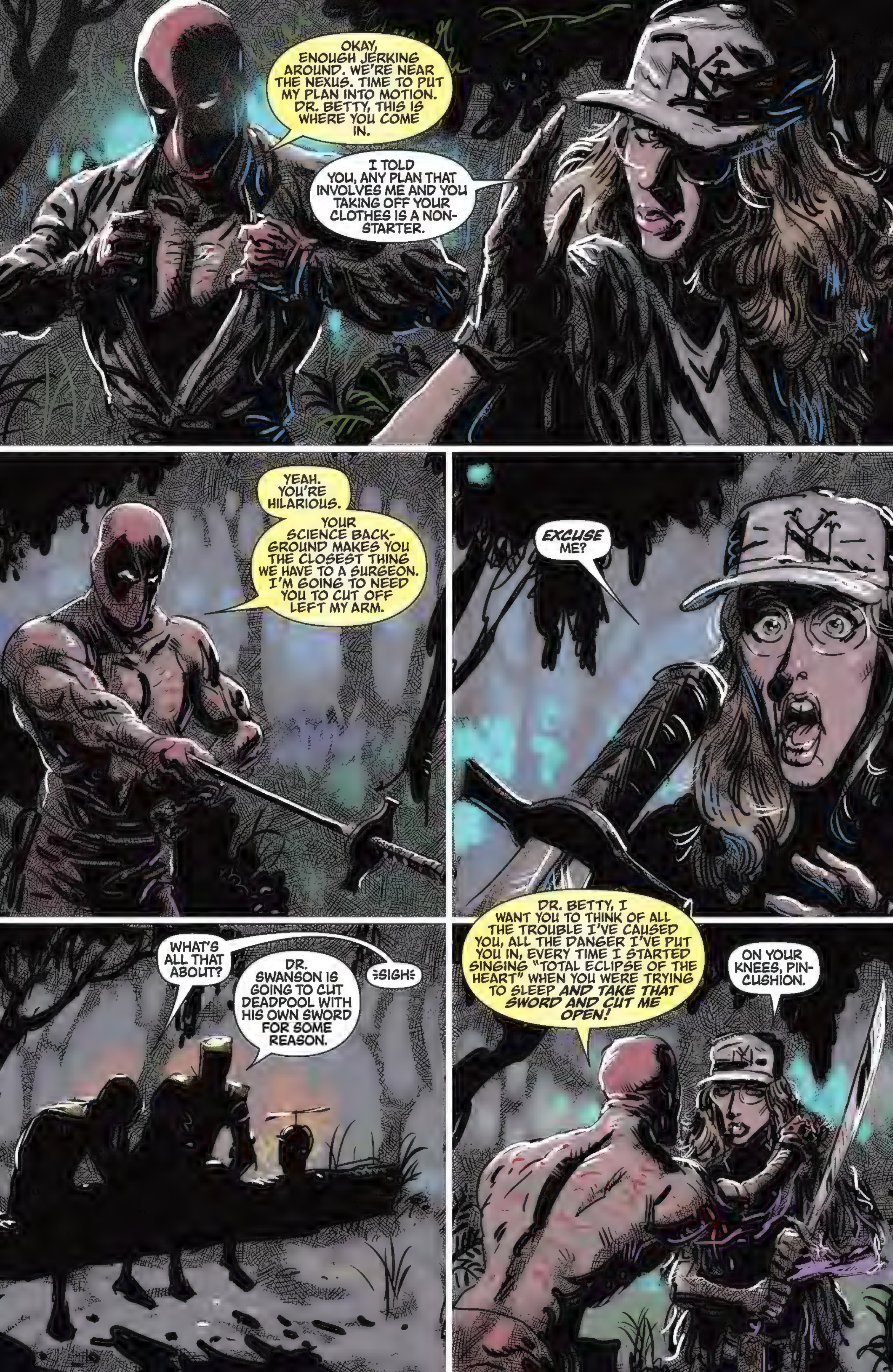

#$@^%.
I'M TIRED OF THIS CRAP. WHEN I FINALLY GET HOME I'M GOING TO LIE ON THE COUCH FOR THREE DAYS IN A ROW, EATING DORITOS AND WATCHING *MISS CONGENIALITY* OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
BONG BONG
YES, DR. BETTY, WE ALL KNOW SANDRA BULLOCK SOOTHES THE ACHES OF THE WORLD, BUT WE CAN'T REST YET.
GATHER WHATEVER GUNS AND AMMUNITION WE STILL HAVE. WE'VE GOT TO BE CLOSE. WE'LL HOOF IT THE REST OF THE WAY.
THIS ALL *REALLY* SEEMS FAMILIAR.
OF COURSE IT DOES, IDIOT. WE *CRASHED* IN THE *SAME* DAMN SWAMP IN THE *OTHER* DIMENSION.
THUS DID BILL STUMBLE UPON THE WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE. THE WHEEL SPINS AS THE WORLD TURNS. ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE SHALL HAPPEN AGAIN. THOSE WHO DO NOT LEARN FROM HISTORY ARE DOOMED TO REPEAT--
WE CAN *HEAR* YOU, YOU STUPID HEAD!
YEESH. TAKE A CHILL PILL, EYE CANDY.

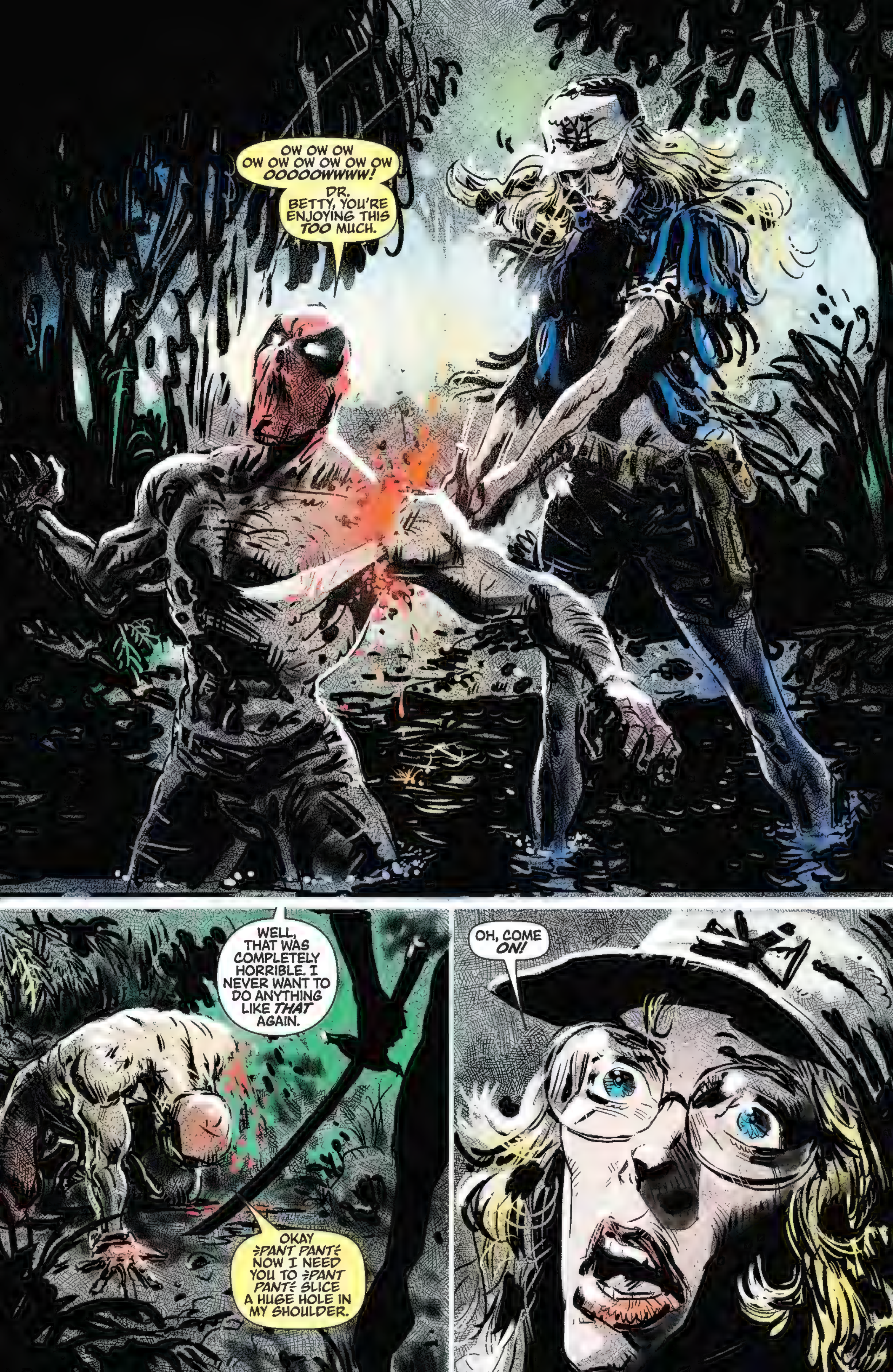

OKAY, PUT A SOCK IN IT, PEOPLE. TIME TO MARCH THROUGH THE SWAMP.
AGAIN.
I'M SORT OF WORRIED ABOUT *ALLIGATORS*. SAVAGE BIG LIZARDS. I'VE HEARD FLORIDA SWAMPS ARE LOUSY WITH THEM.
AND SNAKES.
AND LEECHES.
STOP IT! I ALREADY HAVE ENOUGH TO STRESS ABOUT!
THE LAST THING I NEED IS A BUNCH OF WORRIES ABOUT WHAT MIGHT BE LURKING OUT HERE.

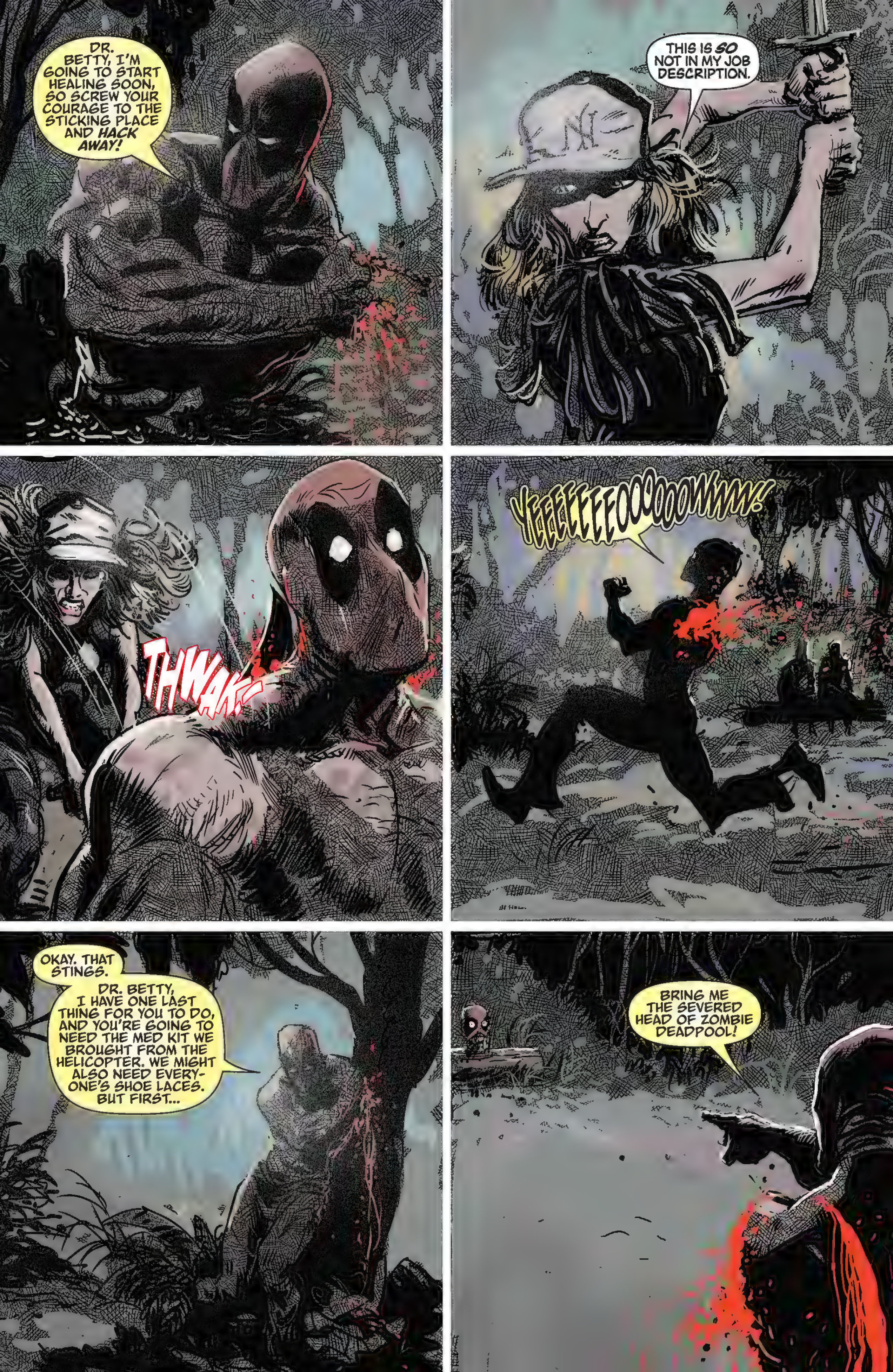

MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SWAMP...
KLANK!
DAMN IT, DEADPOOL! YOU INVITED US ALONG TO EAT. NOT TO GET EATEN!
OH, BOO HOO. CAN'T YOU JUST ENJOY THE LOCAL WILD-LIFE?
SMAK
CHAPTER 2: SWAMP TREK REPRISE

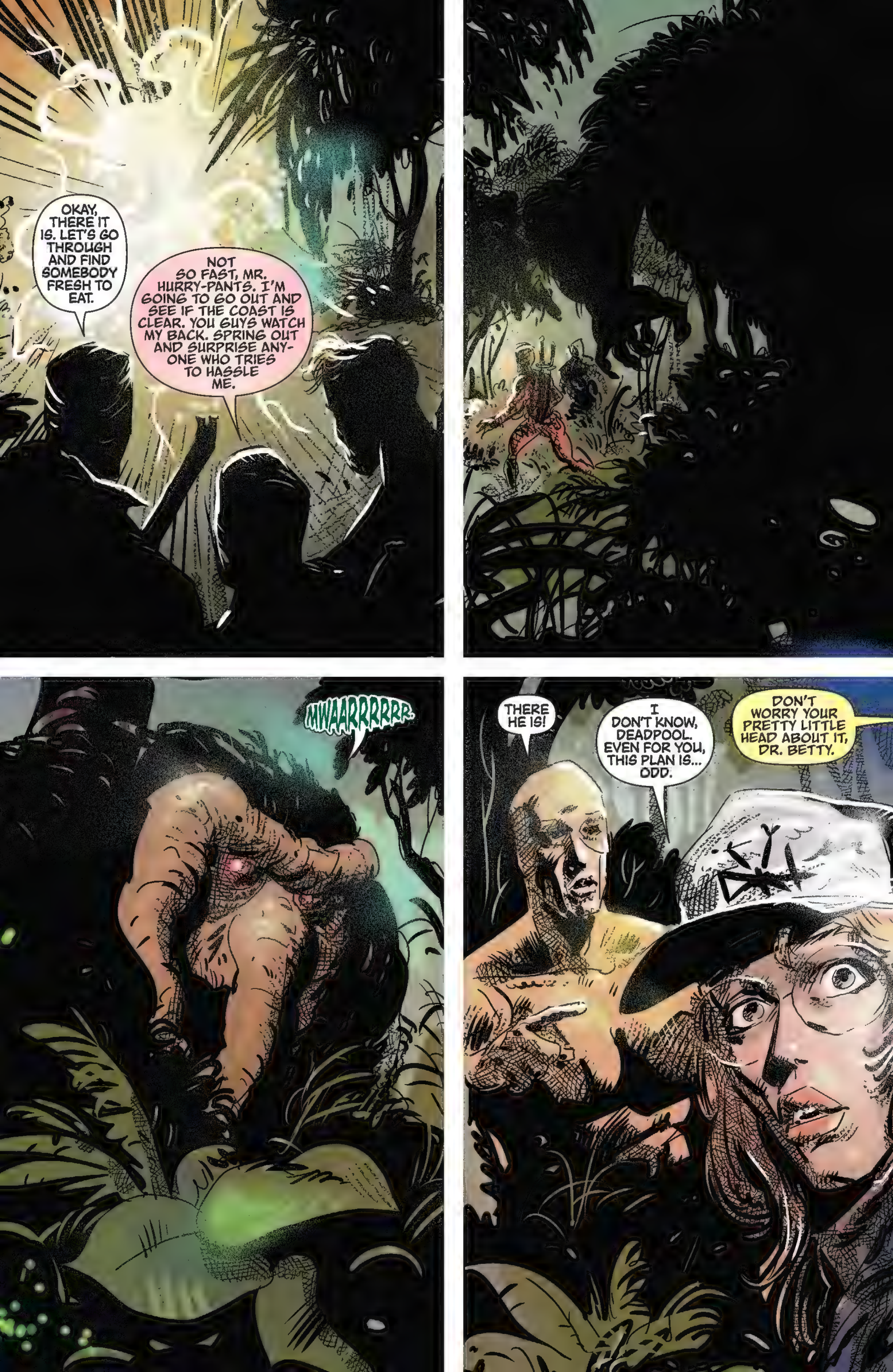

NO.
WE AIN'T HERE FOR NO NATURE WALK. YOU PROMISED US REAL HUMAN *MEAT*.
GUYS! DUDES! ZOMBIE-BROS! I WOULDN'T STEER YOU WRONG. JUST HAVE A LITTLE PATIENCE. I TOLD YOU THE PLAN. SOON AS WE DO THIS GATEWAY THING, WE'LL HAVE A WHOLE ALTERNATE DIMENSION OF FRESH YUMMIES AND THEN IT'S *MUNCH* TIME.
BUT I RAN INTO THAT ARMADILLO GUY BACK IN THE CITY. SAID HE WAS HUNTING DOWN A.I.M. AGENTS TO EAT AND THAT BIG BALD LUMMOX CREEL HAS GONE MISSING. I SMELL SOMETHING'S UP. SO I NEED *YOU* GUYS TO WATCH MY BACK.
PREHISTORIC REPTILES ARE THE LEAST OF OUR CONCERNS.

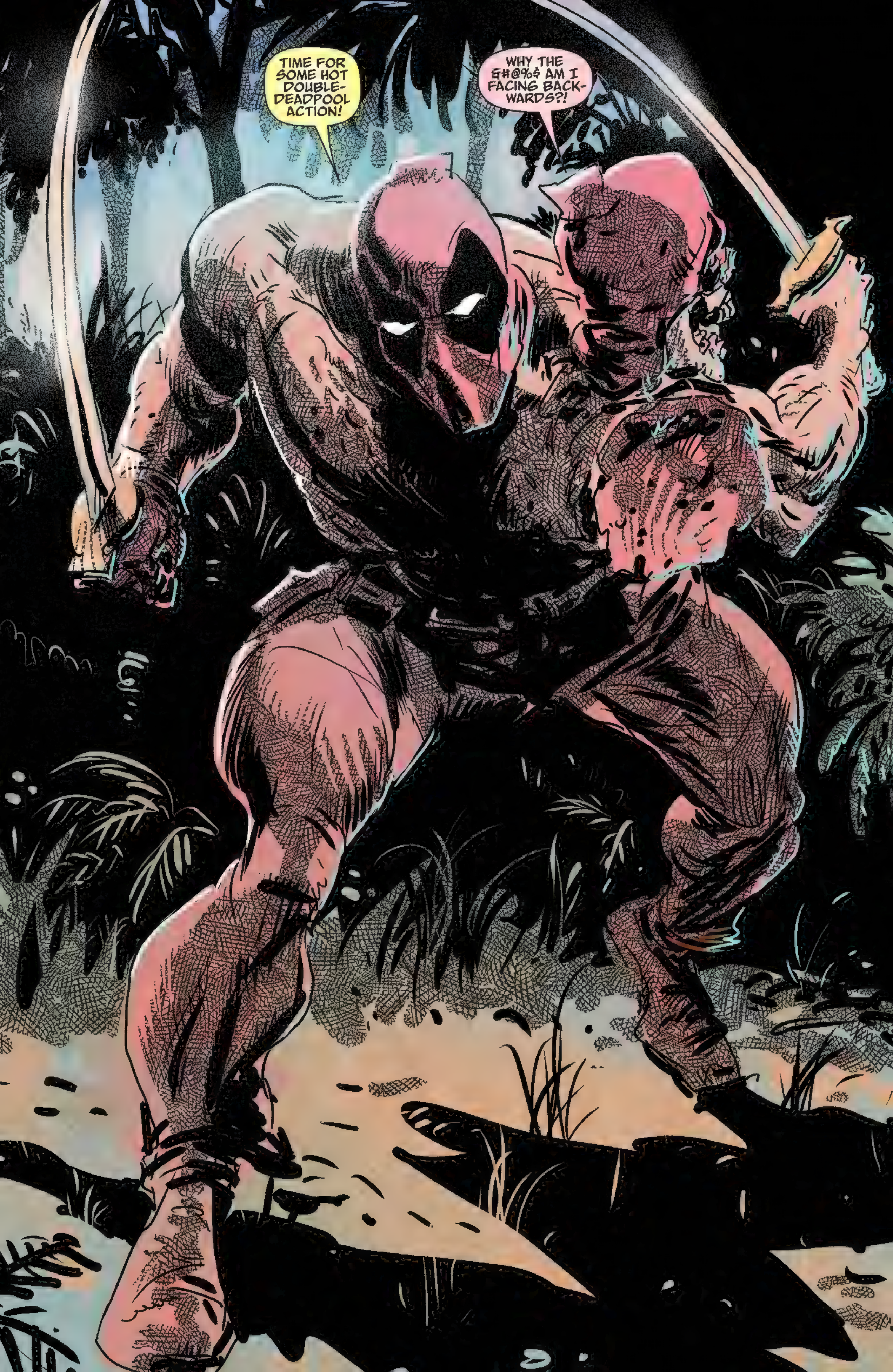

I'M *NEVER* GOING TO BE DRY AGAIN.
OKAY, FIVE MINUTES REST THEN WE HEAD OUT AGAIN.
JUST ENOUGH TIME FOR A CONVERSATIONAL INTERLUDE WHERE WE EXPLORE THE OBVIOUS SEXUAL TENSION BETWEEN US.
NO.
MAN, DO I MISS THE SPACE STATION. I MEAN IT WAS CRAMPED, BUT ALWAYS HOT SHOWERS, THREE SQUARES A DAY.
THERE WAS THIS VENDING MACHINE DOWN ON C DECK THAT HAD ZINGERS.
I *LOVE* ZINGERS.
LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT HEADPOOL HAD ONCE AGAIN DEVELOPED THE CRAVING FOR HUMAN FLESH.
YES, BITING THE A.I.M COMMANDER'S FINGER HAD RESPARKED THE OBSCENE DESIRE TO FEED, AND NOW HEADPOOL SPENT HIS EVERY WAKING MOMENT IMAGINING THE SOFT FLESH BENEATH THEIR YELLOW NERD OUTFITS.
YEAH, I KNOW I SAID THAT OUT LOUD.
SO WHAT?

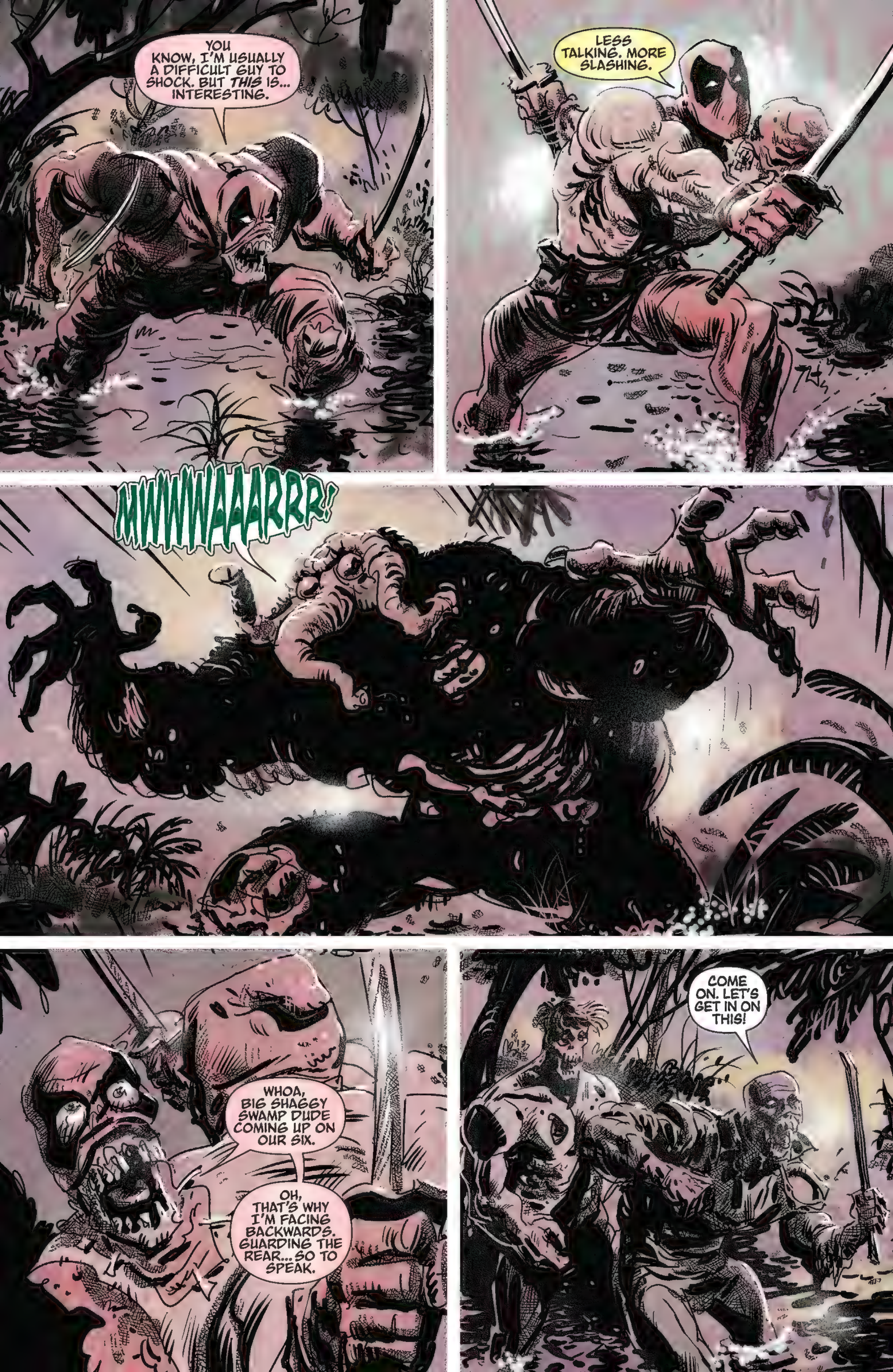

OKAY, ENOUGH JERKING AROUND. WE'RE NEAR THE NEXUS. TIME TO PUT MY PLAN INTO MOTION. DR. BETTY, THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN.
I TOLD YOU, ANY PLAN THAT INVOLVES ME AND YOU TAKING OFF YOUR CLOTHES IS A NON-STARTER.
YEAH. YOU'RE HILARIOUS.
YOUR SCIENCE BACK-GROUND MAKES YOU THE CLOSEST THING WE HAVE TO A SURGEON. I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO CUT OFF LEFT MY ARM.
EXCUSE ME?
WHAT'S ALL THAT ABOUT?
DR. SWANSON IS GOING TO CUT DEADPOOL WITH HIS OWN SWORD FOR SOME REASON.
≈SIGH≈
DR. BETTY, I WANT YOU TO THINK OF ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE CAUSED YOU, ALL THE DANGER I'VE PUT YOU IN, EVERY TIME I STARTED SINGING "TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART" WHEN YOU WERE TRYING TO SLEEP *AND TAKE THAT SWORD AND CUT ME OPEN!*
ON YOUR KNEES, PIN-CUSHION.

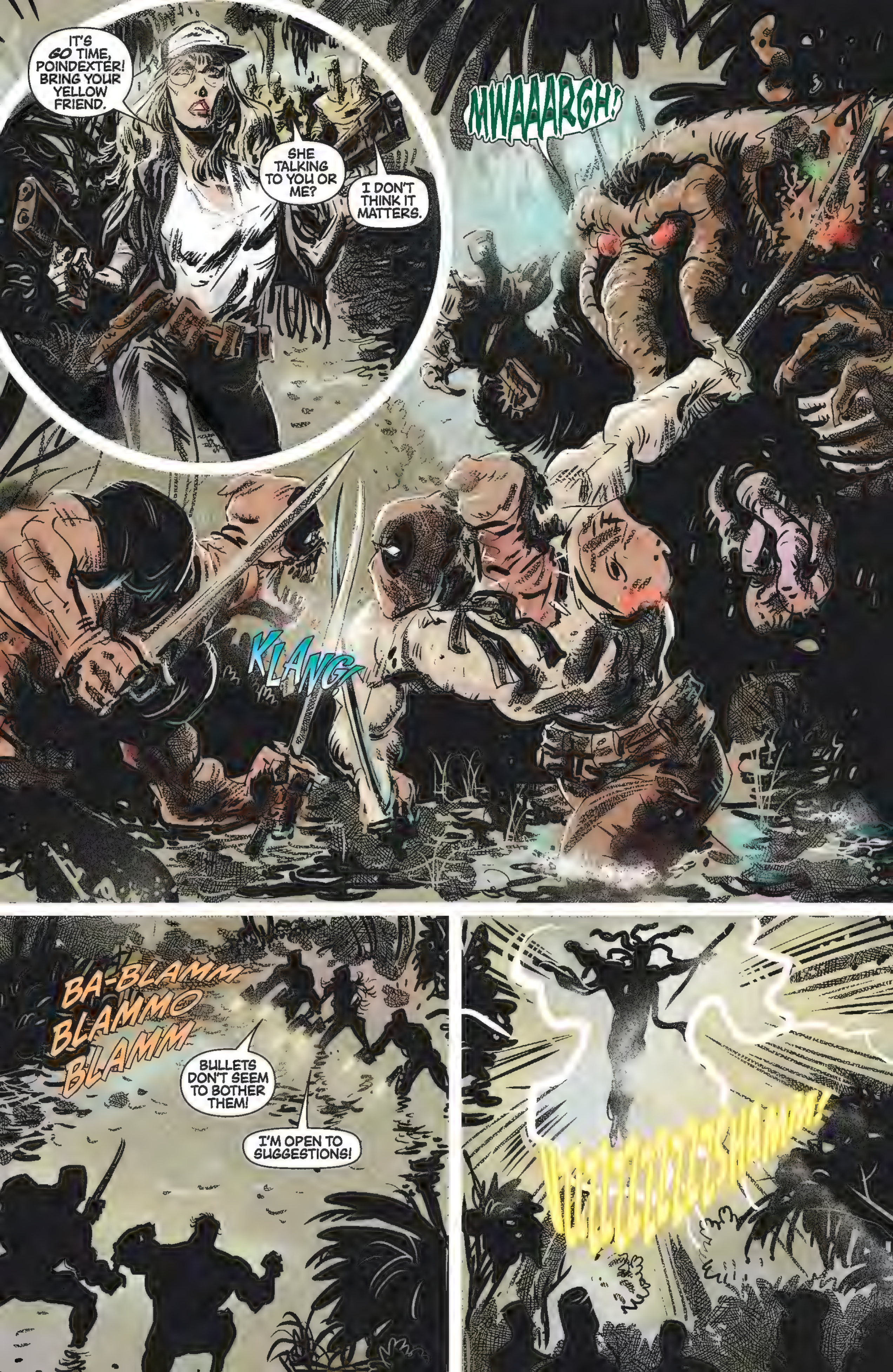

OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW *OOOOOWWWW!*
DR. BETTY, YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS *TOO* MUCH.
WELL, THAT WAS COMPLETELY HORRIBLE. I NEVER WANT TO DO ANYTHING LIKE *THAT* AGAIN.
OKAY *=PANT PANT=* NOW I NEED YOU TO *=PANT PANT=* SLICE A HUGE HOLE IN MY SHOULDER.
OH, COME *ON!*

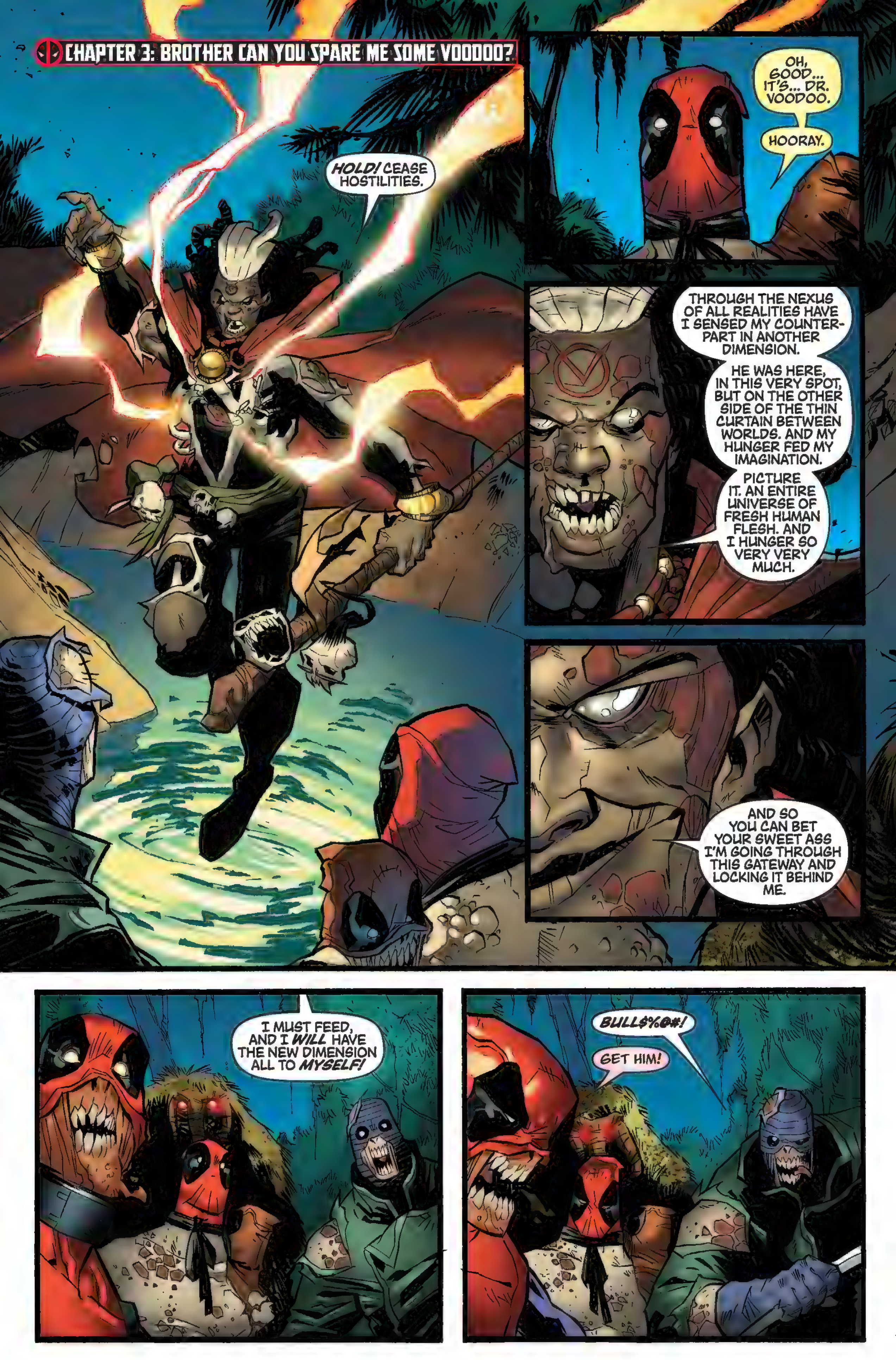

DR. BETTY, I'M GOING TO START HEALING SOON, SO SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO THE STICKING PLACE AND *HACK AWAY!*
THIS IS *SO* NOT IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION.
THWAK!
YEEEEEEEOOOOOOOWWW!
OKAY. THAT STINGS.
DR. BETTY, I HAVE ONE LAST THING FOR YOU TO DO, AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THE MED KIT WE BROUGHT FROM THE HELICOPTER. WE MIGHT ALSO NEED EVERYONE'S SHOE LACES. BUT FIRST...
BRING ME THE SEVERED HEAD OF ZOMBIE DEADPOOL!

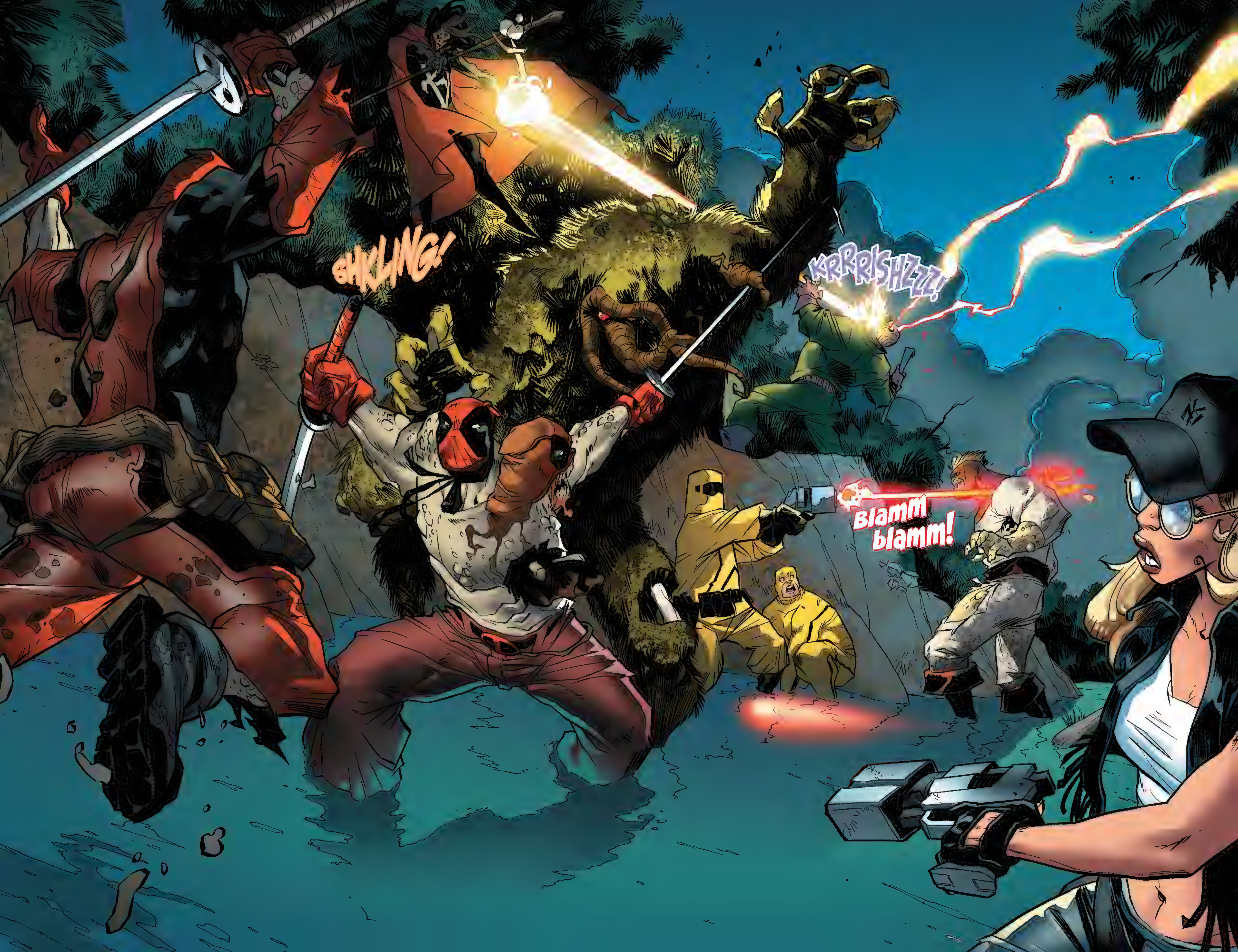

OKAY, THERE IT IS. LET'S GO THROUGH AND FIND SOMEBODY FRESH TO EAT.
NOT SO FAST, MR. HURRY-PANTS. I'M GOING TO GO OUT AND SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR. YOU GUYS WATCH MY BACK. SPRING OUT AND SURPRISE ANYONE WHO TRIES TO HASSLE ME.
MWAARRRRRR.
THERE HE IS!
I DON'T KNOW, DEADPOOL. EVEN FOR YOU, THIS PLAN IS... ODD.
DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT IT, DR. BETTY.

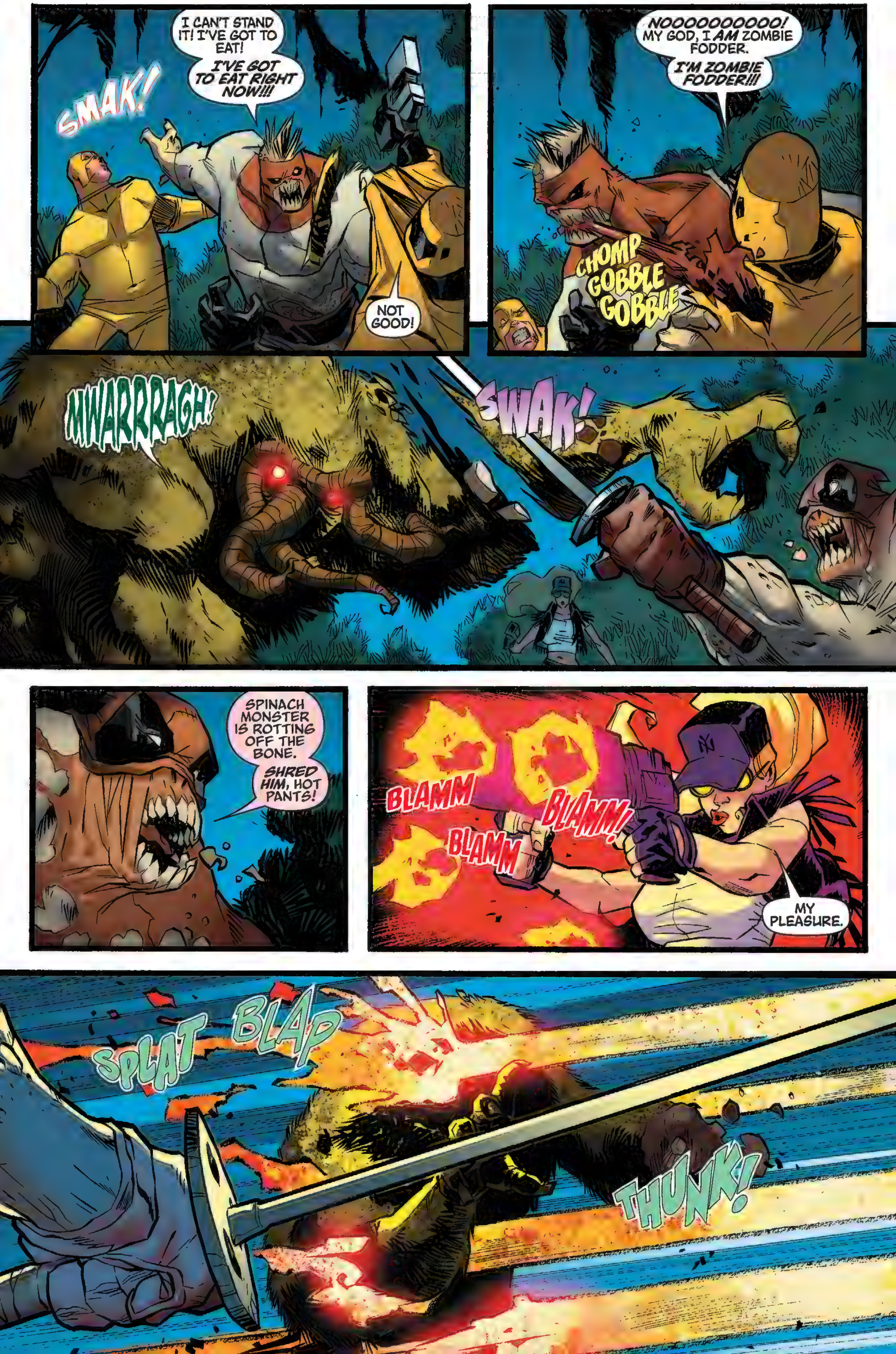

TIME FOR SOME HOT DOUBLE-DEADPOOL ACTION!
WHY THE $#@%$ AM I FACING BACKWARDS?!

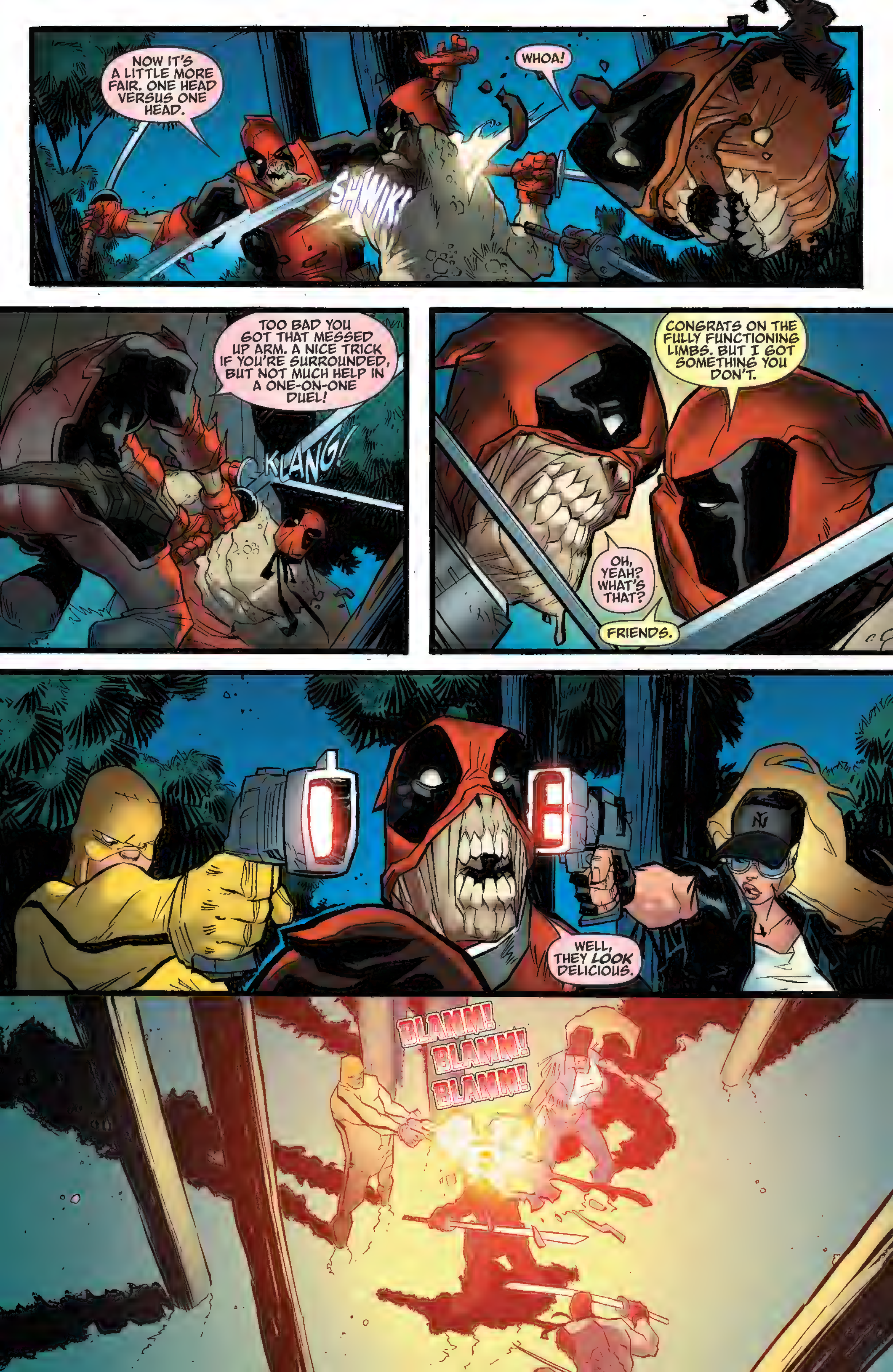

YOU KNOW, I'M USUALLY A DIFFICULT GUY TO SHOCK. BUT *THIS* IS... INTERESTING.
LESS TALKING. MORE SLASHING.
MWWWAAARRR!
WHOA, BIG SHAGGY SWAMP DUDE COMING UP ON OUR SIX.
OH, THAT'S WHY I'M FACING BACKWARDS. GUARDING THE REAR... SO TO SPEAK.
COME ON. LET'S GET IN ON THIS!

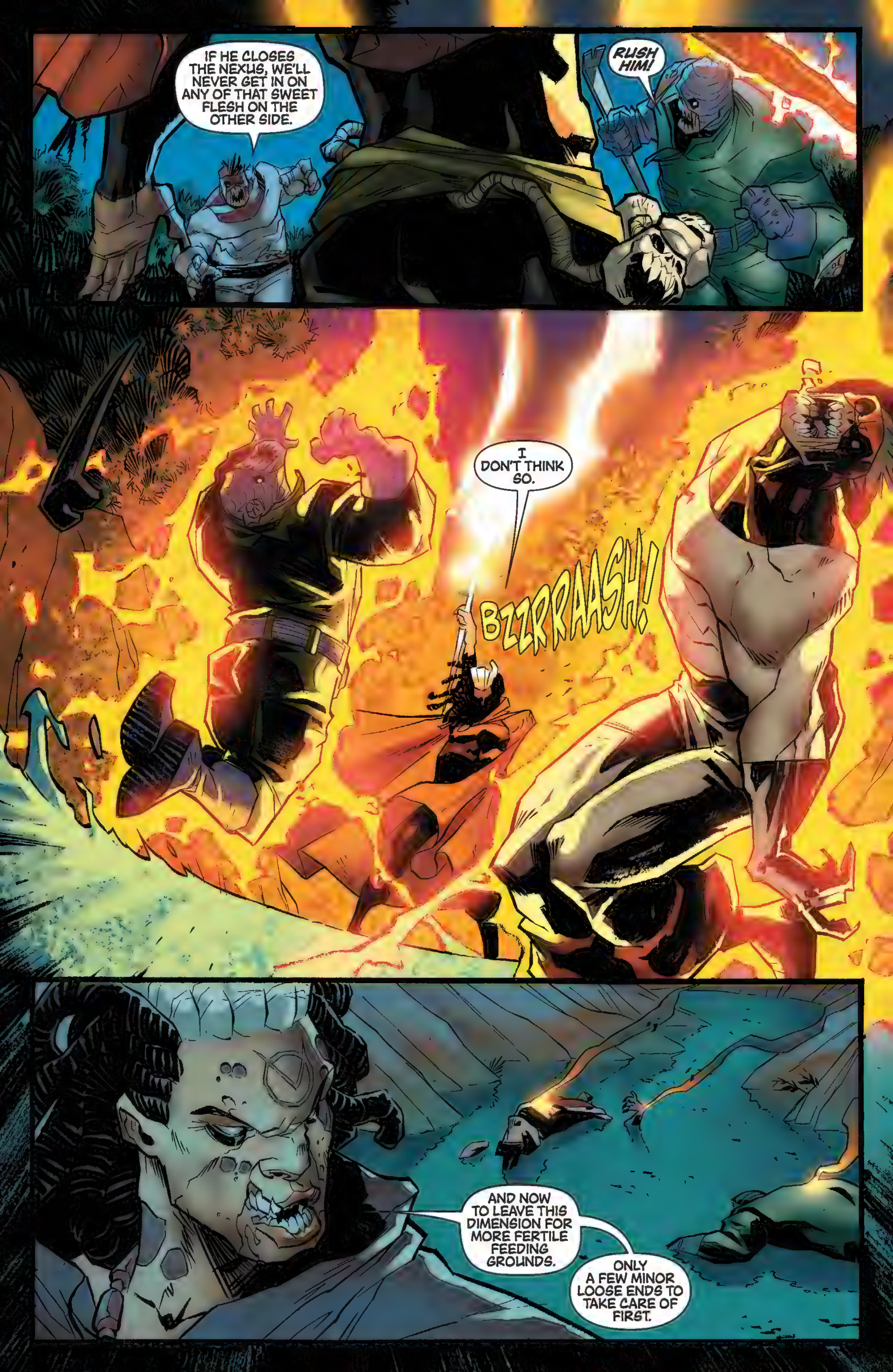

IT'S *GO* TIME, POINDEXTER! BRING YOUR YELLOW FRIEND.
SHE TALKING TO YOU OR ME?
I DON'T THINK IT MATTERS.
MWAAARGH!
KLANG!
BA-BLAMM BLAMMO BLAMM
BULLETS DON'T SEEM TO BOTHER THEM!
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS!
VZZZZZZZSHHMMM!

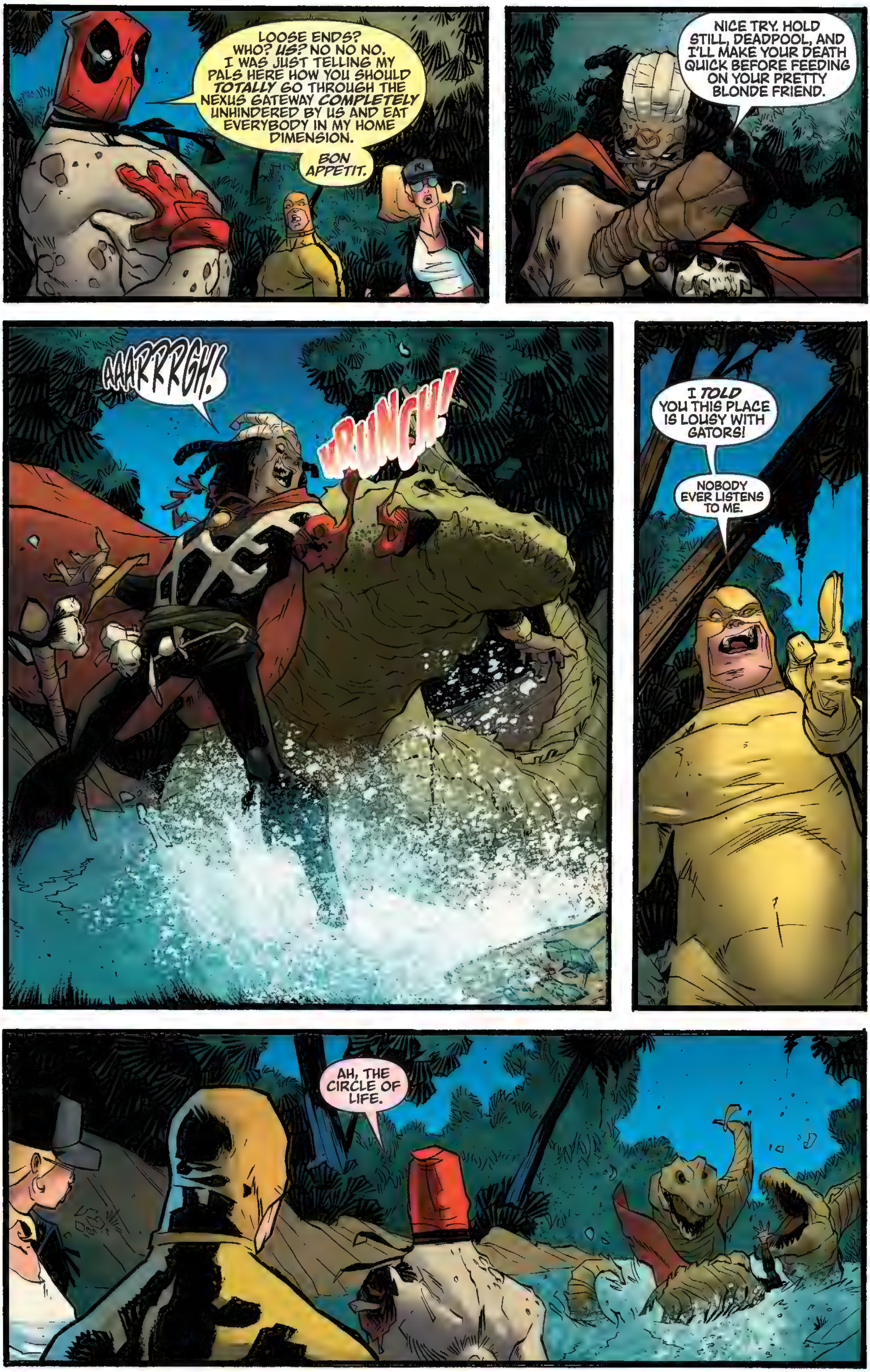

CHAPTER 3: BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE ME SOME VOODOO?
HOLD! CEASE HOSTILITIES.
OH, GOOD... IT'S... DR. VOODOO.
HOORAY.
THROUGH THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES HAVE I SENSED MY COUNTERPART IN ANOTHER DIMENSION.
HE WAS HERE, IN THIS VERY SPOT, BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE THIN CURTAIN BETWEEN WORLDS. AND MY HUNGER FED MY IMAGINATION.
PICTURE IT. AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE OF FRESH HUMAN FLESH. AND I HUNGER SO VERY VERY MUCH.
AND SO YOU CAN BET YOUR SWEET ASS I'M GOING THROUGH THIS GATEWAY AND LOCKING IT BEHIND ME.
I MUST FEED, AND I *WILL* HAVE THE NEW DIMENSION ALL TO *MYSELF!*
BULL$%.@#!
GET HIM!

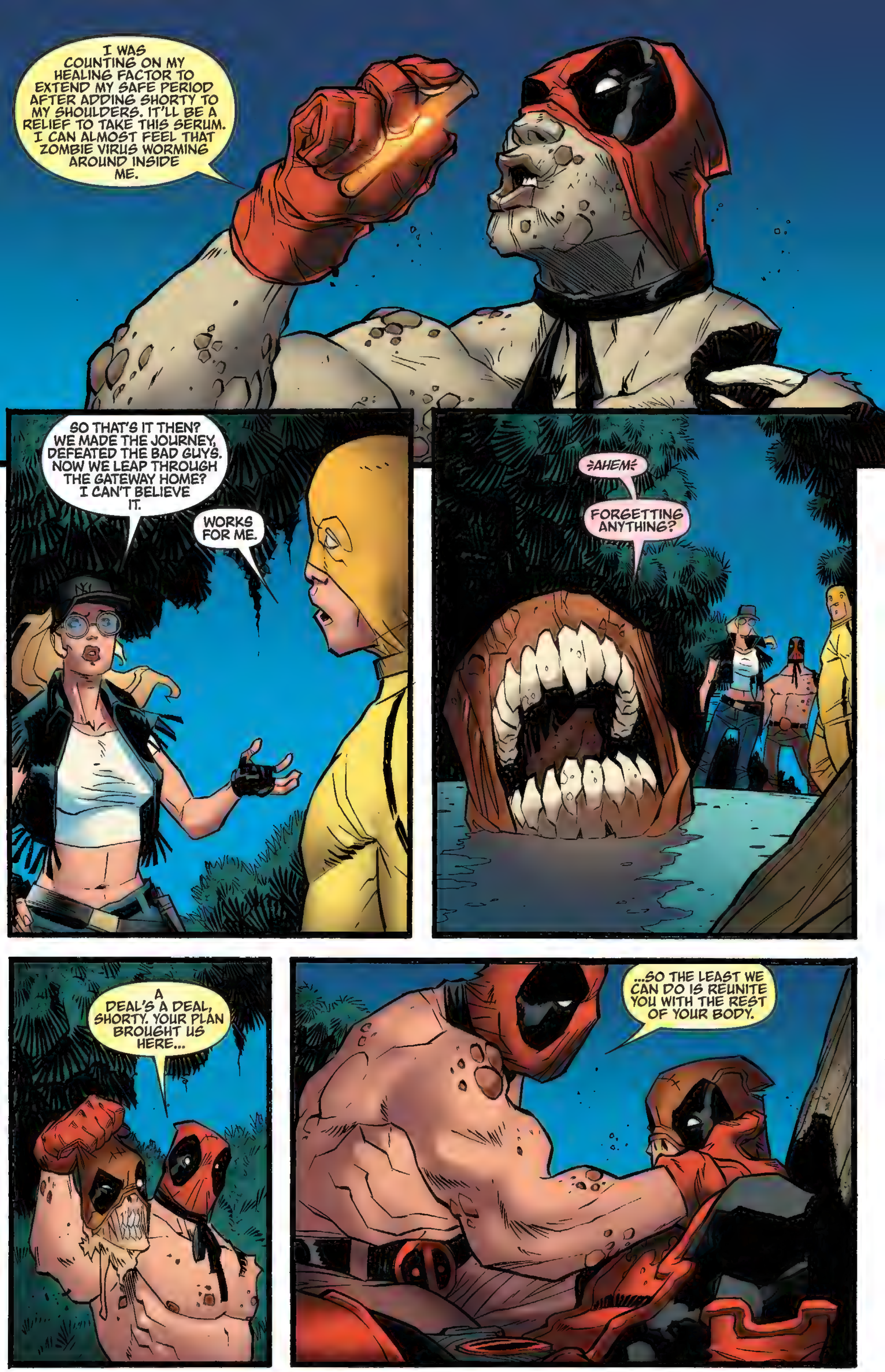

SHKLING!
KRRRISHZZZ!
Blamm blamm!

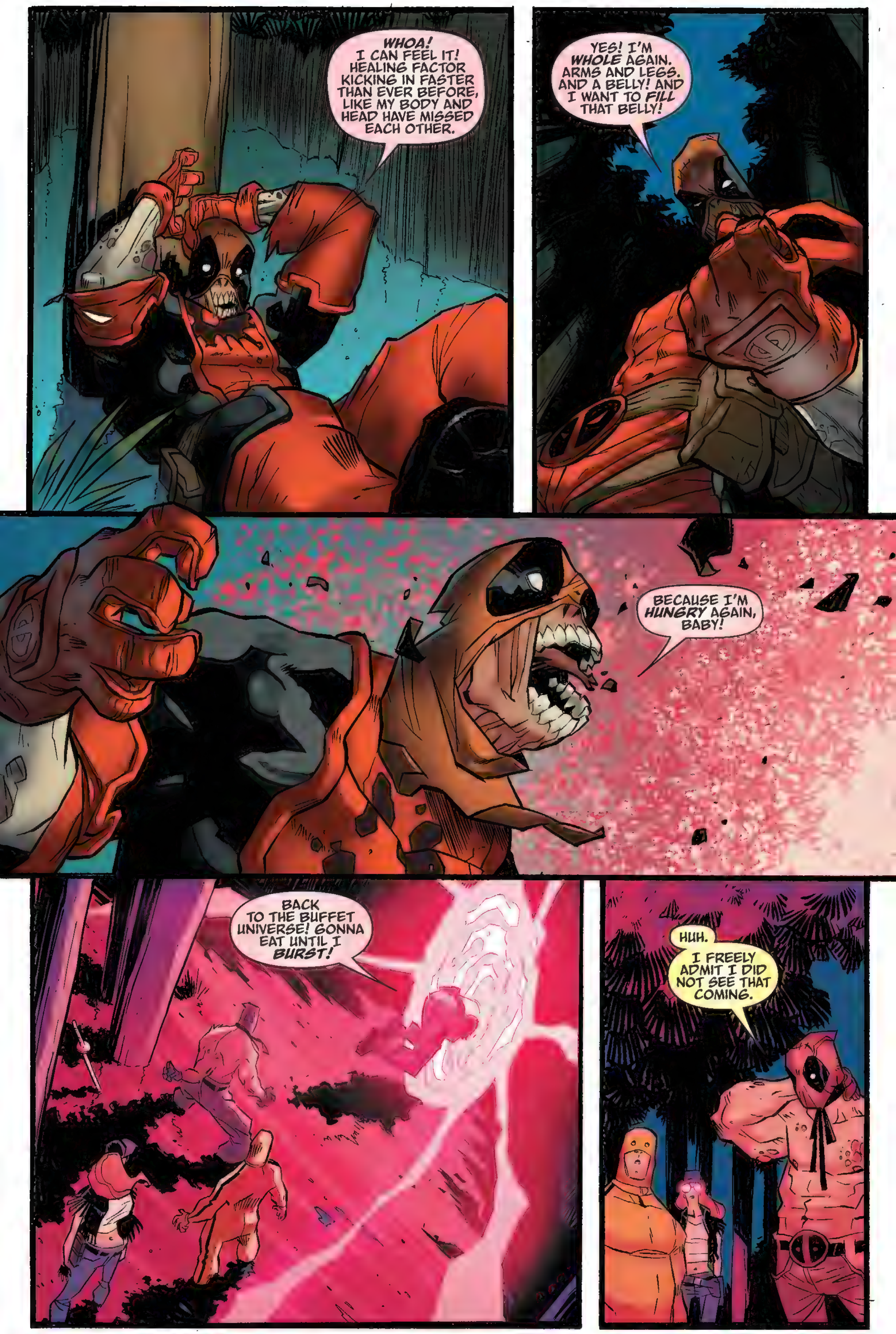

SMAK!
I CAN'T STAND IT! I'VE GOT TO EAT!
I'VE GOT TO EAT RIGHT NOW!!!
NOT GOOD!
NOOOOOOOOOOO! MY GOD, I AM ZOMBIE FODDER.
I'M ZOMBIE FODDER!!!
CHOMP GOBBLE GOBBLE
MWARRRAGH!
SWAK!
SPINACH MONSTER IS ROTTING OFF THE BONE.
SHRED HIM, HOT PANTS!
BLAMM
BLAMM!
BLAMM
MY PLEASURE.
SPLAT
BLAP
THUNK!

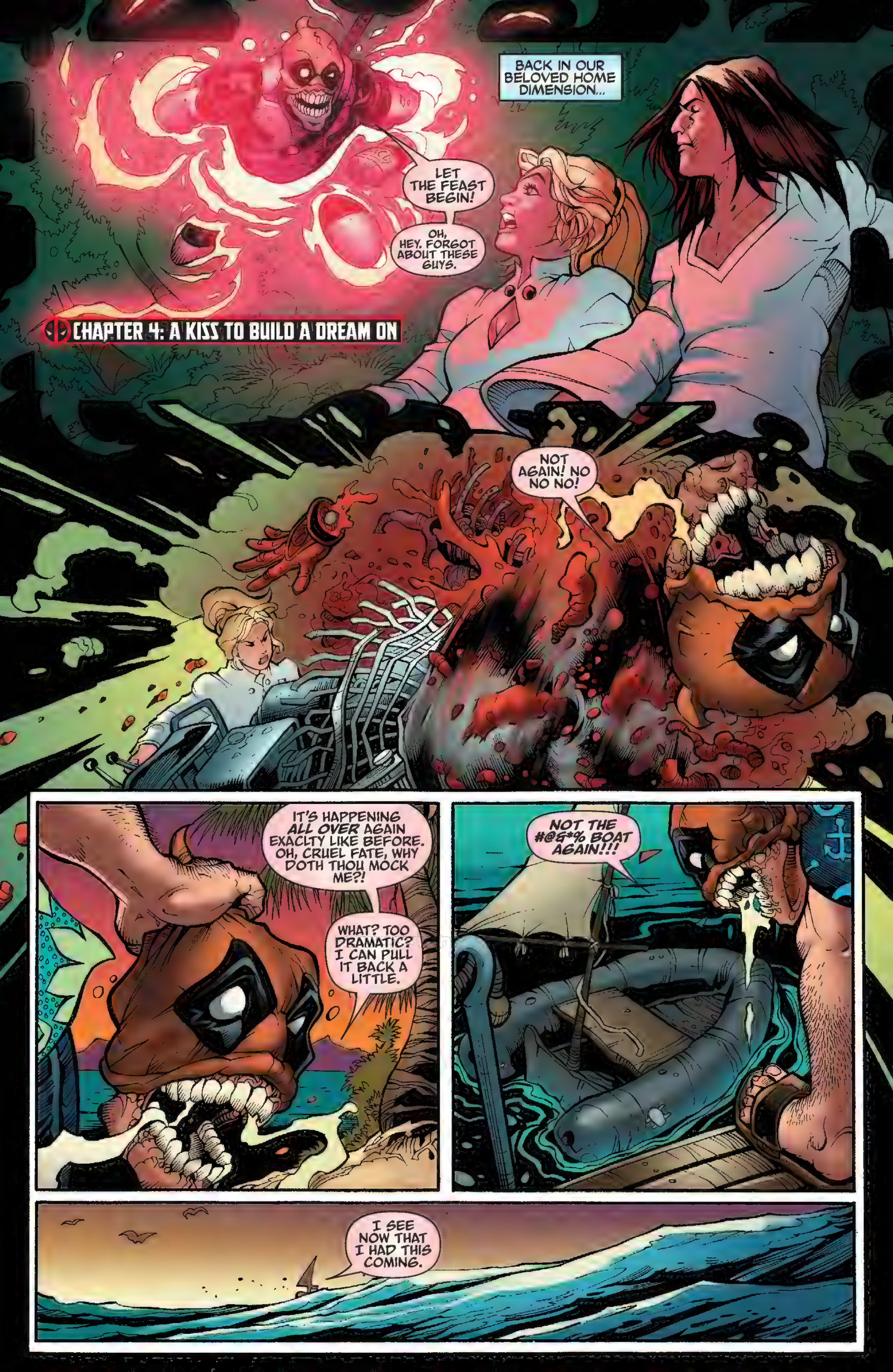

NOW IT'S A LITTLE MORE FAIR. ONE HEAD VERSUS ONE HEAD.
SHWIK!
WHOA!
TOO BAD YOU GOT THAT MESSED UP ARM. A NICE TRICK IF YOU'RE SURROUNDED, BUT NOT MUCH HELP IN A ONE-ON-ONE DUEL!
KLANG!
CONGRATS ON THE FULLY FUNCTIONING LIMBS. BUT I GOT SOMETHING YOU DON'T.
OH, YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
FRIENDS.
WELL, THEY *LOOK* DELICIOUS.
BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!

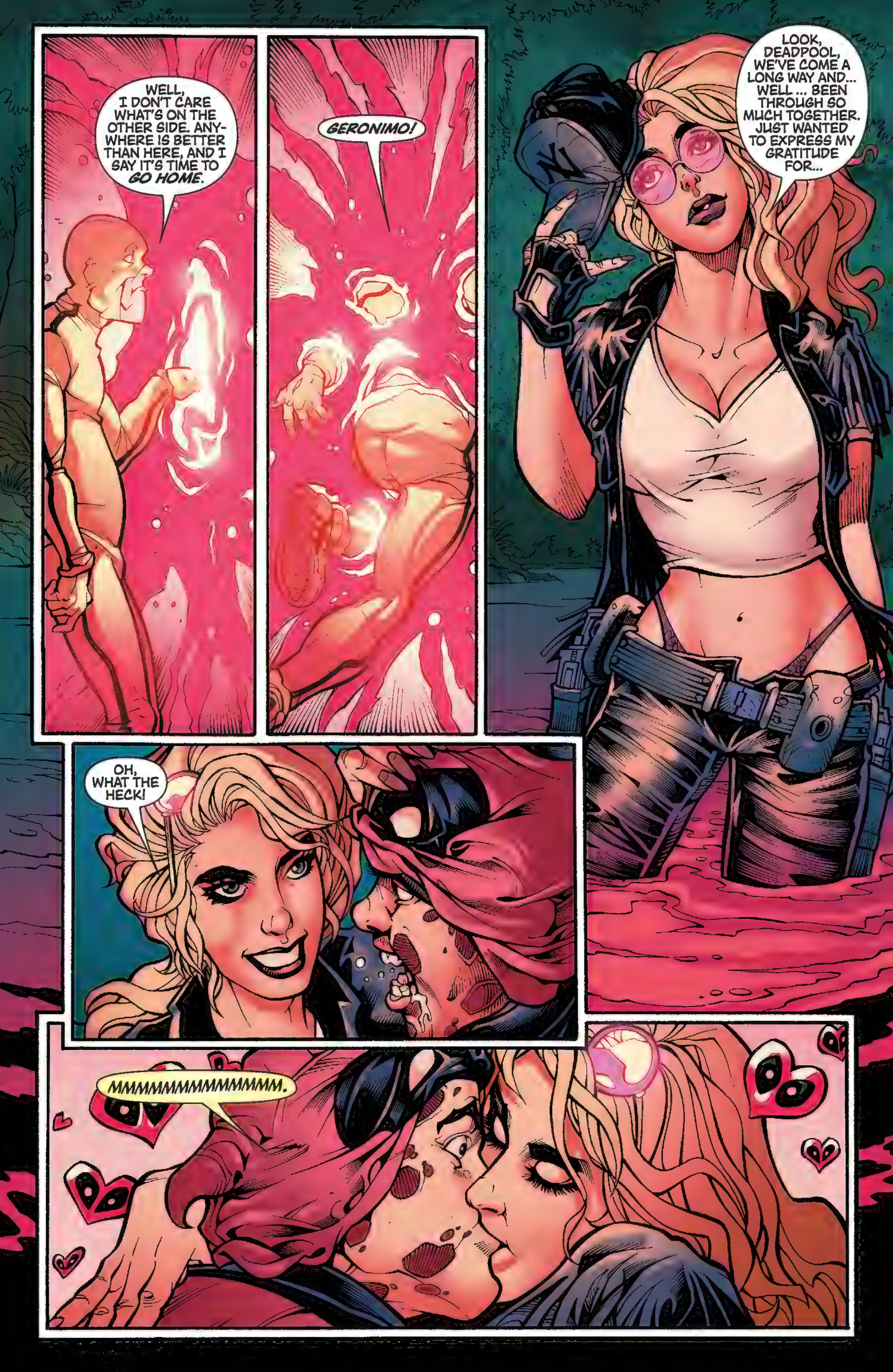

IF HE CLOSES THE NEXUS, WE'LL NEVER GET IN ON ANY OF THAT SWEET FLESH ON THE OTHER SIDE.
RUSH HIM!
I DON'T THINK SO.
BZZRRAASH!
AND NOW TO LEAVE THIS DIMENSION FOR MORE FERTILE FEEDING GROUNDS.
ONLY A FEW MINOR LOOSE ENDS TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST.

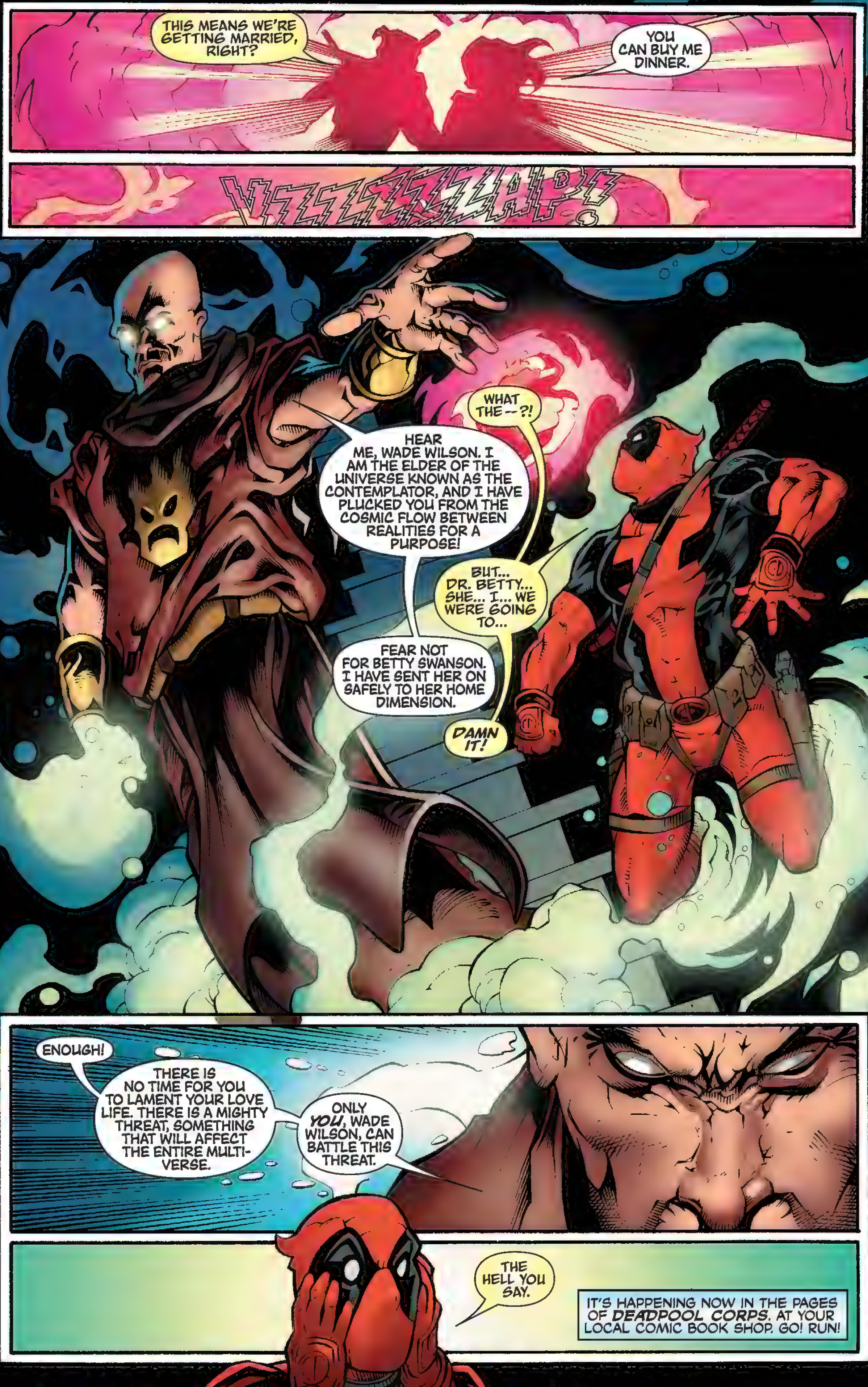

LOOSE ENDS? WHO? *US?* NO NO NO. I WAS JUST TELLING MY PALS HERE HOW YOU SHOULD *TOTALLY* GO THROUGH THE NEXUS GATEWAY *COMPLETELY* UNHINDERED BY US AND EAT EVERYBODY IN MY HOME DIMENSION.
BON APPETIT.
NICE TRY. HOLD STILL, DEADPOOL, AND I'LL MAKE YOUR DEATH QUICK BEFORE FEEDING ON YOUR PRETTY BLONDE FRIEND.
AAARRRGH!
KRUNCH!
I *TOLD* YOU THIS PLACE IS LOUSY WITH GATORS!
NOBODY EVER LISTENS TO ME.
AH, THE CIRCLE OF LIFE.

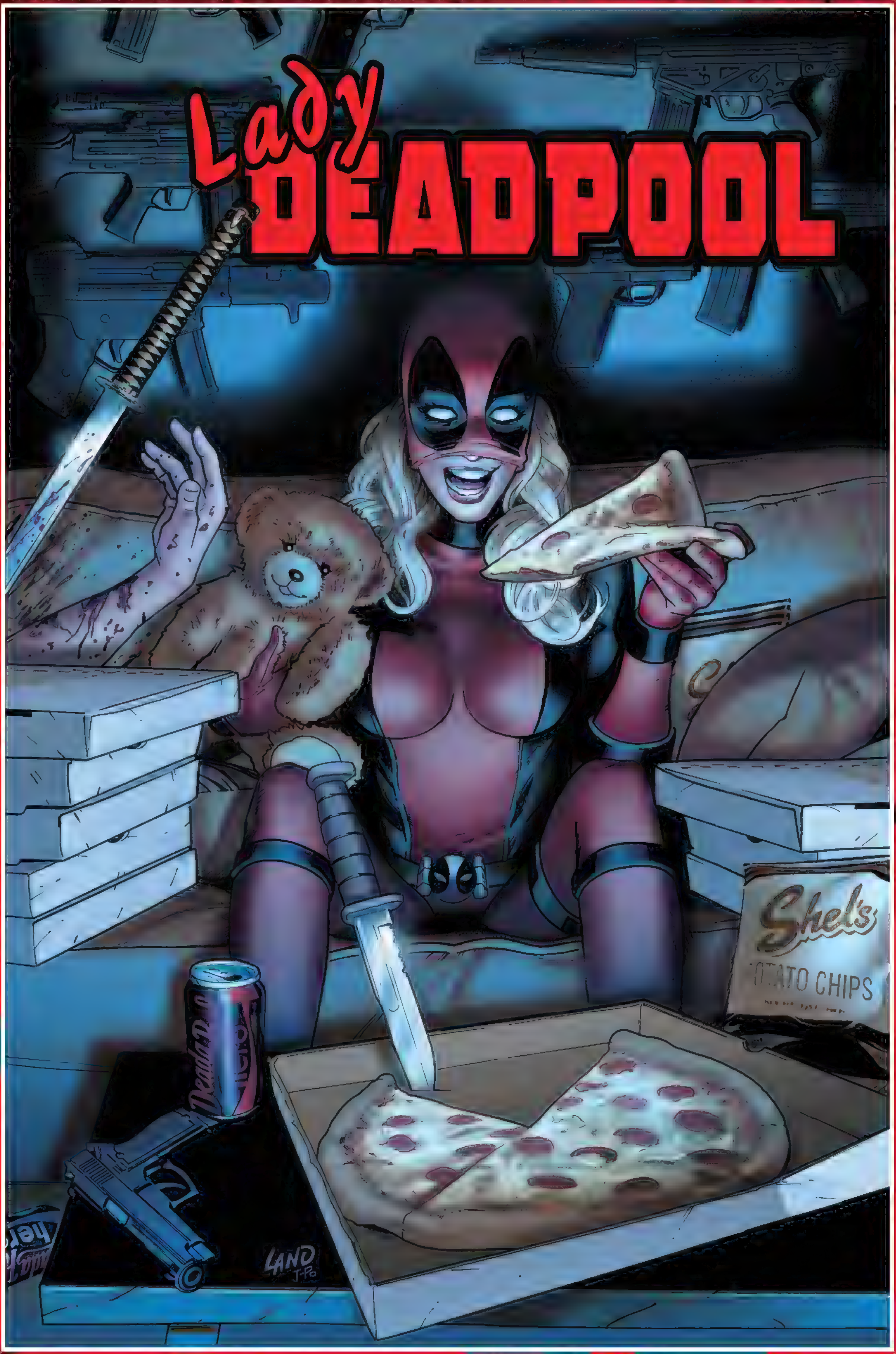

I WAS COUNTING ON MY HEALING FACTOR TO EXTEND MY SAFE PERIOD AFTER ADDING SHORTY TO MY SHOULDERS. IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO TAKE THIS SERUM. I CAN ALMOST FEEL THAT ZOMBIE VIRUS WORMING AROUND INSIDE ME.
SO THAT'S IT THEN? WE MADE THE JOURNEY, DEFEATED THE BAD GUYS. NOW WE LEAP THROUGH THE GATEWAY HOME? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
WORKS FOR ME.
AHEM
FORGETTING ANYTHING?
A DEAL'S A DEAL, SHORTY. YOUR PLAN BROUGHT US HERE...
...SO THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS REUNITE YOU WITH THE REST OF YOUR BODY.


WHOA! I CAN FEEL IT! HEALING FACTOR KICKING IN FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE, LIKE MY BODY AND HEAD HAVE MISSED EACH OTHER.
YES! I'M WHOLE AGAIN. ARMS AND LEGS. AND A BELLY! AND I WANT TO FILL THAT BELLY!
BECAUSE I'M HUNGRY AGAIN, BABY!
BACK TO THE BUFFET UNIVERSE! GONNA EAT UNTIL I BURST!
HUH.
I FREELY ADMIT I DID NOT SEE THAT COMING.

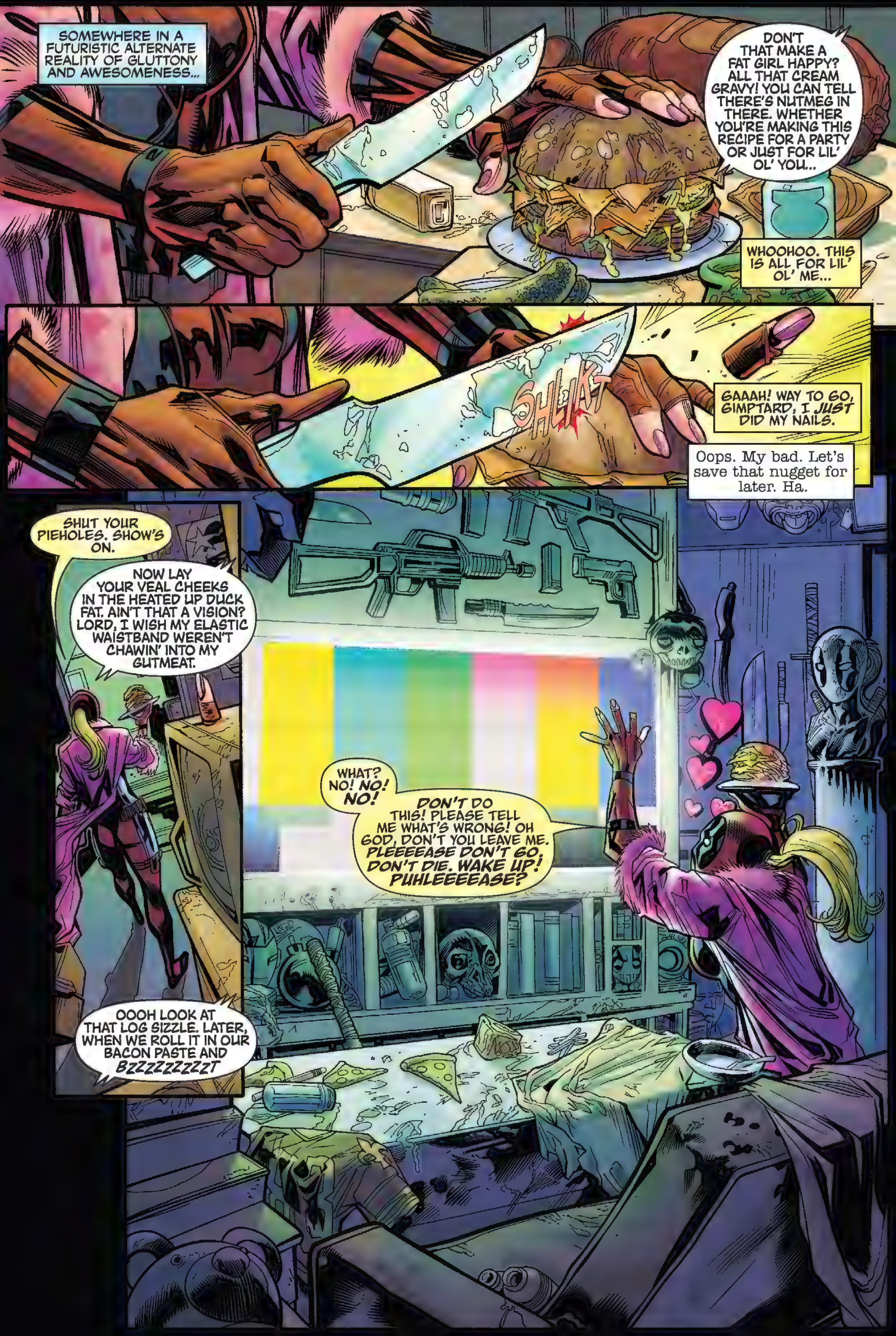

BACK IN OUR BELOVED HOME DIMENSION...
LET THE FEAST BEGIN!
OH, HEY. FORGOT ABOUT THESE GUYS.
CHAPTER 4: A KISS TO BUILD A DREAM ON
NOT AGAIN! NO NO NO!
IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER AGAIN EXACLTY LIKE BEFORE. OH, CRUEL FATE, WHY DOTH THOU MOCK ME?!
WHAT? TOO DRAMATIC? I CAN PULL IT BACK A LITTLE.
NOT THE #@&*% BOAT AGAIN!!!
I SEE NOW THAT I HAD THIS COMING.

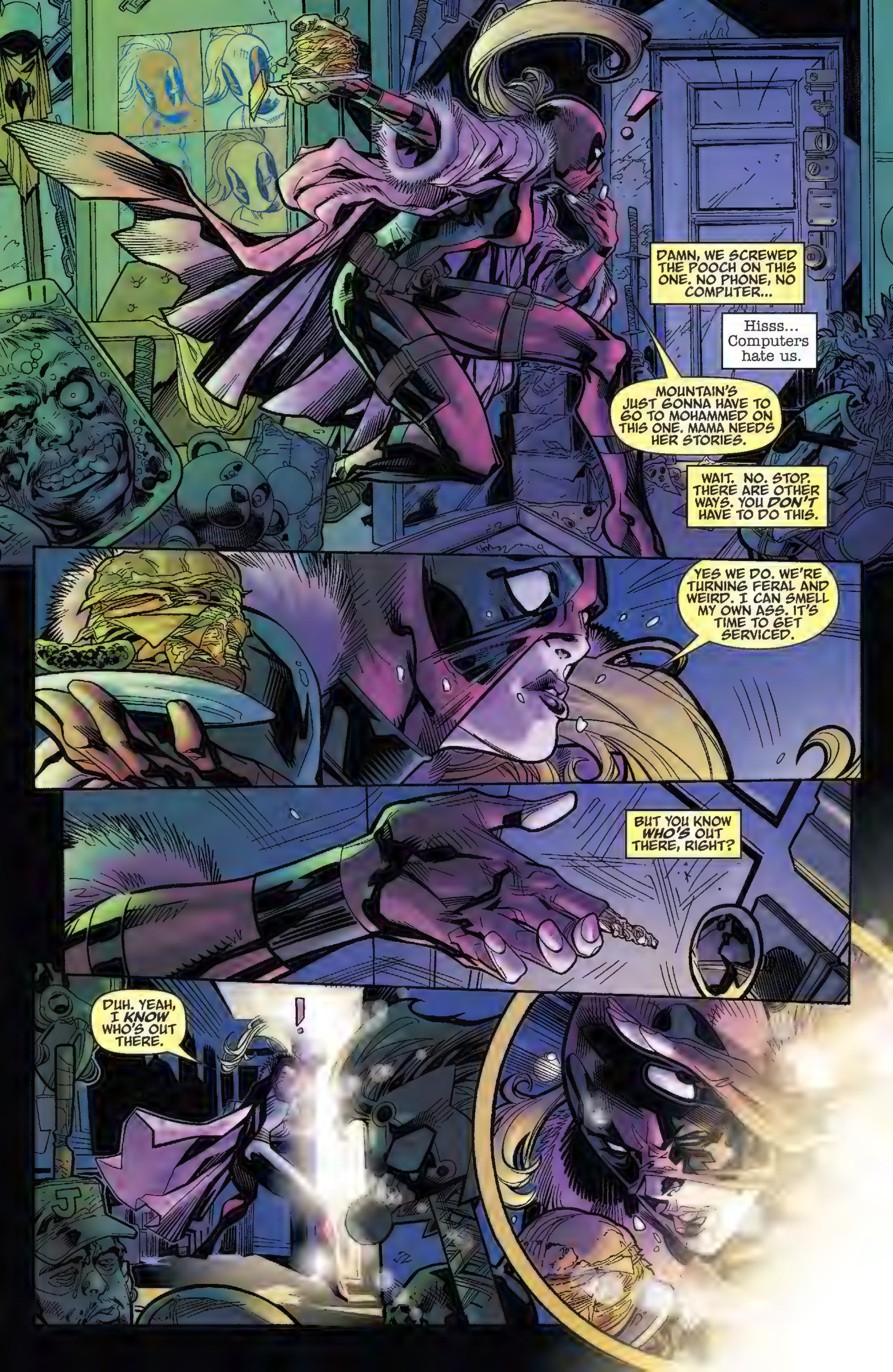

WELL, I DON'T CARE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE. ANYWHERE IS BETTER THAN HERE, AND I SAY IT'S TIME TO *GO HOME*.
GERONIMO!
LOOK, DEADPOOL, WE'VE COME A LONG WAY AND... WELL ... BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH TOGETHER. JUST WANTED TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE FOR...
OH, WHAT THE HECK!
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

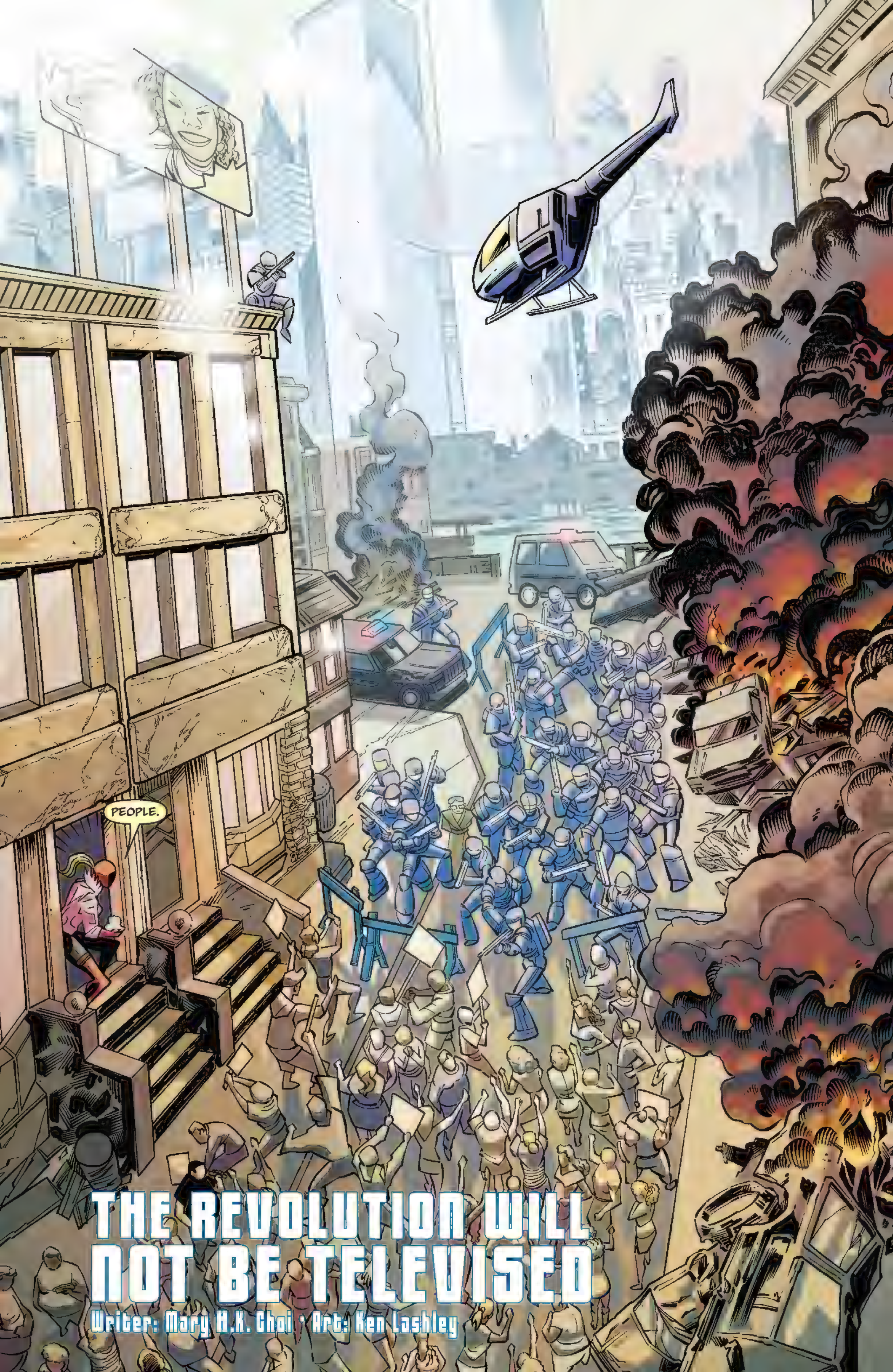

THIS MEANS WE'RE GETTING MARRIED, RIGHT?
YOU CAN BUY ME DINNER.
VZZZZZAP!
HEAR ME, WADE WILSON. I AM THE ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE KNOWN AS THE CONTEMPLATOR, AND I HAVE PLUCKED YOU FROM THE COSMIC FLOW BETWEEN REALITIES FOR A PURPOSE!
WHAT THE-- ?!
BUT... DR. BETTY... SHE... I... WE WERE GOING TO...
FEAR NOT FOR BETTY SWANSON. I HAVE SENT HER ON SAFELY TO HER HOME DIMENSION.
DAMN IT!
ENOUGH!
THERE IS NO TIME FOR YOU TO LAMENT YOUR LOVE LIFE. THERE IS A MIGHTY THREAT, SOMETHING THAT WILL AFFECT THE ENTIRE MULTIVERSE.
ONLY YOU, WADE WILSON, CAN BATTLE THIS THREAT.
THE HELL YOU SAY.
IT'S HAPPENING NOW IN THE PAGES OF DEADPOOL CORPS. AT YOUR LOCAL COMIC BOOK SHOP. GO! RUN!


Lady
DEADPOOL
Shel's
OTATO CHIPS
Deadpool
LAND
J-Po

This issue occurs before *Deadpool: Merc With a Mouth #7*

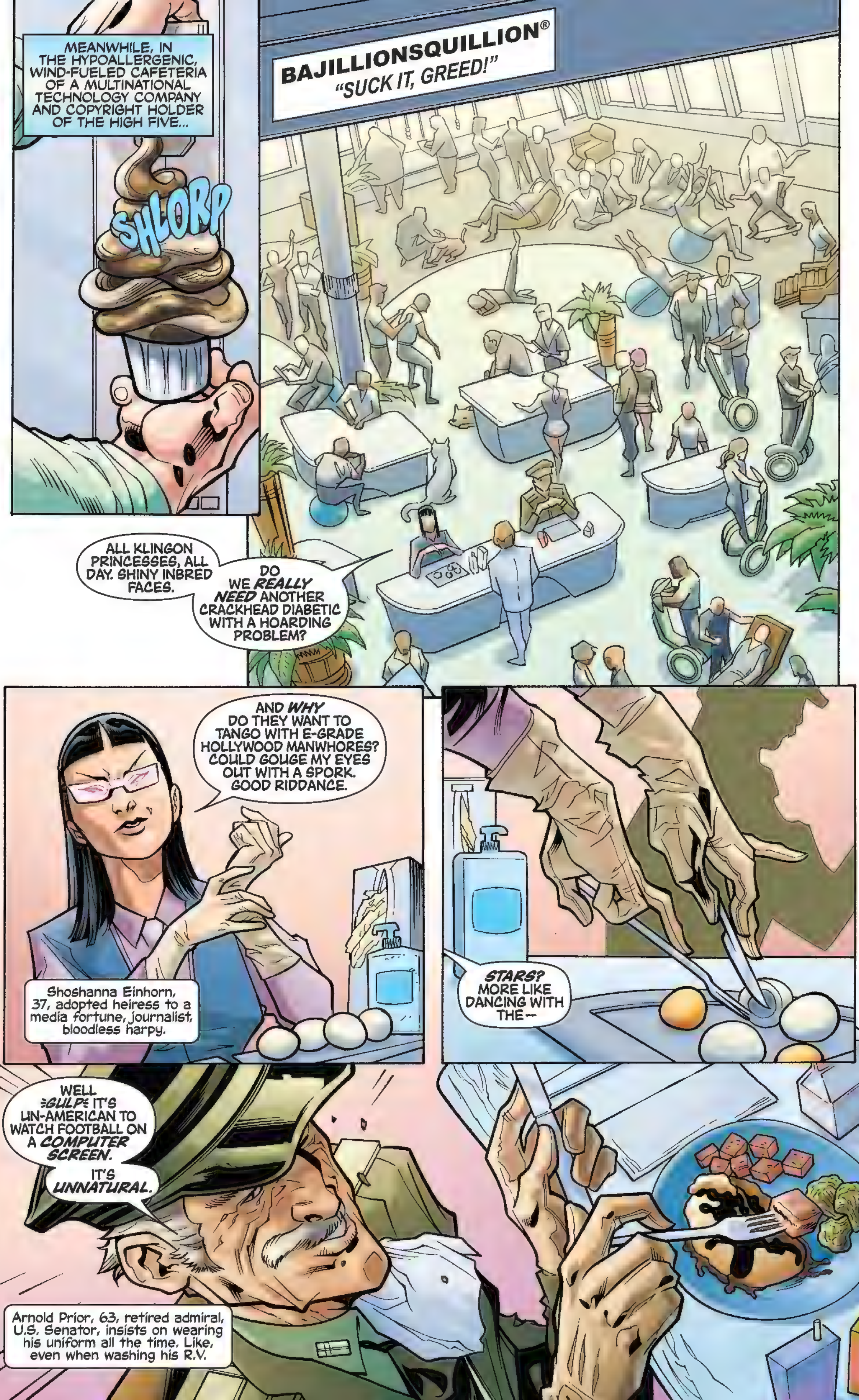

SOMEWHERE IN A FUTURISTIC ALTERNATE REALITY OF GLUTTONY AND AWESOMENESS...
DON'T THAT MAKE A FAT GIRL HAPPY? ALL THAT CREAM GRAVY! YOU CAN TELL THERE'S NUTMEG IN THERE. WHETHER YOU'RE MAKING THIS RECIPE FOR A PARTY OR JUST FOR LIL' OL' YOU...
WHOOHOO. THIS IS ALL FOR LIL' OL' ME...
SHLIKT
GAAAH! WAY TO GO, GIMPTARD, I *JUST* DID MY NAILS.
Oops. My bad. Let's save that nugget for later. Ha.
SHUT YOUR PIEHOLES. SHOW'S ON.
NOW LAY YOUR VEAL CHEEKS IN THE HEATED UP DUCK FAT. AIN'T THAT A VISION? LORD, I WISH MY ELASTIC WAISTBAND WEREN'T CHAWIN' INTO MY GUTMEAT.
OOOH LOOK AT THAT LOG SIZZLE. LATER, WHEN WE ROLL IT IN OUR BACON PASTE AND *BZZZZZZZZZT*
WHAT? NO! *NO! NO!*
DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG! OH GOD, DON'T YOU LEAVE ME. *PLEEEEASE DON'T GO. DON'T DIE. WAKE UP! PUHLEEEEEASE?*

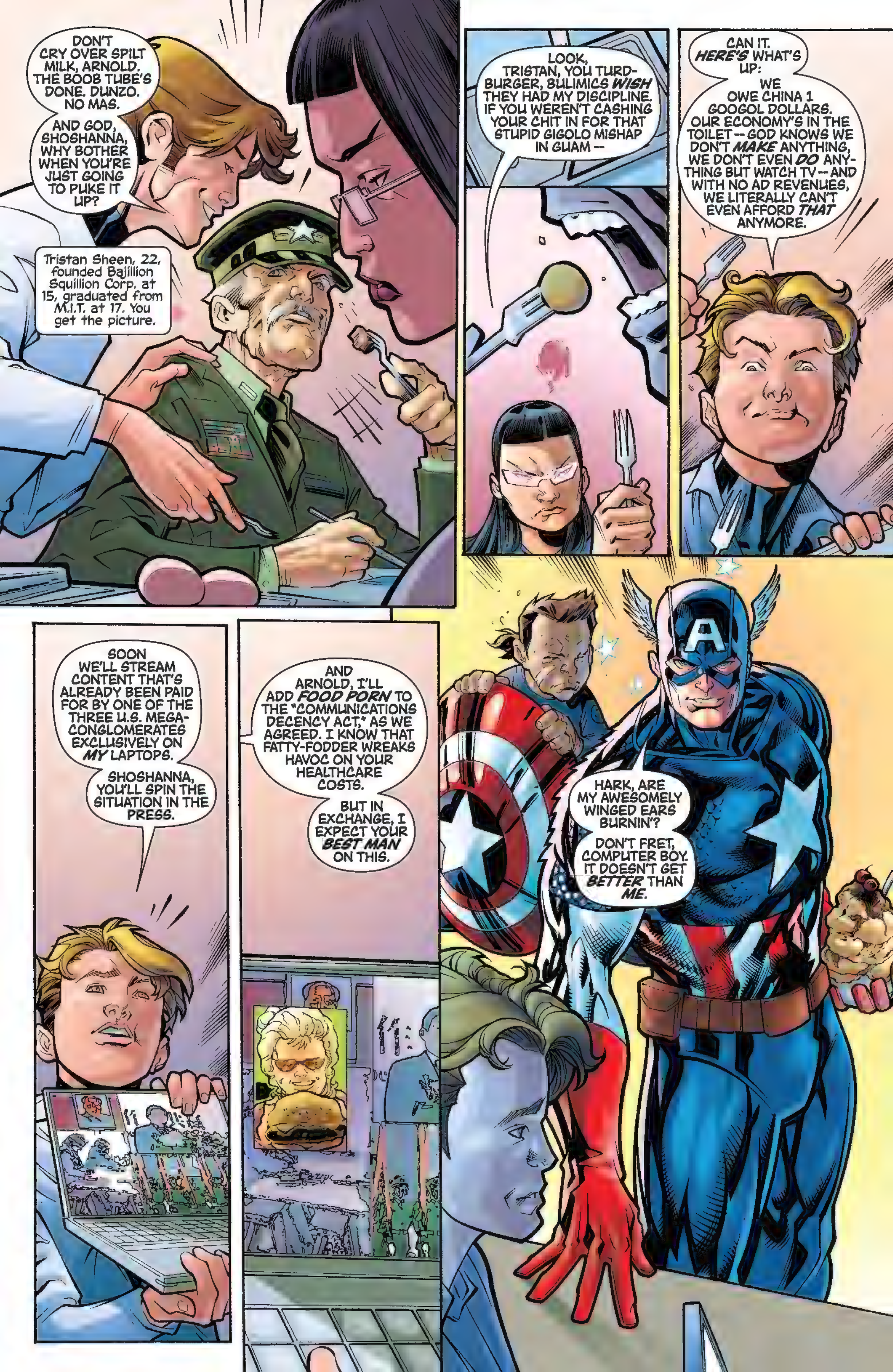

DAMN, WE SCREWED THE POOCH ON THIS ONE. NO PHONE, NO COMPUTER...
Hisss... Computers hate us.
MOUNTAIN'S JUST GONNA HAVE TO GO TO MOHAMMED ON THIS ONE. MAMA NEEDS HER STORIES.
WAIT. NO. STOP. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO DO THIS.
YES WE DO. WE'RE TURNING FERAL AND WEIRD. I CAN SMELL MY OWN ASS. IT'S TIME TO GET SERVICED.
BUT YOU KNOW *WHO'S* OUT THERE, RIGHT?
DUH. YEAH, I *KNOW* WHO'S OUT THERE.

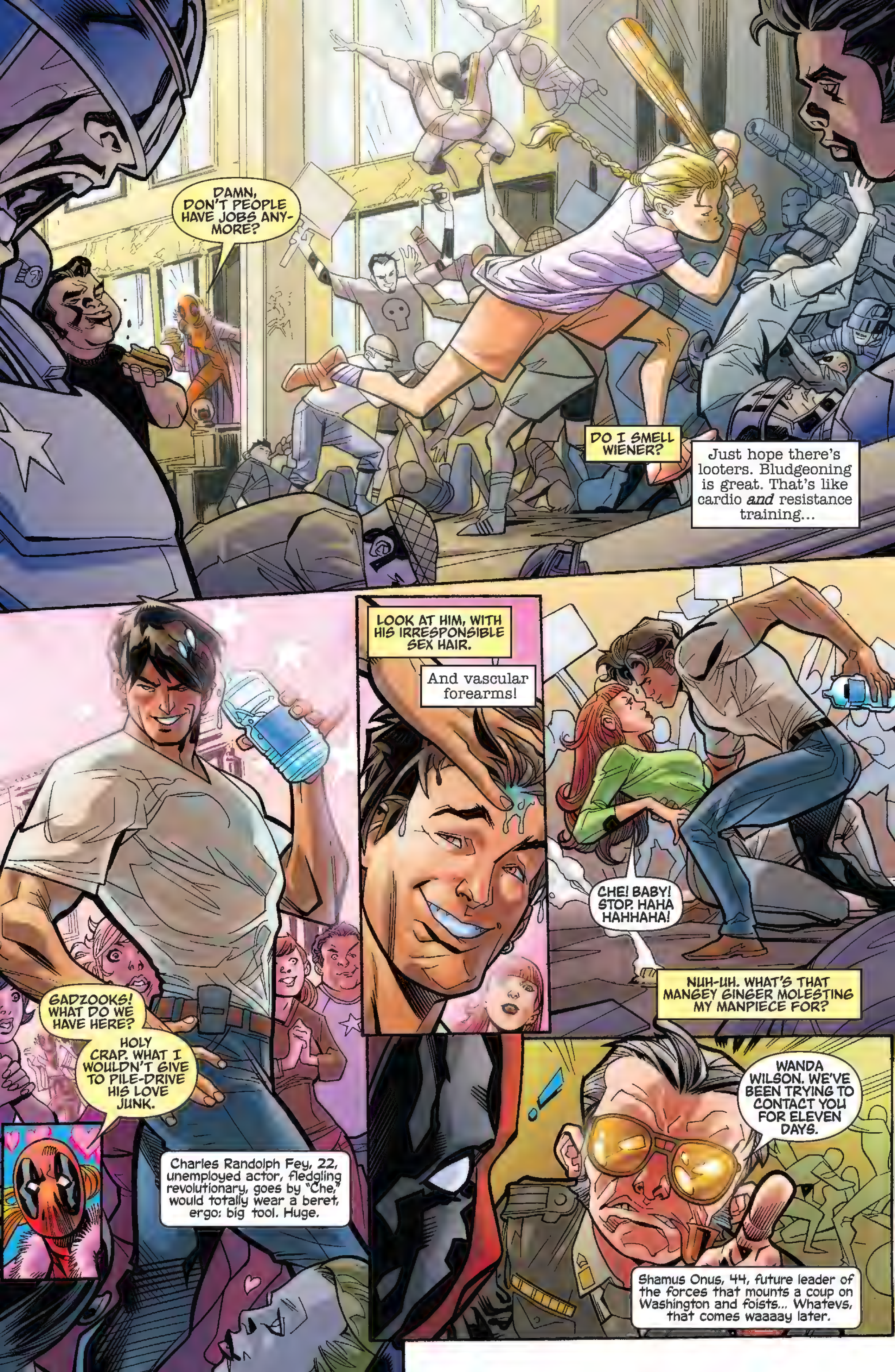


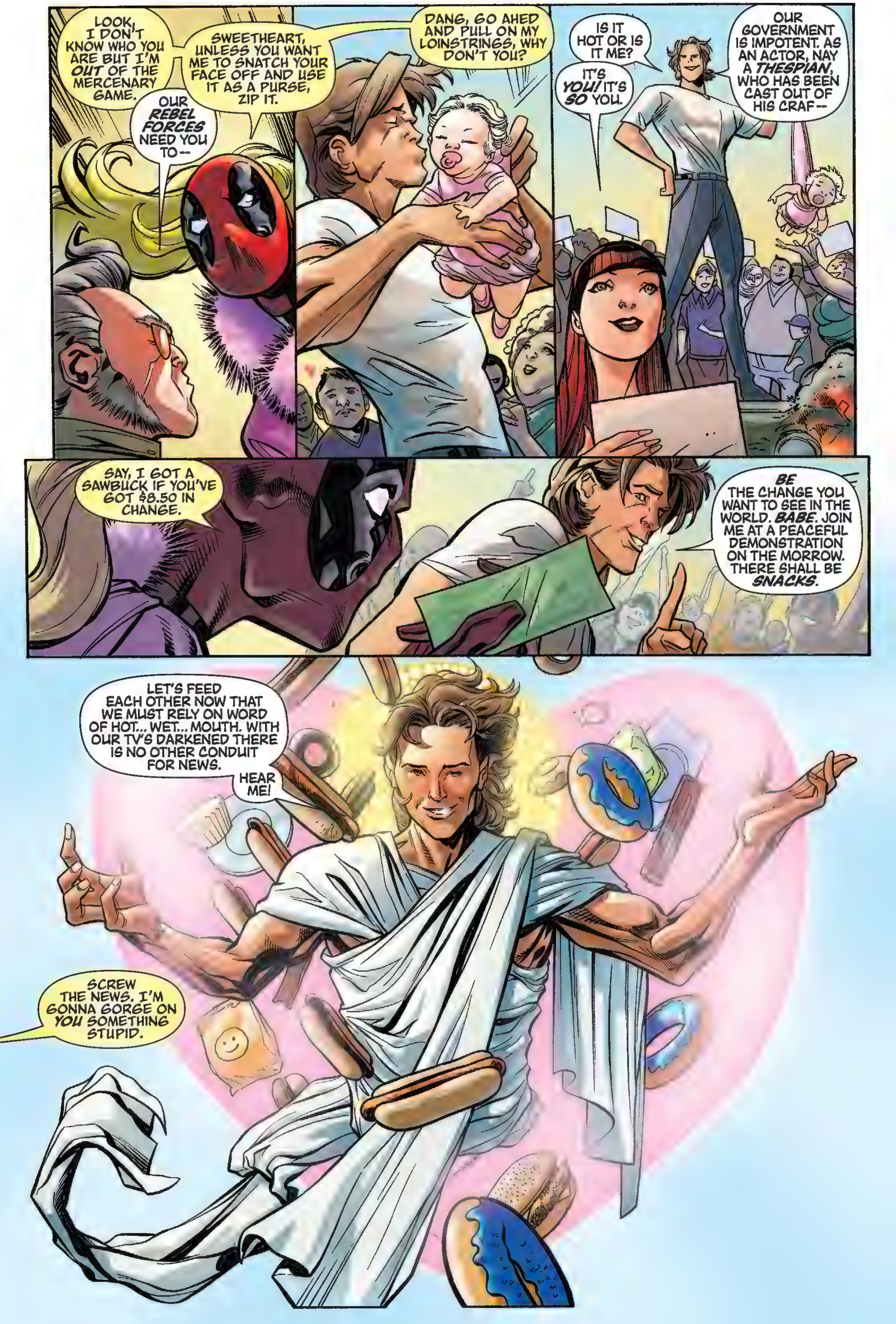
THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED

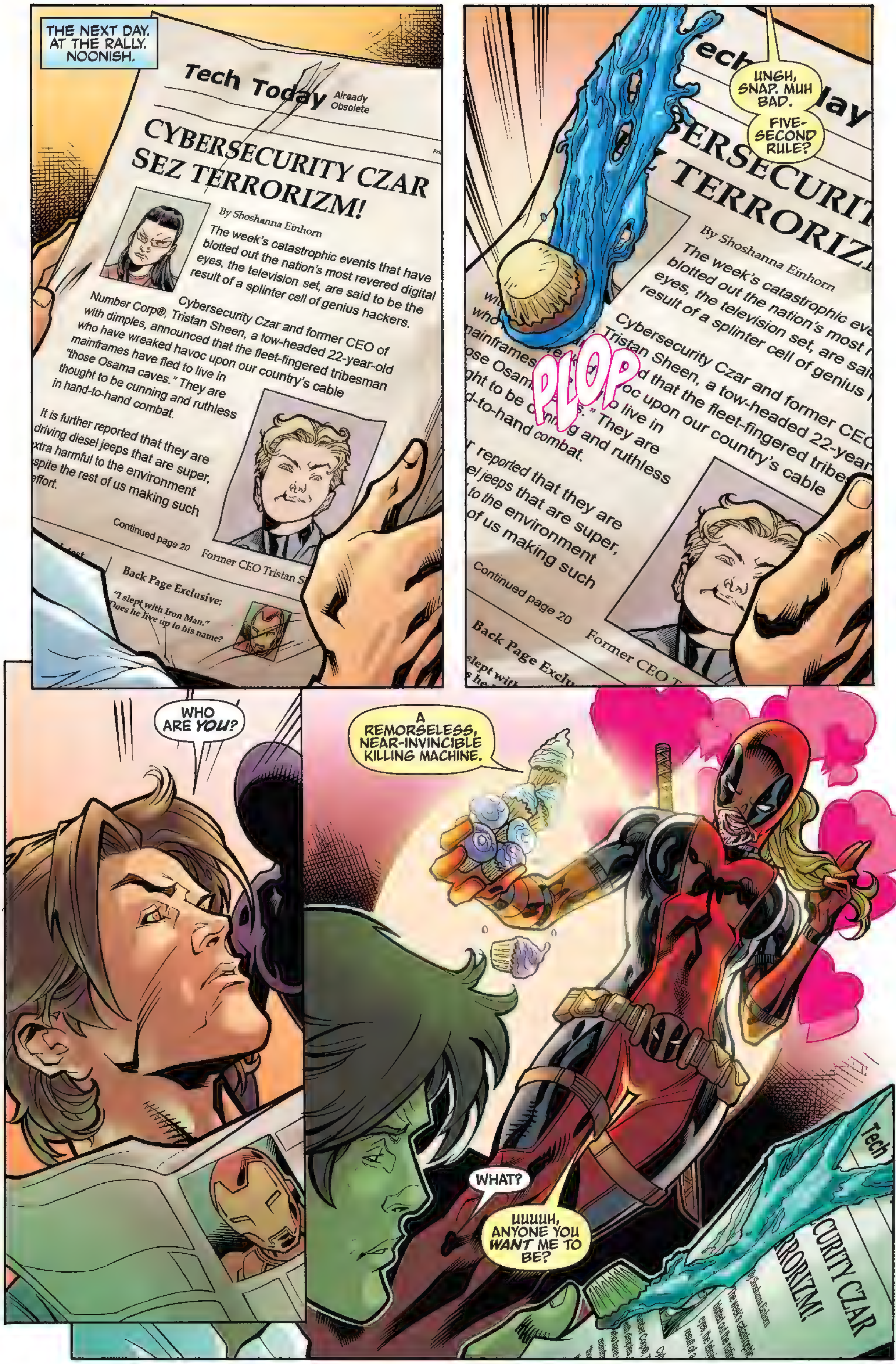
Writer: Mary H.K. Choi • Art: Ken Lashley


MEANWHILE, IN THE HYPOALLERGENIC, WIND-FUELED CAFETERIA OF A MULTINATIONAL TECHNOLOGY COMPANY AND COPYRIGHT HOLDER OF THE HIGH FIVE...
SHLORP
BAJILLIONSQUILLION®
"SUCK IT, GREED!"
ALL KLINGON PRINCESSES, ALL DAY. SHINY INBRED FACES.
DO WE *REALLY NEED* ANOTHER CRACKHEAD DIABETIC WITH A HOARDING PROBLEM?
AND *WHY* DO THEY WANT TO TANGO WITH E-GRADE HOLLYWOOD MANWHORES? COULD GOUGE MY EYES OUT WITH A SPORK. GOOD RIDDANCE.
Shoshanna Einhorn, 37, adopted heiress to a media fortune, journalist, bloodless harpy.
STARS? MORE LIKE DANCING WITH THE--
WELL *GULP* IT'S UN-AMERICAN TO WATCH FOOTBALL ON A *COMPUTER SCREEN*.
IT'S *UNNATURAL*.
Arnold Prior, 63, retired admiral, U.S. Senator, insists on wearing his uniform all the time. Like, even when washing his R.V.


DON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK, ARNOLD. THE BOOB TUBE'S DONE. DUNZO. NO MAS.
AND GOD, SHOSHANNA, WHY BOTHER WHEN YOU'RE JUST GOING TO PUKE IT UP?
Tristan Sheen, 22, founded Bajillion Squillion Corp. at 15, graduated from M.I.T. at 17. You get the picture.
LOOK, TRISTAN, YOU TURD-BURGER, BULIMICS *WISH* THEY HAD MY DISCIPLINE. IF YOU WEREN'T CASHING YOUR CHIT IN FOR THAT STUPID GIGOLO MISHAP IN GUAM --
CAN IT. *HERE'S* WHAT'S UP:
WE OWE CHINA 1 GOOGOL DOLLARS. OUR ECONOMY'S IN THE TOILET -- GOD KNOWS WE DON'T *MAKE* ANYTHING, WE DON'T EVEN *DO* ANYTHING BUT WATCH TV -- AND WITH NO AD REVENUES, WE LITERALLY CAN'T EVEN AFFORD *THAT* ANYMORE.
SOON WE'LL STREAM CONTENT THAT'S ALREADY BEEN PAID FOR BY ONE OF THE THREE U.S. MEGA-CONGLOMERATES EXCLUSIVELY ON *MY* LAPTOPS.
SHOSHANNA, YOU'LL SPIN THE SITUATION IN THE PRESS.
AND ARNOLD, I'LL ADD *FOOD PORN* TO THE "COMMUNICATIONS DECENCY ACT," AS WE AGREED. I KNOW THAT FATTY-FODDER WREAKS HAVOC ON YOUR HEALTHCARE COSTS.
BUT IN EXCHANGE, I EXPECT YOUR *BEST MAN* ON THIS.
HARK, ARE MY AWESOMELY WINGED EARS BURNIN'?
DON'T FRET, COMPUTER BOY. IT DOESN'T GET *BETTER* THAN *ME*.


DAMN, DON'T PEOPLE HAVE JOBS ANYMORE?
DO I SMELL WIENER?
Just hope there's looters. Bludgeoning is great. That's like cardio *and* resistance training...
GADZOOKS! WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
HOLY CRAP. WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO PILE-DRIVE HIS LOVE JUNK.
Charles Randolph Fey, 22, unemployed actor, fledgling revolutionary, goes by "Che," would totally wear a beret, ergo: big tool. Huge.
LOOK AT HIM, WITH HIS IRRESPONSIBLE SEX HAIR.
And vascular forearms!
CHE! BABY! STOP. HAHA HAHHAHA!
NUH-UH. WHAT'S THAT MANGEY GINGER MOLESTING MY MANPIECE FOR?
!
WANDA WILSON. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT YOU FOR ELEVEN DAYS.
Shamus Onus, 44, future leader of the forces that mounts a coup on Washington and foists... Whatevs, that comes waaaay later.


LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I'M OUT OF THE MERCENARY GAME.
OUR REBEL FORCES NEED YOU TO--
SWEETHEART, UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO SNATCH YOUR FACE OFF AND USE IT AS A PURSE, ZIP IT.
DANG, GO AHED AND PULL ON MY LOINSTRINGS, WHY DON'T YOU?
IS IT HOT OR IS IT ME?
IT'S YOU! IT'S SO YOU.
OUR GOVERNMENT IS IMPOTENT. AS AN ACTOR, NAY A THESPIAN, WHO HAS BEEN CAST OUT OF HIS CRAF--
SAY, I GOT A SAWBUCK IF YOU'VE GOT $8.50 IN CHANGE.
BE THE CHANGE YOU WANT TO SEE IN THE WORLD, BABE. JOIN ME AT A PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATION ON THE MORROW. THERE SHALL BE SNACKS.
LET'S FEED EACH OTHER NOW THAT WE MUST RELY ON WORD OF HOT... WET... MOUTH. WITH OUR TV'S DARKENED THERE IS NO OTHER CONDUIT FOR NEWS.
HEAR ME!
SCREW THE NEWS. I'M GONNA GORGE ON YOU SOMETHING STUPID.


THE NEXT DAY. AT THE RALLY. NOONISH.
UNGH, SNAP. MUH BAD.
FIVE-SECOND RULE?
PLOP
WHO ARE *YOU?*
A REMORSELESS, NEAR-INVINCIBLE KILLING MACHINE.
WHAT?
UUUUH, ANYONE YOU *WANT* ME TO BE?

Tech Today Already Obsolete

CYBERSECURITY CZAR SEZ TERRORIZM!

By Shoshanna Einhorn

The week's catastrophic events that have blotted out the nation's most revered digital eyes, the television set, are said to be the result of a splinter cell of genius hackers.

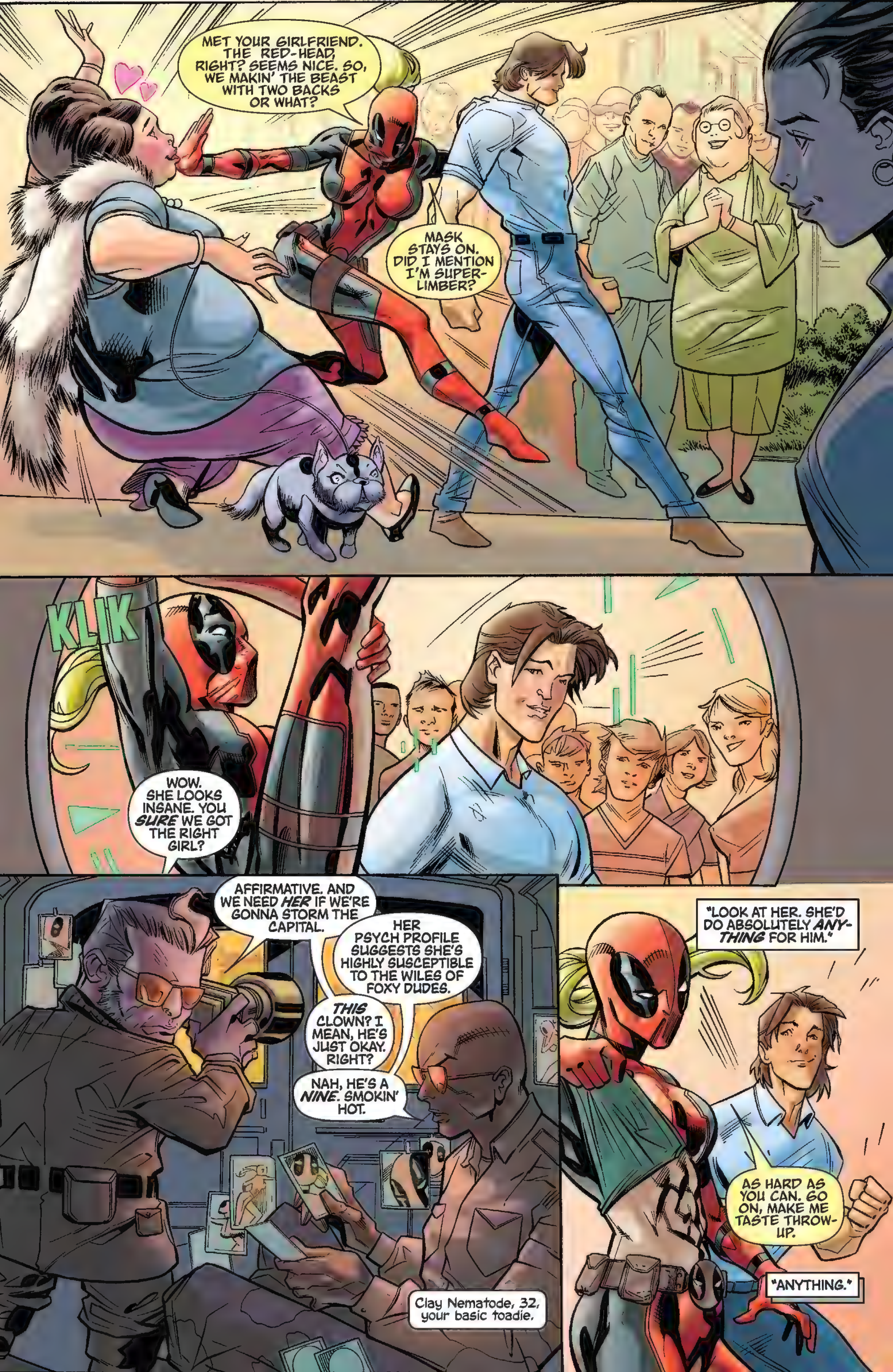
Cybersecurity Czar and former CEO of Number Corp®, Tristan Sheen, a tow-headed 22-year-old with dimples, announced that the fleet-fingered tribesman who have wreaked havoc upon our country's cable mainframes have fled to live in "those Osama caves." They are thought to be cunning and ruthless in hand-to-hand combat.

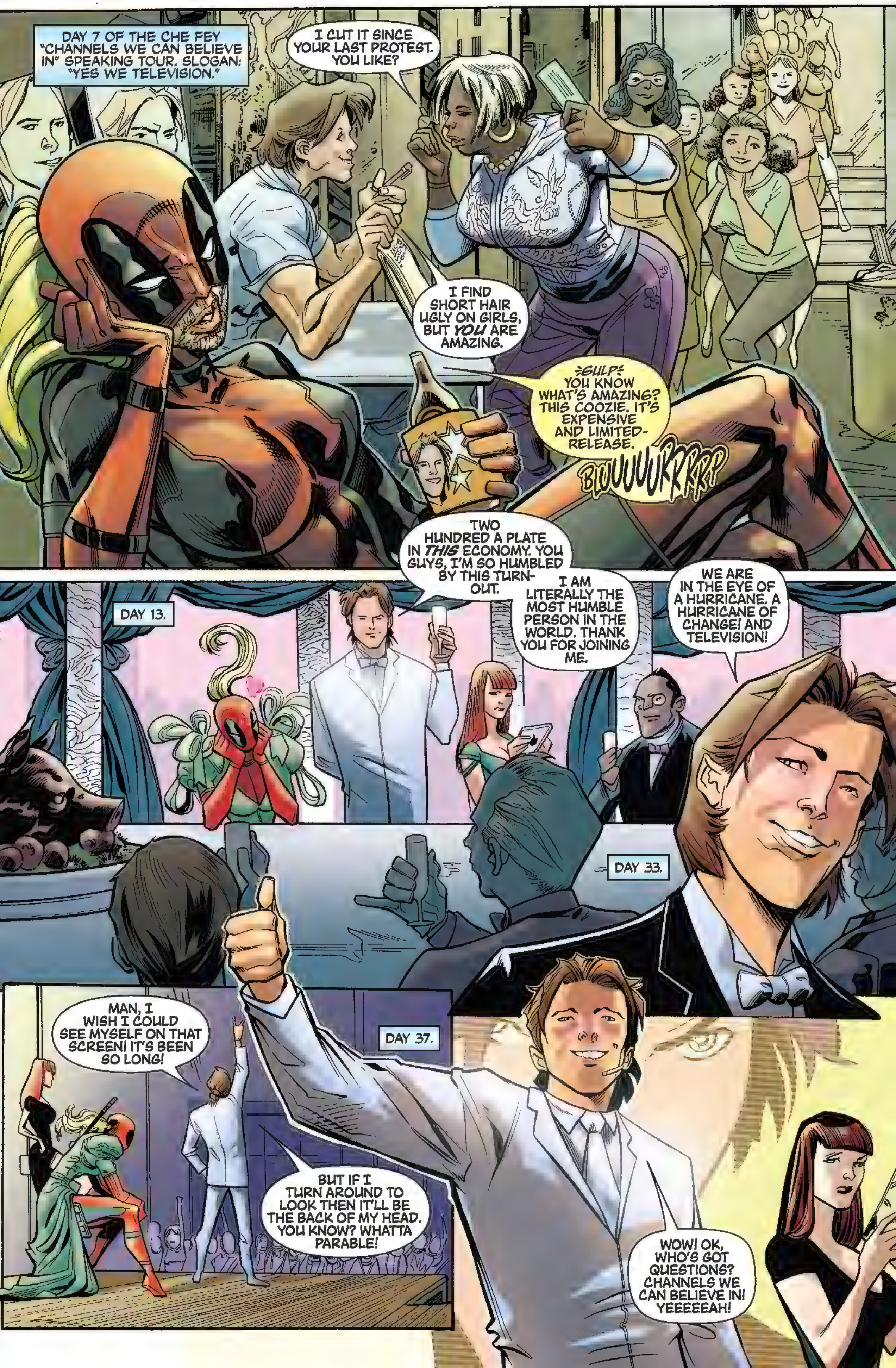
It is further reported that they are driving diesel jeeps that are super, xtra harmful to the environment spite the rest of us making such effort.

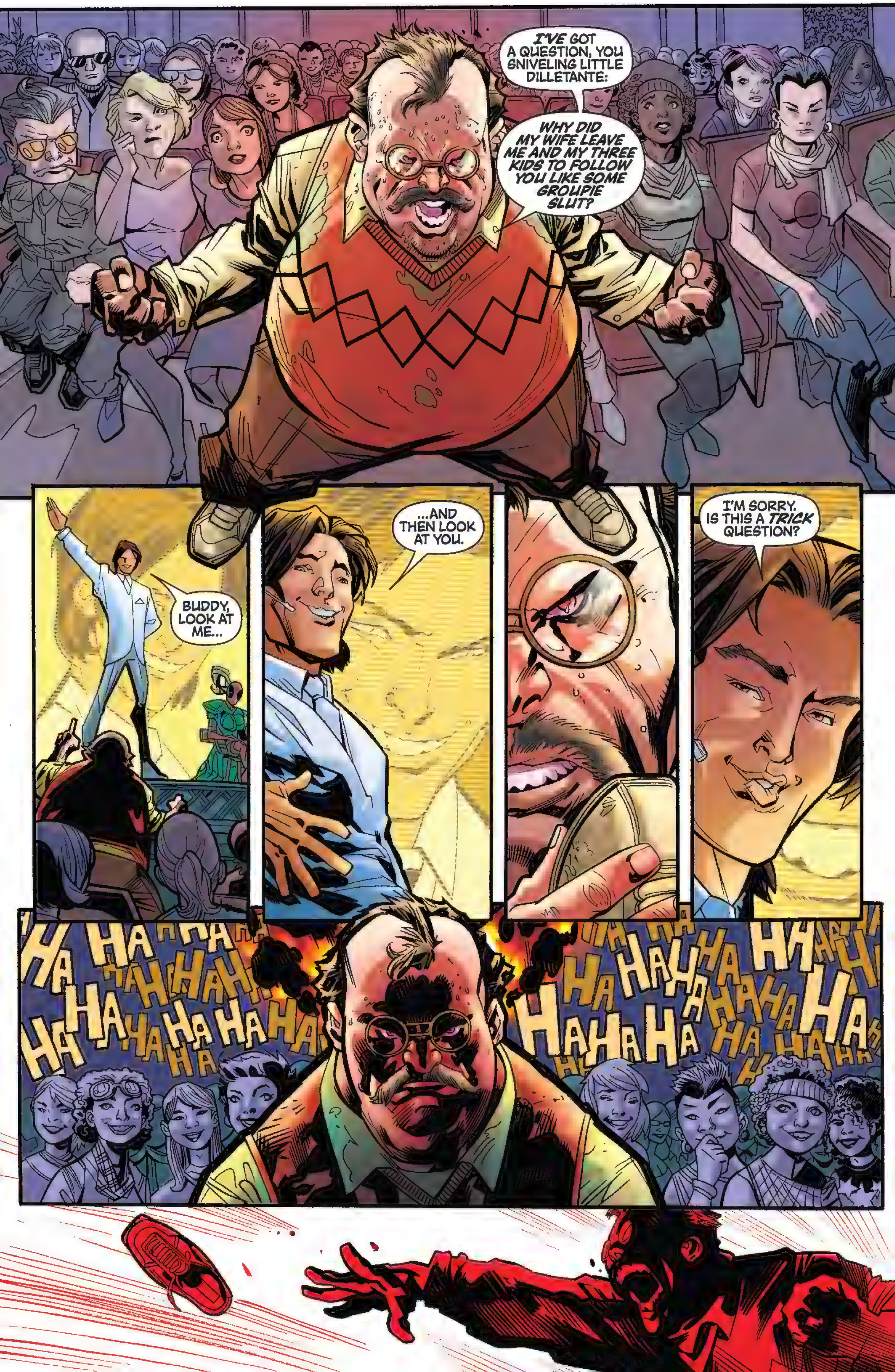
Continued page 20

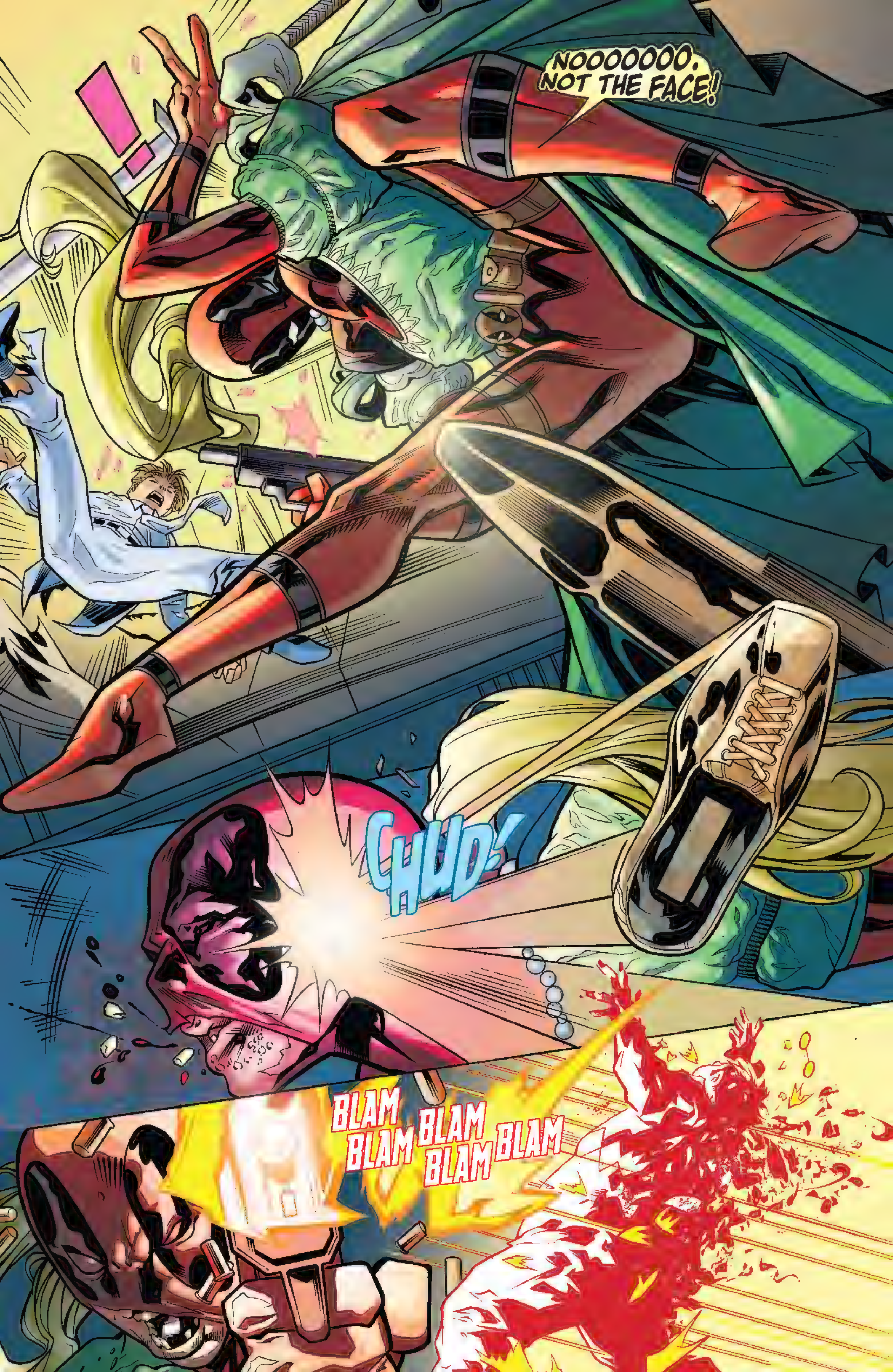
Former CEO Tristan S

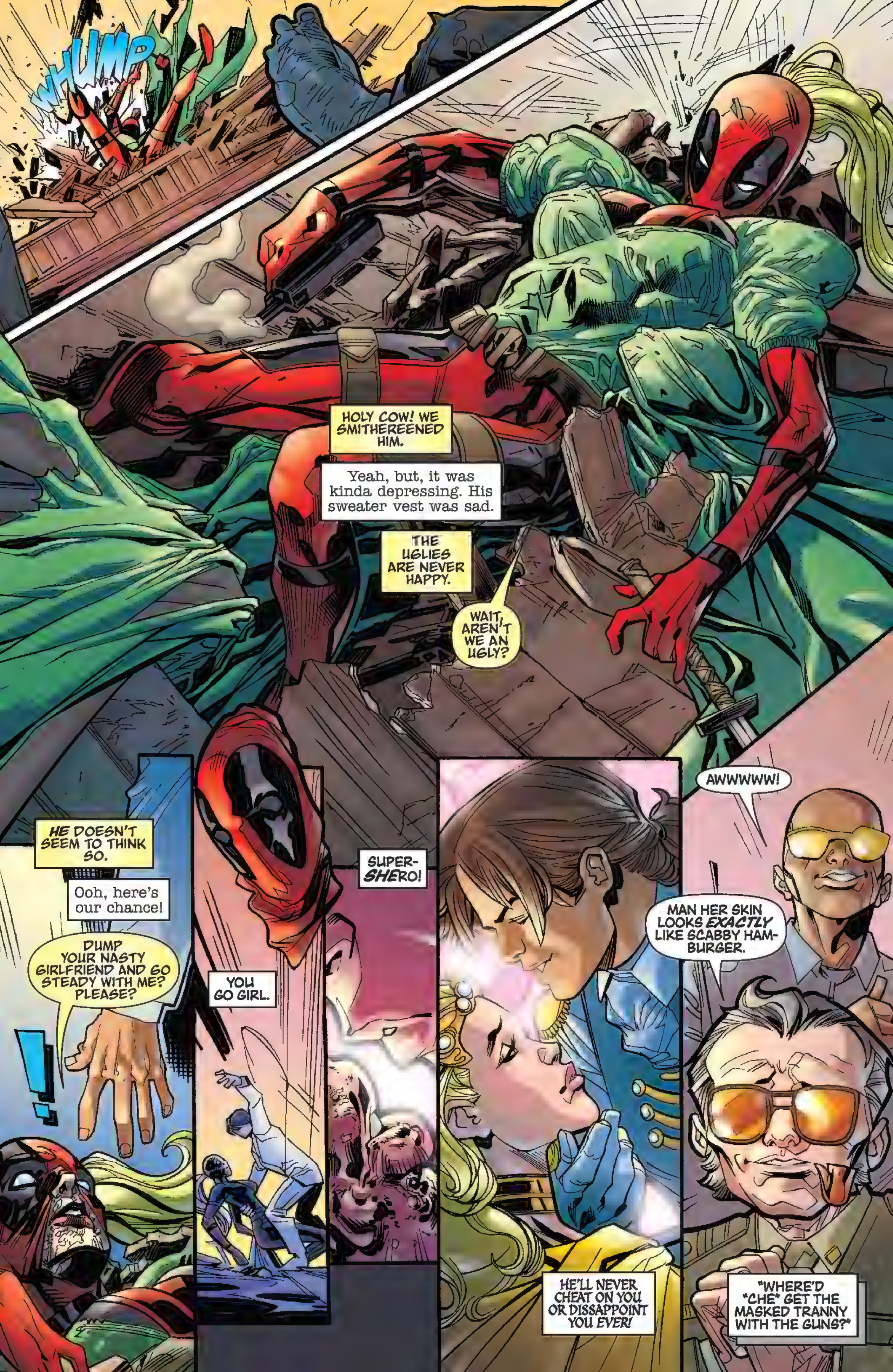
Back Page Exclusive:
"I slept with Iron Man." Does he live up to his name?

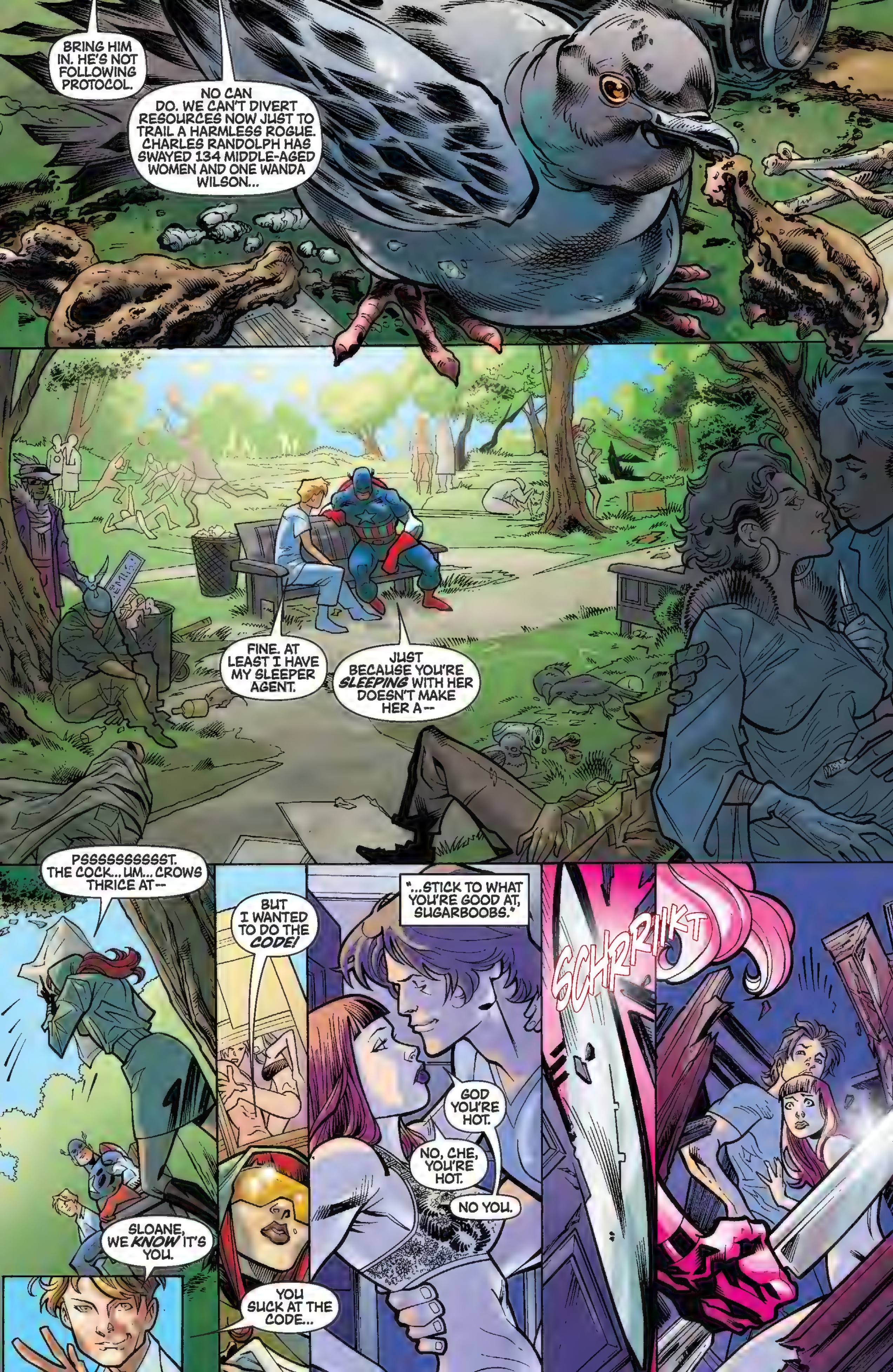

MET YOUR GIRLFRIEND. THE RED-HEAD, RIGHT? SEEMS NICE. SO, WE MAKIN' THE BEAST WITH TWO BACKS OR WHAT?
MASK STAYS ON. DID I MENTION I'M SUPER-LIMBER?
KLIK
WOW. SHE LOOKS INSANE. YOU *SURE* WE GOT THE RIGHT GIRL?
AFFIRMATIVE. AND WE NEED *HER* IF WE'RE GONNA STORM THE CAPITAL.
HER PSYCH PROFILE SUGGESTS SHE'S HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE WILES OF FOXY DUDES.
THIS CLOWN? I MEAN, HE'S JUST OKAY. RIGHT?
NAH, HE'S A *NINE*. SMOKIN' HOT.
Clay Nematode, 32, your basic toadie.
"LOOK AT HER. SHE'D DO ABSOLUTELY *ANYTHING* FOR HIM."
AS HARD AS YOU CAN. GO ON, MAKE ME TASTE THROW-UP.
"ANYTHING."

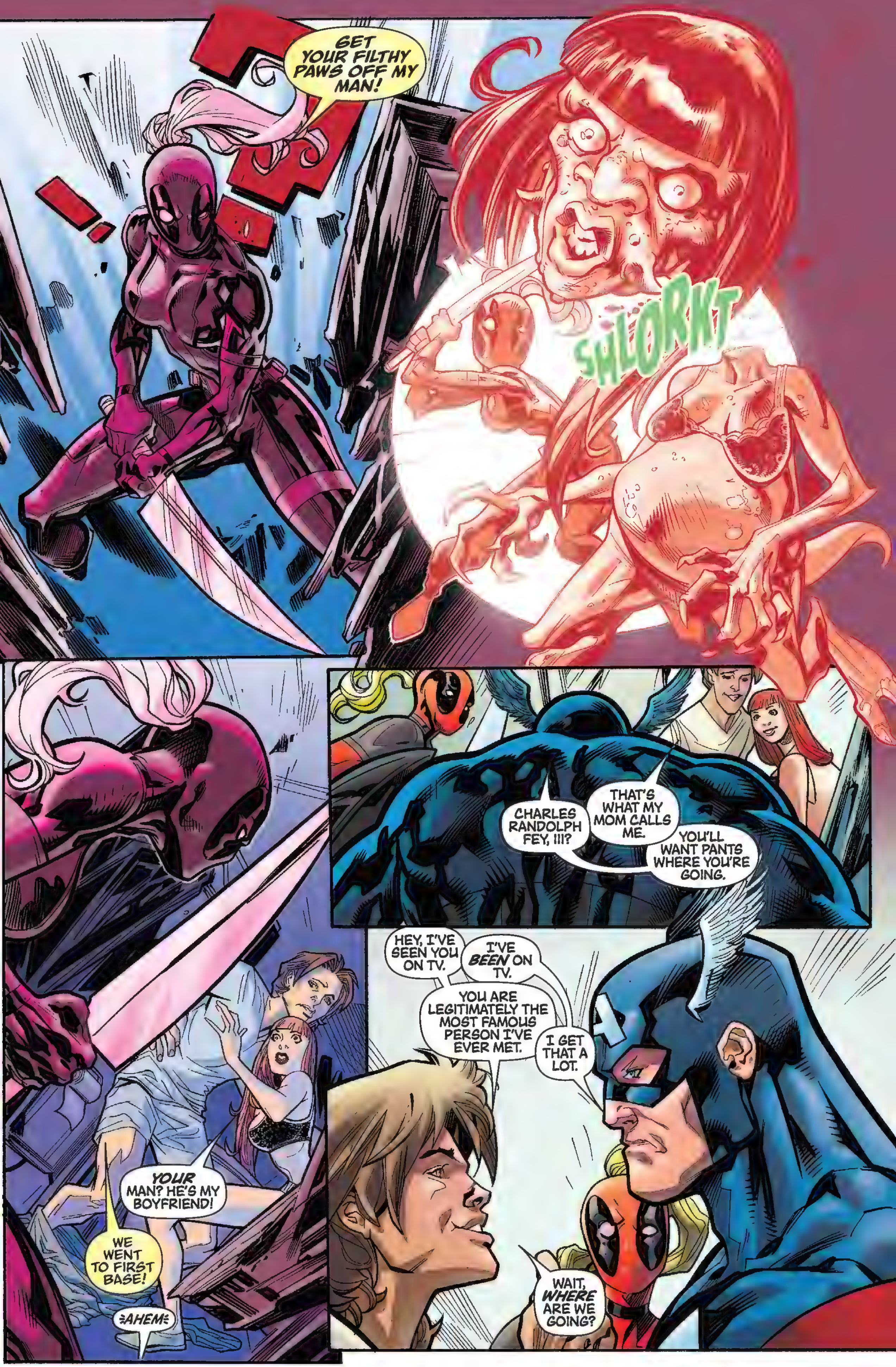

DAY 7 OF THE CHE FEY "CHANNELS WE CAN BELIEVE IN" SPEAKING TOUR. SLOGAN: "YES WE TELEVISION."
I CUT IT SINCE YOUR LAST PROTEST. YOU LIKE?
I FIND SHORT HAIR UGLY ON GIRLS, BUT *YOU* ARE AMAZING.
GULP YOU KNOW WHAT'S AMAZING? THIS COOZIE. IT'S EXPENSIVE AND LIMITED-RELEASE.
BLUUUUURRRRP
TWO HUNDRED A PLATE IN *THIS* ECONOMY. YOU GUYS, I'M SO HUMBLED BY THIS TURN-OUT.
DAY 13.
I AM LITERALLY THE MOST HUMBLE PERSON IN THE WORLD. THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME.
WE ARE IN THE EYE OF A HURRICANE. A HURRICANE OF CHANGE! AND TELEVISION!
DAY 33.
MAN, I WISH I COULD SEE MYSELF ON THAT SCREEN! IT'S BEEN SO LONG!
DAY 37.
BUT IF I TURN AROUND TO LOOK THEN IT'LL BE THE BACK OF MY HEAD. YOU KNOW? WHATTA PARABLE!
WOW! OK, WHO'S GOT QUESTIONS? CHANNELS WE CAN BELIEVE IN! YEEEEEAH!

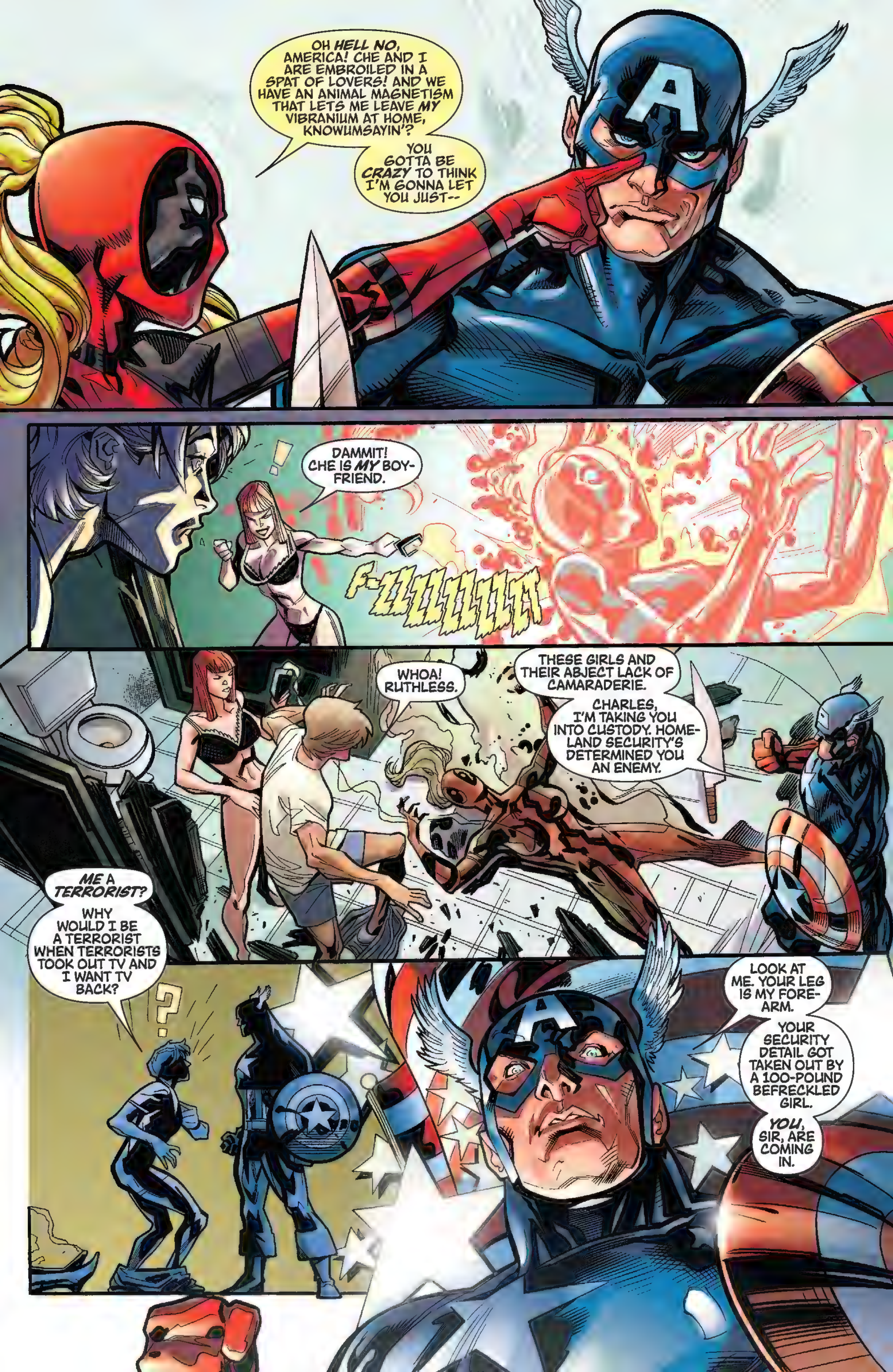

I'VE GOT A QUESTION, YOU SNIVELING LITTLE DILLETANTE:
WHY DID MY WIFE LEAVE ME AND MY THREE KIDS TO FOLLOW YOU LIKE SOME GROUPIE SLUT?
BUDDY, LOOK AT ME...
...AND THEN LOOK AT YOU.
I'M SORRY. IS THIS A *TRICK* QUESTION?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

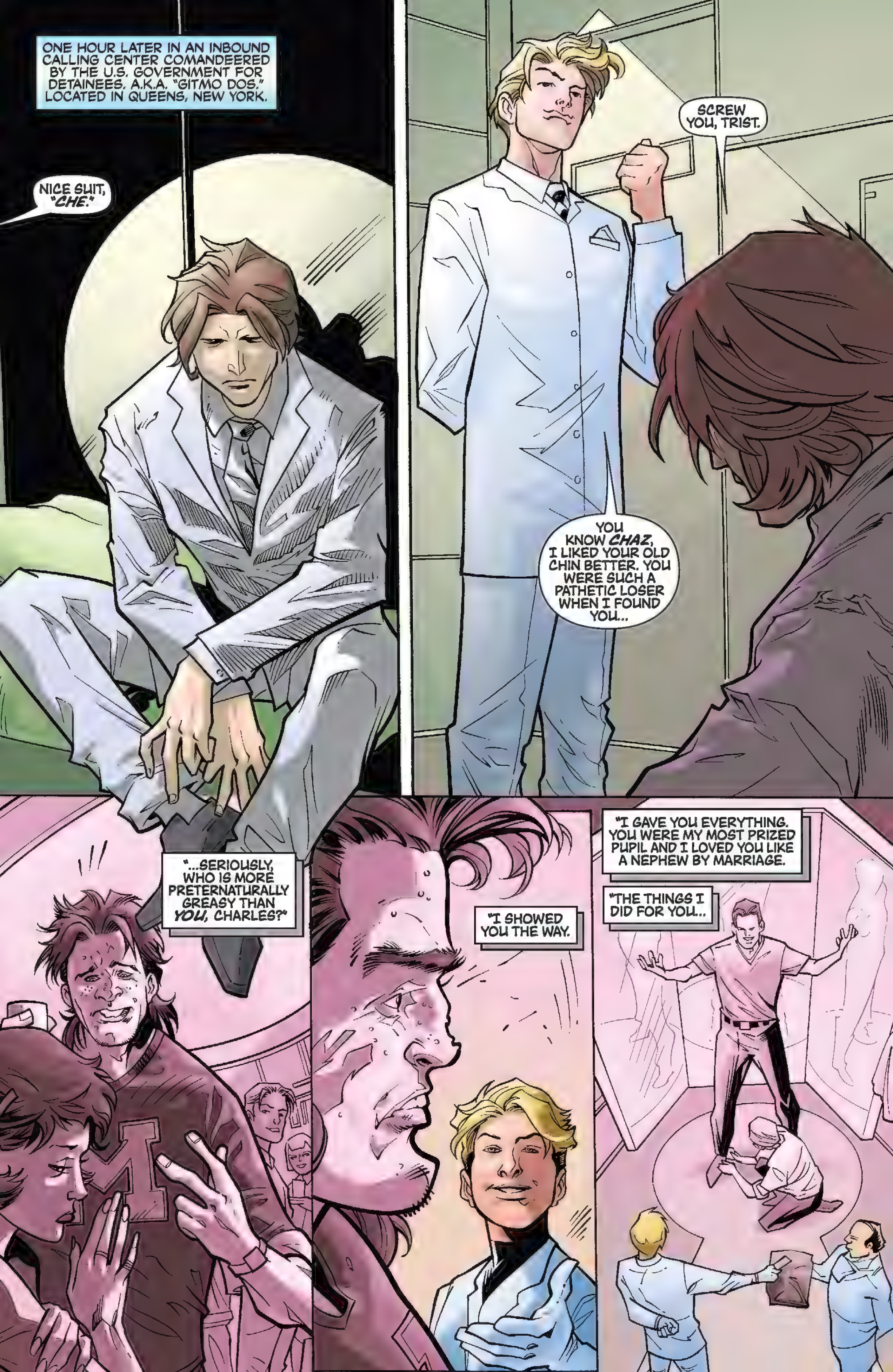

NOOOOOOO. NOT THE FACE!
CHUD!
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM BLAM

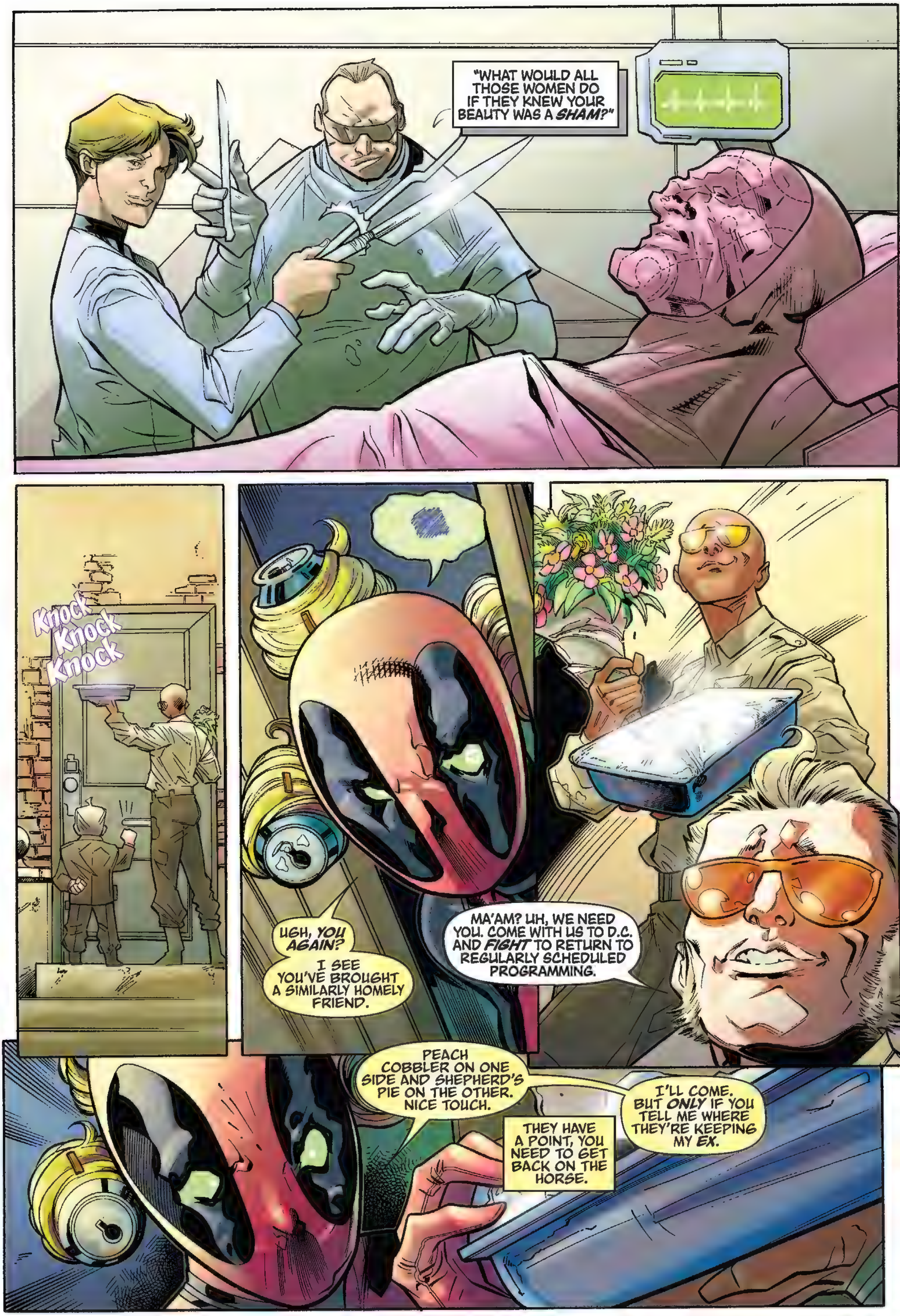

WHUMP!
HOLY COW! WE SMITHEREENED HIM.
Yeah, but, it was kinda depressing. His sweater vest was sad.
THE UGLIES ARE NEVER HAPPY.
WAIT, AREN'T WE AN UGLY?
HE DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.
Ooh, here's our chance!
DUMP YOUR NASTY GIRLFRIEND AND GO STEADY WITH ME? PLEASE?
!
YOU GO GIRL.
SUPER-SHERO!
AWWWWW!
MAN HER SKIN LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE SCABBY HAMBURGER.
HE'LL NEVER CHEAT ON YOU OR DISSAPPOINT YOU EVER!
"WHERE'D "CHE" GET THE MASKED TRANNY WITH THE GUNS?"

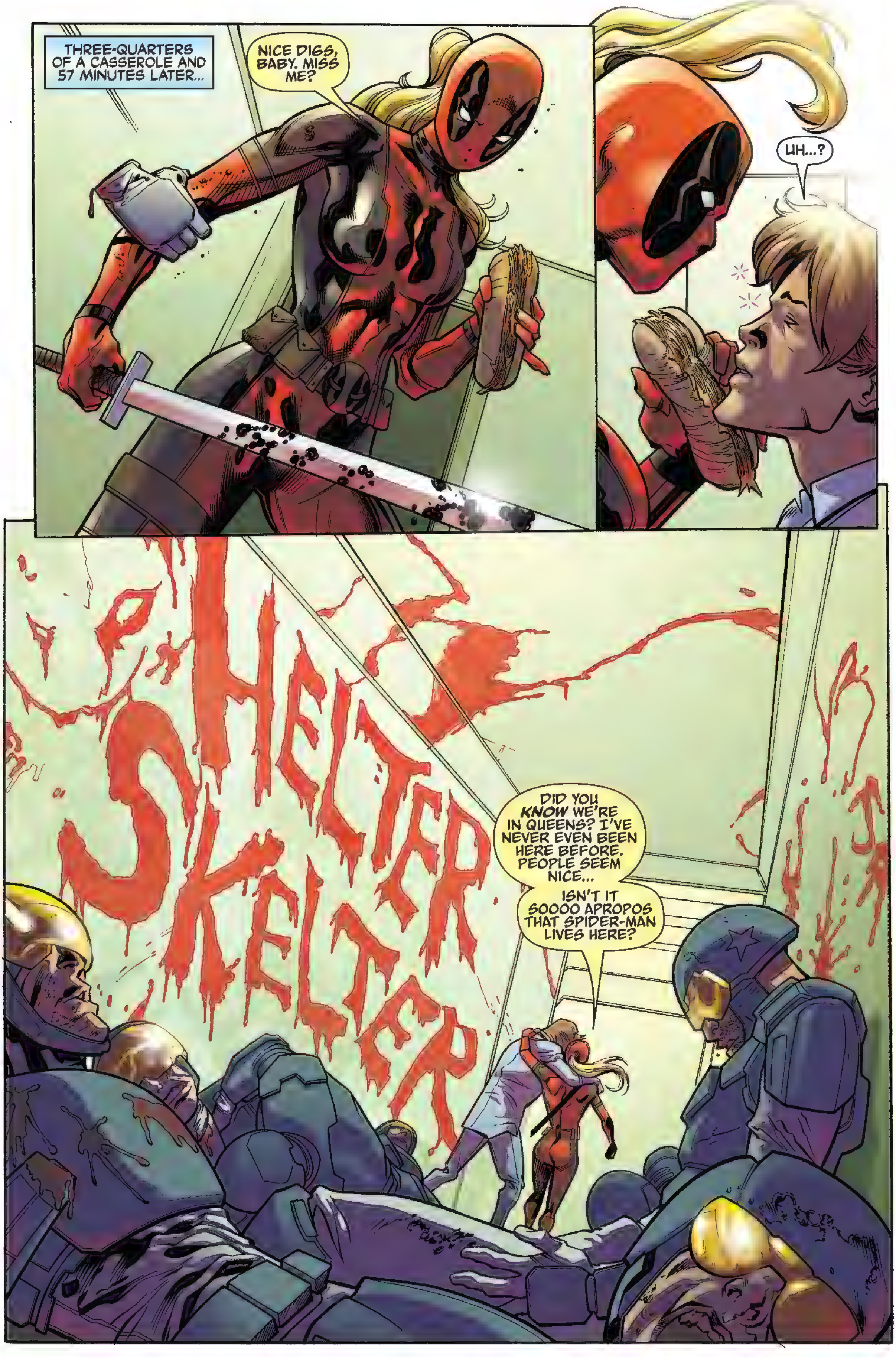

BRING HIM IN. HE'S NOT FOLLOWING PROTOCOL.
NO CAN DO. WE CAN'T DIVERT RESOURCES NOW JUST TO TRAIL A HARMLESS ROGUE. CHARLES RANDOLPH HAS SWAYED 134 MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN AND ONE WANDA WILSON...
FINE. AT LEAST I HAVE MY SLEEPER AGENT.
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE *SLEEPING* WITH HER DOESN'T MAKE HER A--
PSSSSSSSSSST. THE COCK...UM...CROWS THRICE AT--
SLOANE, WE *KNOW* IT'S YOU.
BUT I WANTED TO DO THE *CODE!*
YOU SUCK AT THE CODE...
"...STICK TO WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT, SUGARBOOBS."
GOD YOU'RE HOT.
NO, CHE, YOU'RE HOT.
NO YOU.
SCHRIIKT

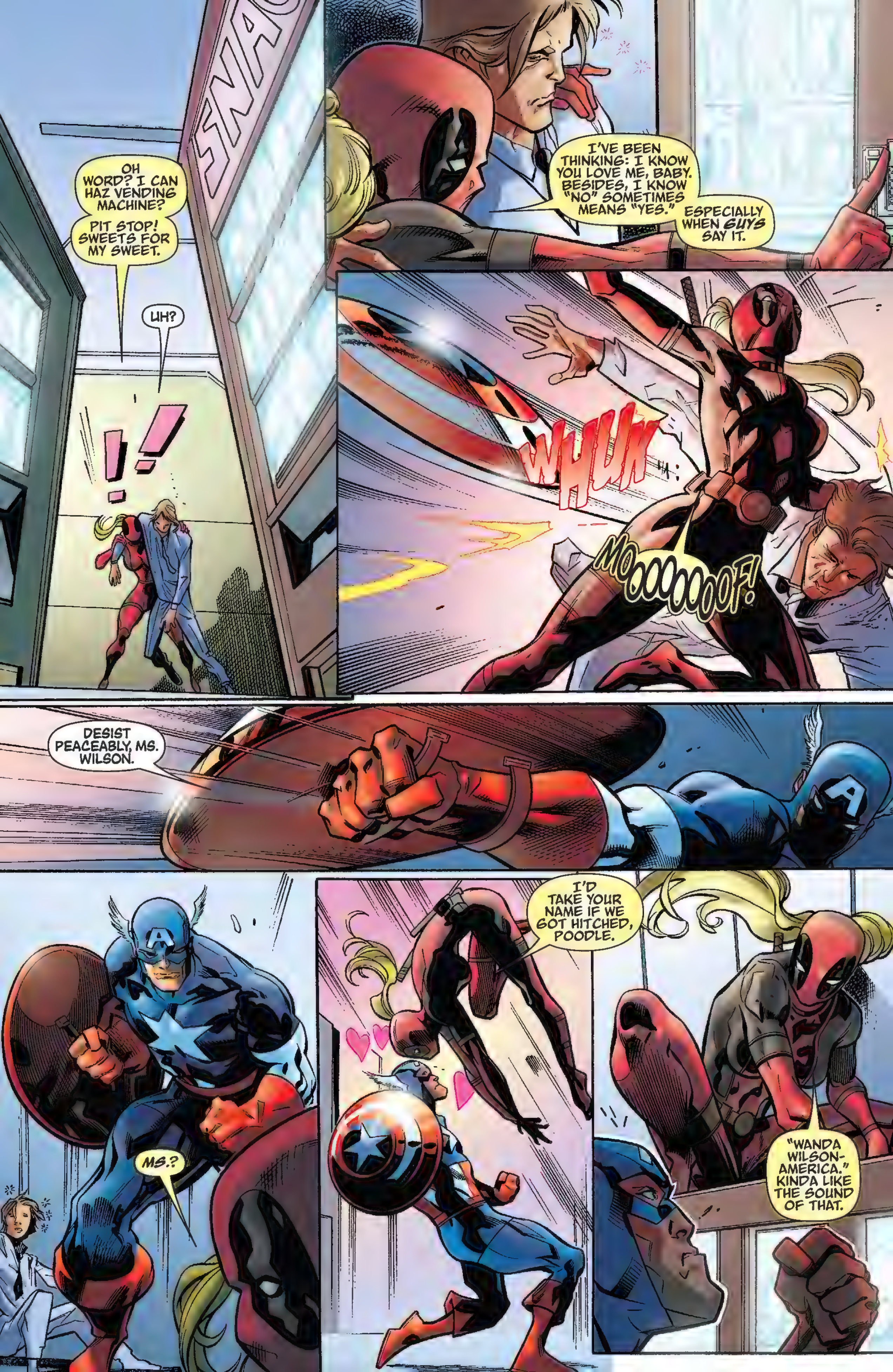

GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF MY MAN!
SHLORKT
CHARLES RANDOLPH FEY, III?
THAT'S WHAT MY MOM CALLS ME.
YOU'LL WANT PANTS WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
YOUR MAN? HE'S MY BOYFRIEND!
WE WENT TO FIRST BASE!
AHEM
HEY, I'VE SEEN YOU ON TV.
I'VE BEEN ON TV.
YOU ARE LEGITIMATELY THE MOST FAMOUS PERSON I'VE EVER MET.
I GET THAT A LOT.
WAIT, WHERE ARE WE GOING?

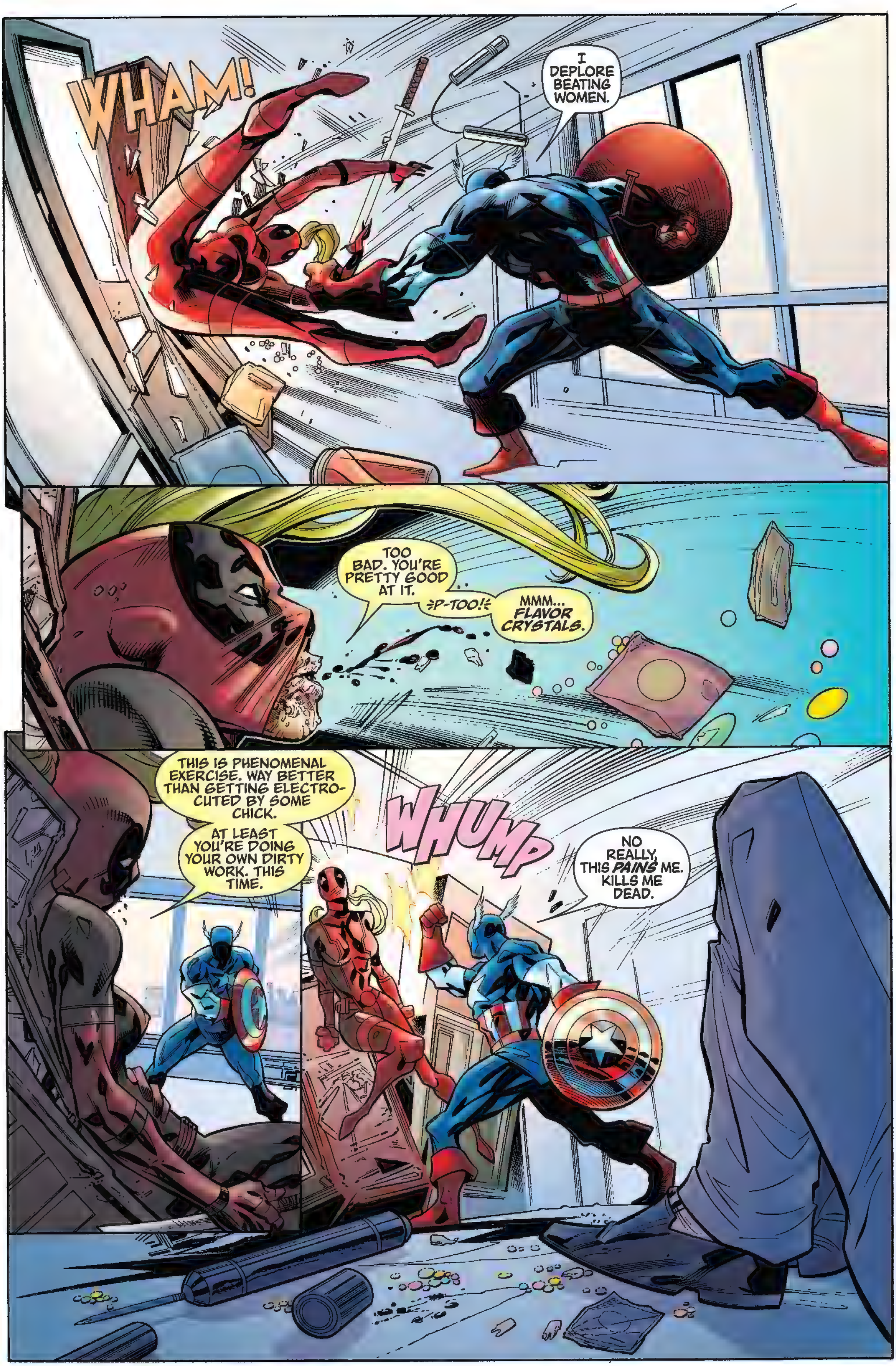

OH *HELL NO,* AMERICA! CHE AND I ARE EMBROILED IN A SPAT OF LOVERS! AND WE HAVE AN ANIMAL MAGNETISM THAT LETS ME LEAVE *MY* VIBRANIUM AT HOME, KNOWUMSAYIN'?
YOU GOTTA BE *CRAZY* TO THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU JUST--
!
DAMMIT! CHE IS *MY* BOYFRIEND.
F-ZZZZZZZZT
WHOA! RUTHLESS.
THESE GIRLS AND THEIR ABJECT LACK OF CAMARADERIE.
CHARLES, I'M TAKING YOU INTO CUSTODY. HOMELAND SECURITY'S DETERMINED YOU AN ENEMY.
ME A *TERRORIST?*
WHY WOULD I BE A TERRORIST WHEN TERRORISTS TOOK OUT TV AND I WANT TV BACK?
?
LOOK AT ME. YOUR LEG IS MY FOREARM.
YOUR SECURITY DETAIL GOT TAKEN OUT BY A 100-POUND BEFRECKLED GIRL.
YOU, SIR, ARE COMING IN.

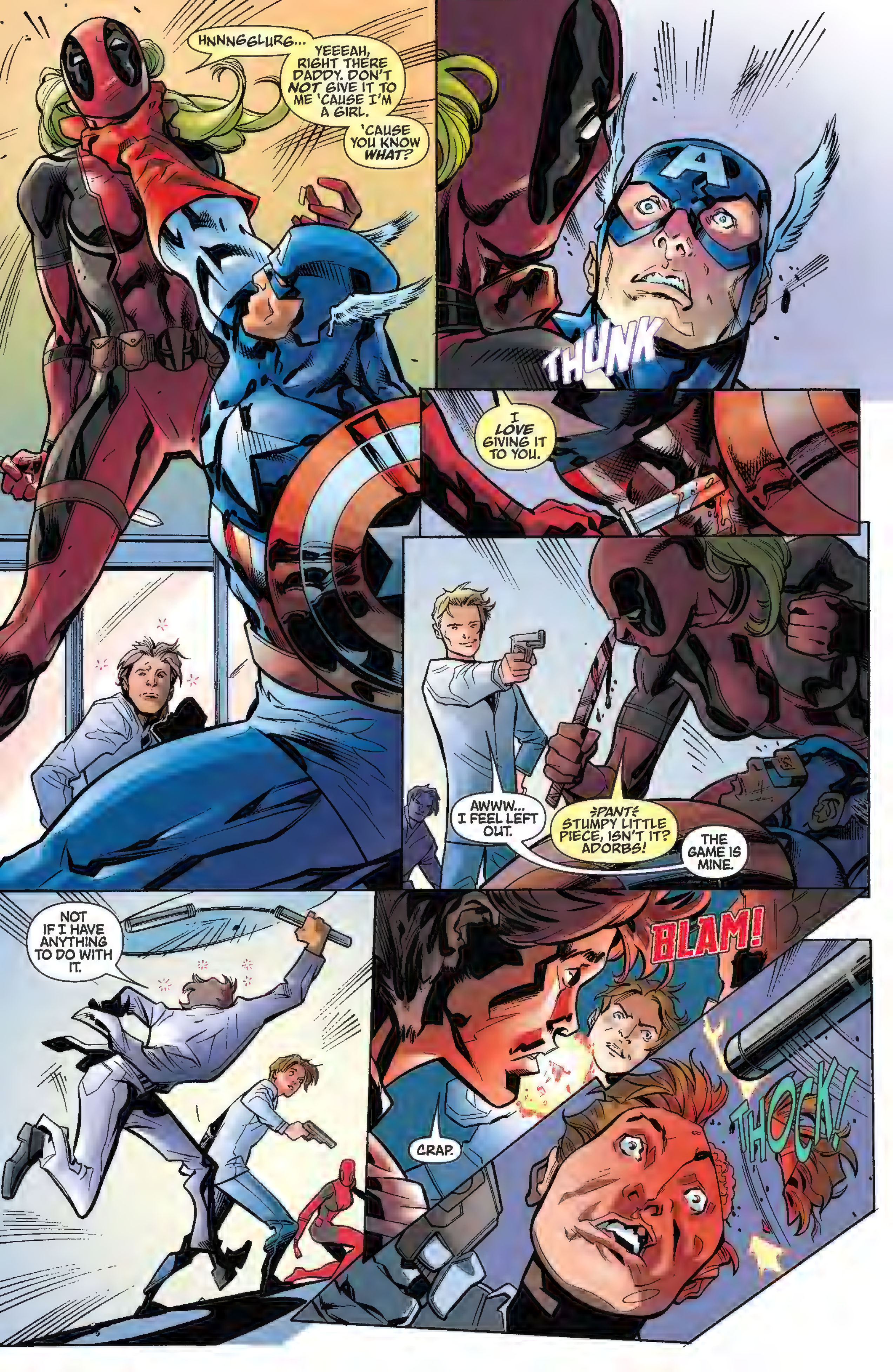

ONE HOUR LATER IN AN INBOUND CALLING CENTER COMANDEERED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR DETAINEES. A.K.A. "GITMO DOS," LOCATED IN QUEENS, NEW YORK.
NICE SUIT, "*CHE*."
SCREW YOU, TRIST.
YOU KNOW *CHAZ*, I LIKED YOUR OLD CHIN BETTER. YOU WERE SUCH A PATHETIC LOSER WHEN I FOUND YOU...
"...SERIOUSLY, WHO IS MORE PRETERNATURALLY GREASY THAN *YOU*, CHARLES?"
"I SHOWED YOU THE WAY.
"I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING. YOU WERE MY MOST PRIZED PUPIL AND I LOVED YOU LIKE A NEPHEW BY MARRIAGE.
"THE THINGS I DID FOR YOU...

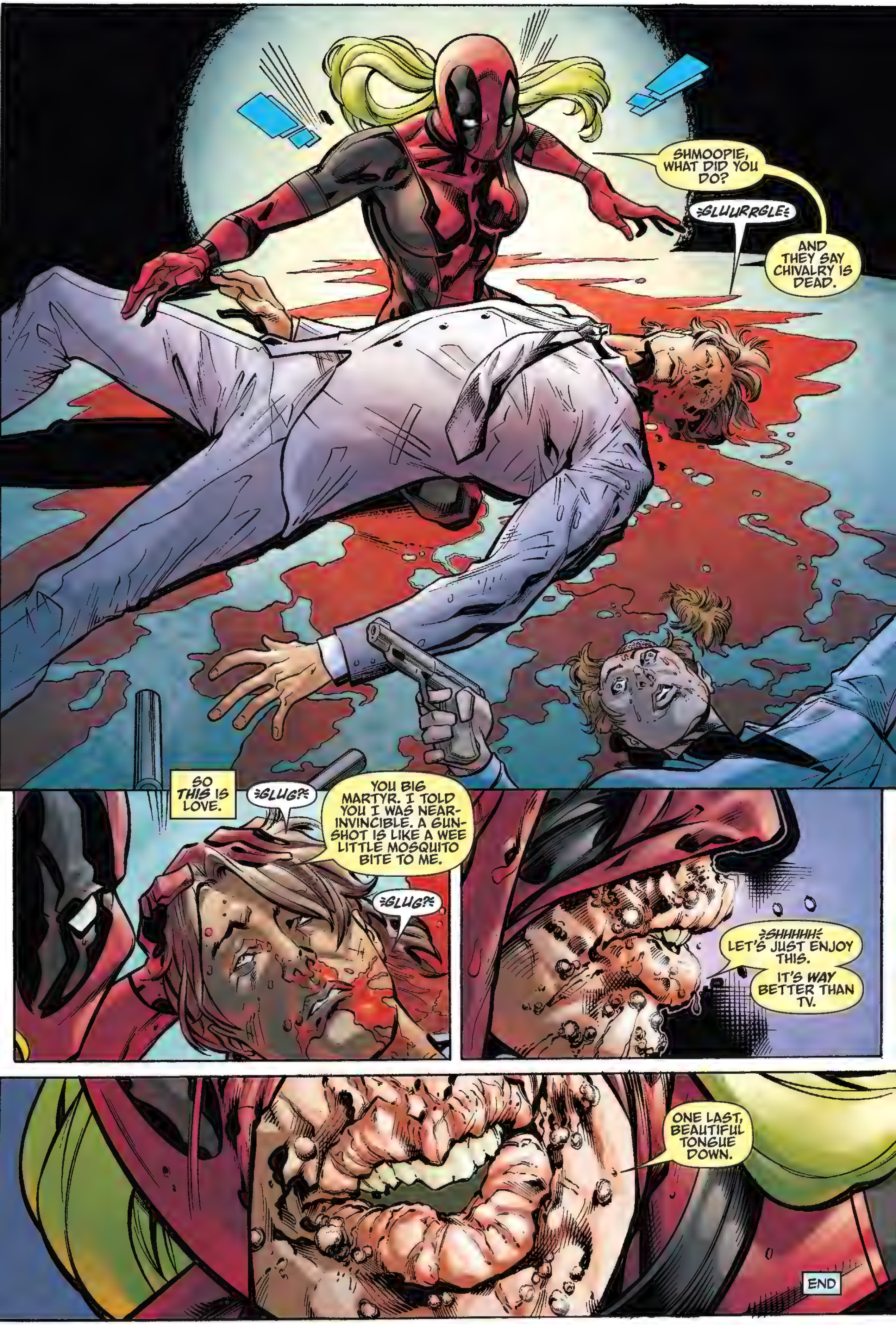

"WHAT WOULD ALL THOSE WOMEN DO IF THEY KNEW YOUR BEAUTY WAS A *SHAM?*"
Knock Knock Knock
UGH, *YOU AGAIN?*
I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT A SIMILARLY HOMELY FRIEND.
MA'AM? UH, WE NEED YOU. COME WITH US TO D.C. AND *FIGHT* TO RETURN TO REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMMING.
PEACH COBBLER ON ONE SIDE AND SHEPHERD'S PIE ON THE OTHER. NICE TOUCH.
THEY HAVE A POINT, YOU NEED TO GET BACK ON THE HORSE.
I'LL COME. BUT *ONLY* IF YOU TELL ME WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING MY *EX.*


THREE-QUARTERS OF A CASSEROLE AND 57 MINUTES LATER...
NICE DIGS, BABY. MISS ME?
UH...?
HELTER SKELTER
DID YOU *KNOW* WE'RE IN QUEENS? I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN HERE BEFORE. PEOPLE SEEM NICE...
ISN'T IT SOOOO APROPOS THAT SPIDER-MAN LIVES HERE?


SNAC
OH WORD? I CAN HAZ VENDING MACHINE?
PIT STOP! SWEETS FOR MY SWEET.
UH?
!!
I'VE BEEN THINKING: I KNOW YOU LOVE ME, BABY. BESIDES, I KNOW "NO" SOMETIMES MEANS "YES."
ESPECIALLY WHEN *GUYS* SAY IT.
WHUN
MOOOOOOOF!
DESIST PEACEABLY, MS. WILSON.
MS.?
I'D TAKE YOUR NAME IF WE GOT HITCHED, POODLE.
"WANDA WILSON-AMERICA." KINDA LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.


WHAM!
I DEPLORE BEATING WOMEN.
TOO BAD. YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT IT.
P-TOO!
MMM... *FLAVOR CRYSTALS.*
THIS IS PHENOMENAL EXERCISE. WAY BETTER THAN GETTING ELECTROCUTED BY SOME CHICK.
AT LEAST YOU'RE DOING YOUR OWN DIRTY WORK. THIS TIME.
WHUMP
NO REALLY, THIS *PAINS* ME. KILLS ME DEAD.


HNNNGGLURG...
YEEEAH, RIGHT THERE DADDY. DON'T *NOT* GIVE IT TO ME 'CAUSE I'M A GIRL.
'CAUSE YOU KNOW *WHAT?*
THUNK
I *LOVE* GIVING IT TO YOU.
AWWW... I FEEL LEFT OUT.
PANT STUMPY LITTLE PIECE, ISN'T IT? ADORBS!
THE GAME IS MINE.
NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.
BLAM!
CRAP.
THOCK!


SHMOOPIE, WHAT DID YOU DO?
≈GLUURRGLE≈
AND THEY SAY CHIVALRY IS DEAD.
SO *THIS* IS LOVE.
≈GLUG?≈
YOU BIG MARTYR. I TOLD YOU I WAS NEAR-INVINCIBLE. A GUNSHOT IS LIKE A WEE LITTLE MOSQUITO BITE TO ME.
≈GLUG?≈
≈SHHHHH≈ LET'S JUST ENJOY THIS.
IT'S *WAY* BETTER THAN TV.
ONE LAST, BEAUTIFUL TONGUE DOWN.
END

Art from *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #1* by Bong Dazo.

MERC WITH ONLY A MOUTH!

Spotlight Breaks Bread With New Deadpool Series Writer Victor Gischler

Deadpool and a decapitated zombie version of his own head running around having adventures together, like a deranged film version of *On The Road*. That's going too far isn't it? Yes it is, but Marvel is going there anyway. In the new ongoing series *Deadpool: Merc With a Mouth*, writer Victor Gischler and artist Bong Dazo team the title character with an even crazier version of himself: an outcast from the world of the modern classic Marvel Zombies. And it's as off the wall as it sounds.

Victor Gischler is the latest novelist editor Axel Alonso has brought to the Marvel stable. With his latest book, *Vampire a Go-Go*, Victor plants his flag firmly in the horror-satire ground – working with a zombie head for a cast member in his new comic series fit in with that very nicely. We'll talk more with Victor next month in our Deadpool Spotlight, but for now, let's see what he has to say about writing about funny/scary stuff.

SPOTLIGHT: Between having a zombie head as a character in *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth*, and your latest novel *Vampire A-Go-Go*, you seem to have reached a horror phase in your writing career. Is that an area that has interested you?

VICTOR: I've always had an interest in horror but not necessarily scary horror. If you've ever seen *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, that's what I'm talking about. That's a great show; I love those characters. And it has all the horror elements – it has werewolves, it has demons, it has vampires – but I've never been actually scared. There was never one moment watching the show where I was scared. So when you think about horror, you think about something that is supposed to be scary, but that's not the end of horror I live on. I live on the end where Buffy is, where you can laugh and have fun. *Vampire a Go-Go* is very much on that end of the spectrum.

SPOTLIGHT: That goes along with *Marvel Zombies*. There was always plenty of macabre humor in it from Robert Kirkman. Did you familiarize yourself with the *Marvel Zombies* world before writing about the zombie Deadpool head?

VICTOR: I've read the first two, and plan on catching up on 3 and 4 soon. I know what you mean about the humor aspects. I love then they found Hawkeye's head after all those years. Stuff like that amused the hell out of me.

SPOTLIGHT: In *Deadpool: Merc With a Mouth*, Hydra were going to try and use the Deadpool zombie head to weaponize the virus that caused the "zombism," right?

VICTOR: Yeah – they thought they could maybe make a biological weapon from the zombie virus, and of course trying to stop them is part of the arc.

SPOTLIGHT: So you needed to try and stay consistent with the "rules" established in the *Marvel Zombies* books. All the different horror genres have their own rules to follow, and in this case, you have the virus that causes the zombies, who have a nearly insatiable appetite for flesh. They stay alive even when beheaded. There's also how the virus affects the characters. To a certain extent they remain in character, but for the most part they become completely defined by their hunger. How does this apply to Zombie Deadpool?

VICTOR: Well, as we know, Deadpool's thought processes are not exactly normal to start with. Think of the Deadpool we already know and love, who's already a little "off," and add this zombie derangement. It's definitely played for humor.

And we are concerned about zombie continuity, but it becomes much more central to the second arc than for the first. That's probably all I should say about that!

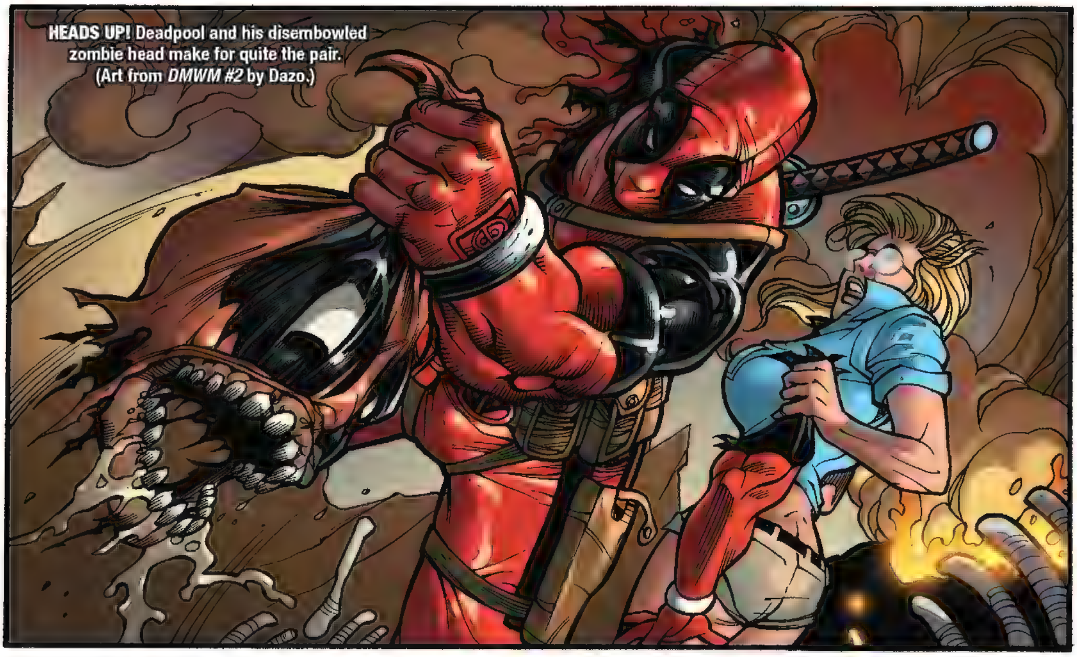
SPOTLIGHT: Did the humor/horror in *Vampire a Go-Go*, which does include zombies, affect how you write the zombie humor in *Deadpool MWM*?

VICTOR: In a general sense, certainly. But specific to zombies, maybe not so much. The zombies are more of a side dish in the novel. I wanted to have everything in there – I got werewolves, I got alchemists, I got wizards. I was about halfway through the book when I thought, "I gotta get some zombies in here!" They are more or less cameos.

SPOTLIGHT: So where did the idea of using the head from Marvel Zombies come from anyway?

VICTOR: Axel brought the idea to me. I loved it, so we went to the "zombie office" and said, "Hey, if you're done with the Deadpool head, we'd like to use it!" *(Laughter.)* It turned out this wonderful byproduct of *Marvel Zombies* still had some life in it, so to speak.

"Life in it." I get it! Look for an extended interview with Victor Gischler next month in MARVEL SPOTLIGHT: DEADPOOL, *and don't miss out on his uproarious ongoing series with artist Bong Dazo,* DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH. •



HEADS UP! Deadpool and his disembowled zombie head make for quite the pair. (Art from *DMWM #2* by Dazo.)

DEADPOOL and HEADPOOL: A Love Story

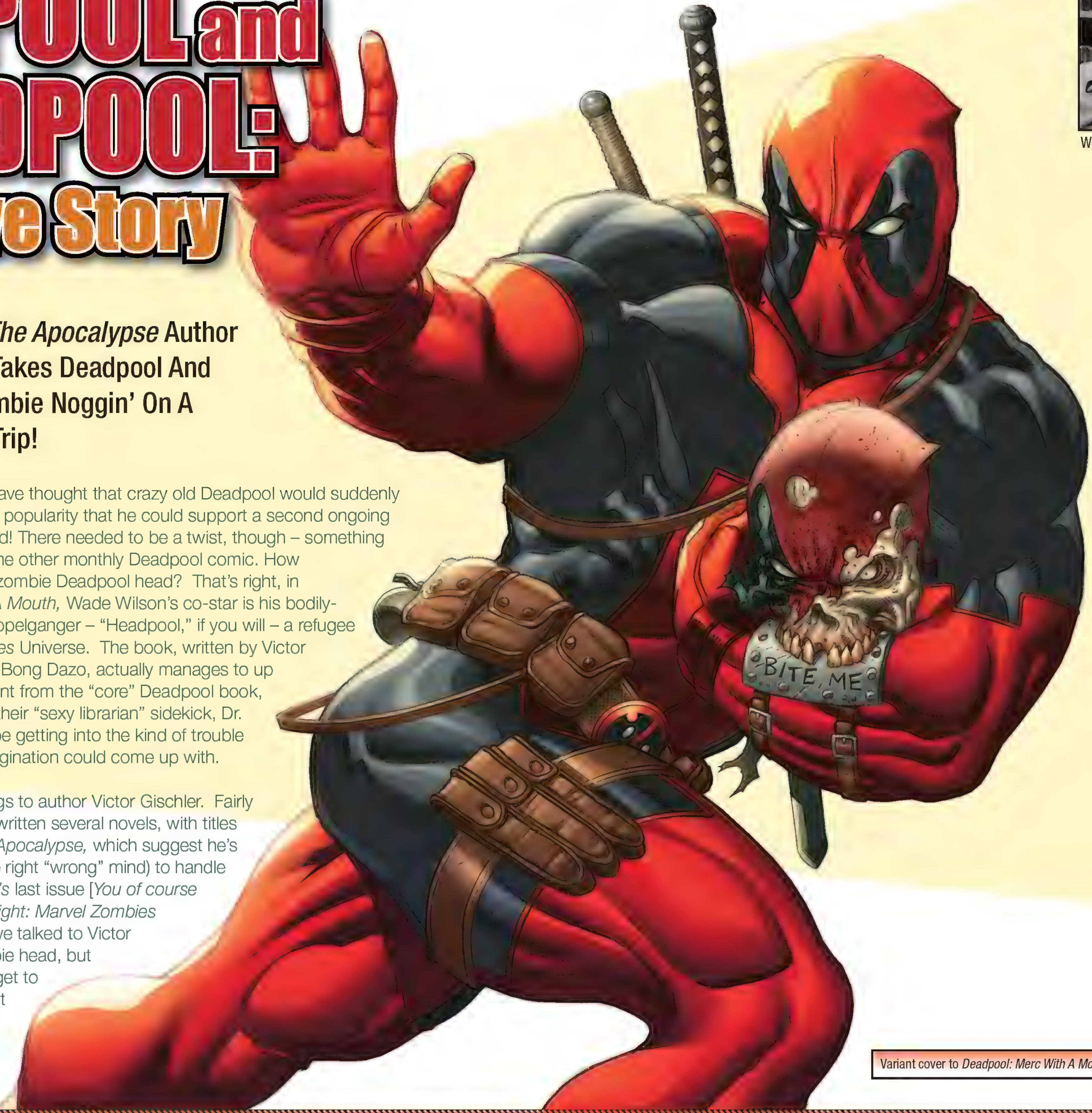
By Dugan Trodglen

Go Go Girls Of The Apocalypse Author Victor Gischler Takes Deadpool And His Severed Zombie Noggin' On A Hilarious Head Trip!

Writer Victor Gischler

Whoever would have thought that crazy old Deadpool would suddenly spike so high in popularity that he could support a second ongoing title? Well, it's happened! There needed to be a twist, though – something to differentiate it from the other monthly Deadpool comic. How about…a decapitated zombie Deadpool head? That's right, in *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth,* Wade Wilson's co-star is his bodily-challenged undead doppelganger – "Headpool," if you will – a refugee from the *Marvel Zombies* Universe. The book, written by Victor Gischler and drawn by Bong Dazo, actually manages to up the "off the wall" quotient from the "core" Deadpool book, as the two 'Pools and their "sexy librarian" sidekick, Dr. Betty, traverse the globe getting into the kind of trouble only a truly fevered imagination could come up with.

That imagination belongs to author Victor Gischler. Fairly new to Marvel, he has written several novels, with titles like *Go Go Girls of the Apocalypse,* which suggest he's of the right mind (or the right "wrong" mind) to handle Deadpool. In *Spotlight's* last issue [*You of course picked up Marvel Spotlight: Marvel Zombies Return. Right? – Ed.*], we talked to Victor about his use the zombie head, but here we thought we'd get to know a little more about the writer and his plans for the title character.



Variant cover to *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #1* by Ed McGuinness.

"It's sort of a buddy picture. Sort of a Hope and Crosby thing."

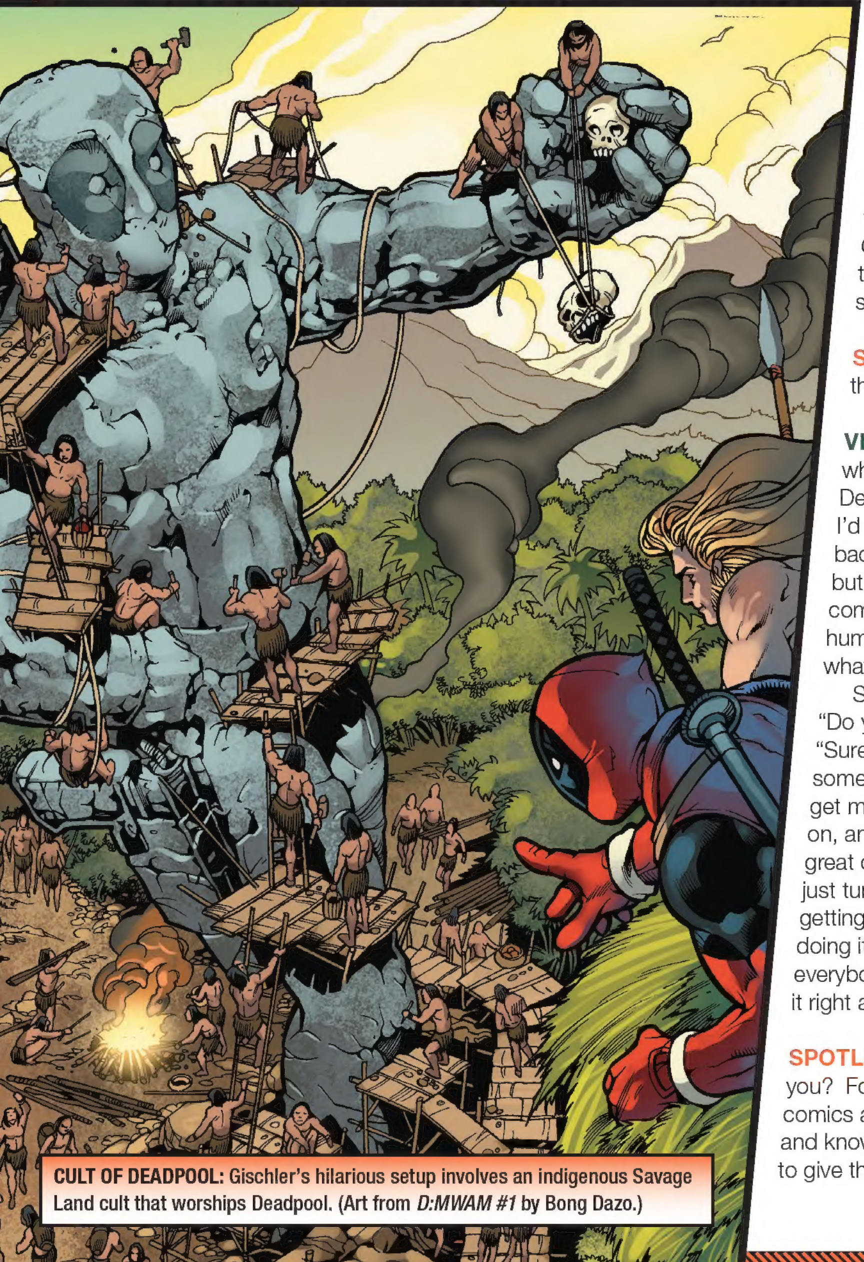
– Writer Victor Gischler on *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth*

SPOTLIGHT: Victor, most folks reading this are probably not overly familiar with your name. You come from the land of "book books," a place where Axel Alonso has already picked up a few names. [*Like Charlie Huston, Gregg Hurwitz and Duane Swierczynski. – Ed.*] How did you land at Marvel and how do your books and comic book work match up?

VICTOR: In 2001 my first novel came out. It was called *Gun Monkeys* and it was sort of a neo-noir hard-boiled style mixed with dark humor, as are a lot of my crime books. It came out on a small press but it received an Edgar Award nomination and that led to my next few books coming out on Bantam Dell. My most recent novel – for Simon and Schuster – is *Vampire A Go-Go*, which features vampires, werewolves, alchemists, ghosts and things like that. (And some zombies I should say!) That and my previous book *Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse* are sort of genre parodies.

I think what happened was I had been looking for a new agent when I signed with David Hale Smith, who also happens to be *Incredible Hulk* writer Greg Pak's, and Greg Rucka's agent. He has some comic book industry connections, in other words, and I said to him, "You know, if you want to hook me up with some of that sweet comic book work that would be all right with me." (*Laughter.*) He said, "Yeah, let's do that," but a year went by and I heard nothing and I assumed it hadn't worked out.

But one day he called and told me that he had sent some of my work to Axel Alonso and he wanted to talk to me. Axel read a couple of my novels and I guess decided I was a good match for some things and there were some possibilities there. He had me do a Punisher one-shot (*Punisher MAX Special: Little Black Book*), which is not unusual at all for trying out new writers. It seemed to go very well and I enjoyed doing it. Axel then offered a *Punisher MAX* story arc ("Welcome to the Bayou" from *Punisher: Frank Castle #71-74*), which I was happy to do, along with a Wolverine one-shot (*Wolverine: Revolver*).



CULT OF DEADPOOL: Gischler's hilarious setup involves an indigenous Savage Land cult that worships Deadpool. (Art from *D:MWAM #1* by Bong Dazo.)

SPOTLIGHT: How did that turn into the Deadpool assignment?

VICTOR: There was always talk about what I might do next, and when this Deadpool project came up Axel thought I'd be a good match. I think that goes back not only to the comics work but the fact that my novels have that combination of violence/action with dark humor. That seemed to be on target for what was needed for Deadpool.

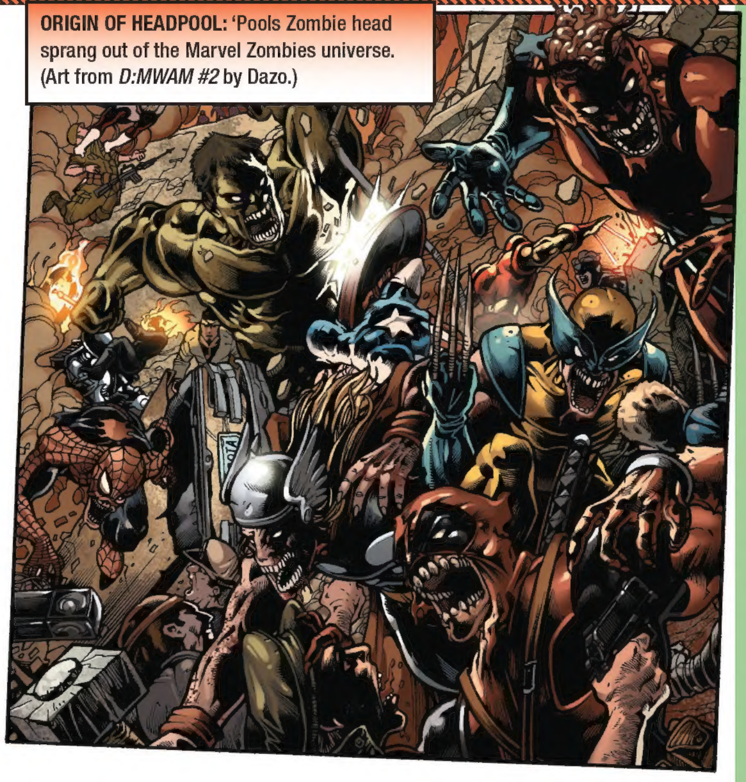
So Axel called me up and asked, "Do you know who Deadpool is?" I said "Sure, I know Deadpool." He sent me some copies of Daniel Way's *Deadpool* to get me caught up on what's been going on, and I thought, "Man, this is such a great character" and it worked out great. I just turned in the script to issue 5 and I'm getting ready to roll on issue 6 and I love doing it. I get great feedback from Axel and everybody. It encourages me that I'm doing it right and I'm just having a ball.

SPOTLIGHT: How does scripting work for you? For instance, writers who are new to comics aren't used to working with an artist and knowing the right amount of information to give them in a script.

VICTOR: If it's a panel that I think the artist can just go to town on any way they want to I try to lay off and let the artist rely on their own strengths. If it's something important for the story or if something has to happen in one panel that sets up something coming up then I will get more detailed. It depends on what is necessary.

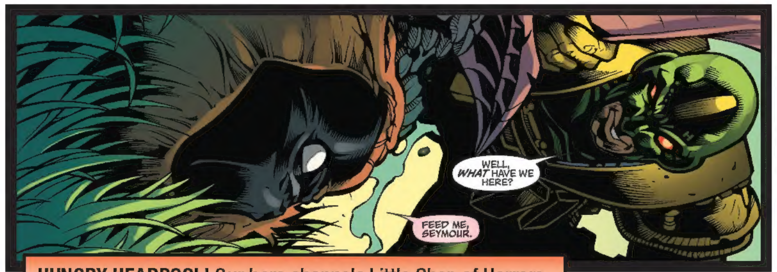
I have very little contact with the artists directly, except for Bong. On *Punisher*, (artist) Goran Parlov would say, "I need a little bit more. What's Frank doing in this panel?" So I had to fill in more detail. But I gotta tell you, Bong Dazo has been amazing. I'll write something and think, "If Bong can picture what I'm picturing, this should work okay," and then he'll come back with something five times better. So Bong can take the least little bit of information and turn it into a masterpiece. He gets full credit for that.

But when I have a very specific idea for how I want a panel to look, I feel like a Director of Photography for a film. Bong seems to have the ability to pick up immediately on what I'm going for and just deliver. Hopefully I'm doing my job, but I've been very fortunate to have been hooked up with a guy who knows panel-by-panel what needs to happen.



ORIGIN OF HEADPOOL: 'Pools Zombie head sprang out of the Marvel Zombies universe. (Art from *D:MWAM #2* by Dazo.)

SPOTLIGHT: Was *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth* always intended as a second ongoing series?


WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
FEED ME, SEYMOUR.

HUNGRY HEADPOOL! Our hero channels Little Shop of Horrors to a hapless Hydra agent in *D:MWAM #3*. (Art by Dazo.)

VICTOR: Pretty close. We talked about doing a couple of arcs before it was decided that, yeah, this needed to be an ongoing. I couldn't tell you how happy I was for that. We're about to come to the end of our first six-issue arc, but that story flows right into the second arc almost like a big 12-issue story. I'm looking forward to putting the lid on issue 6 and then calling Axel and going over the next story. I think Axel has a strong idea about what works on a book like this and we work well together. I'll send him an idea and he'll ask the right questions to bring out what we need to know about the arc and how to construct it.

I'm trying to think of one negative but I just can't! I want to seem "balanced" and "reasonable" in my answers! (*Laughter.*) All I've done is gushed!

SPOTLIGHT: Well, this isn't *60 Minutes*, sir!

VICTOR: Well, I just want to seem credible, you know? (*Laughter.*)

SPOTLIGHT: So you read Daniel Way's *Deadpool*. How did you come up with what your take would be? How *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth* would be different?

VICTOR: When Axel and I were discussing that, we decided one of the things we came up with is that we wanted the stage to seem big. He starts out in a space station; he goes down to the Savage Land. We wanted a global scope. And while Daniel's book is certainly very funny, when I consider the balance a Deadpool book needs between action and humor, I tend toward the humor side more.

When I write it I tend toward the humor side. That's not to say Daniel's isn't humorous. He's very funny. I'm taking my cue from him all the way. I read his run to get caught up on how Deadpool should be.

What's gonna happen, I think, is that question is gonna be easier to answer ten or twelve issues down the line, looking back. We'll see how this book has naturally evolved in another

"Bong can take the least little bit of information and turn it into a masterpiece."

– Gischler on art partner Bong Dazo.

> **"I didn't want to be the guy who came in and said, 'Well I'm gonna do it my way; I'm gonna do it all different!'"**
>
> – On being the new guy joining the Deadpool team.

direction. That may not be much of an answer, but it's what I think will happen.

I will say bringing in that zombie head is a big deal. We sort of wanted a buddy picture feel for the book. I'm not going to go so far as to say that Deadpool has a sidekick now, but it almost works like that.

SPOTLIGHT: Daniel Way established a pair of "characters" to bounce thoughts off of: not one, but two voices in his head. What made you decide to keep this narrative device for your book?

VICTOR: Nobody told me to copy Daniel Way. But they did send me his issues and let me know they really liked what he was doing to reinvigorate the character. I sort of inferred that this was a good model for writing Deadpool. I didn't want to be the guy who came in and said, "Well I'm gonna do it my way; I'm gonna do it all different!" As I said when talking about the differences in the book, I want anything I do differently to naturally evolve.

Having said that, I just turned in my script for issue 5 and I noticed I didn't use that inner monologue/dialogue as much. It's there, but not as much. I'd like to be able to use it as needed rather than force it in there. It's a tool I can use.

SPOTLIGHT: With the zombie head as a foil, it may not be as necessary as much.

VICTOR: And he has Dr. Betty in there as well. She is sort of the straight man who's easy on the eyes. She is so perfect for setting up things for Deadpool to say. I don't want her to be this two-dimensional prop where all she does is setup jokes. But she is useful in that role as well as being a character in her own right.

SPOTLIGHT: From what I gathered in the first issue, with her coming from AIM, she doesn't come across as a damsel in distress or someone who is totally freaked out by the Marvel Universe craziness going on around her.

VICTOR: She's not totally a civilian.

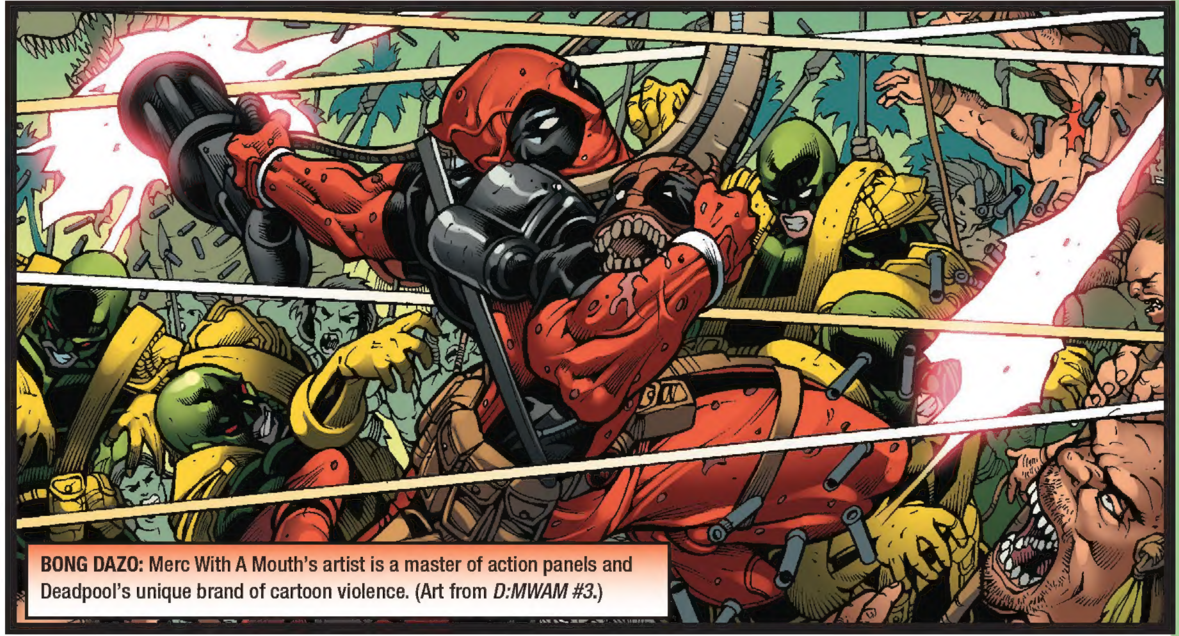
SPOTLIGHT: And getting back to the zombie head, you said he would be an ongoing part of the book.

VICTOR: Yeah. It's sort of a buddy picture. Sort of a Hope and Crosby thing. We're gonna get to know the zombie head. What I like is that he is a zombie reduced to the teeth and the Merc With a Mouth reduced to just The Mouth. Those sole aspects of the characters are boiled down to their essences.

SPOTLIGHT: Other than the current Deadpool series, are there any previous incarnations you're looking to in order to develop your take on the character? He's sort of evolved over the years from bad$%^ to more of the humorous character we know now.

VICTOR: I was aware of Deadpool's existence, but not in a way where I could claim any expertise. He obviously has some awesome mercenary skills but I know him more as a humorous figure than as a badass. That's my experience with him.

SPOTLIGHT: It's almost like he's a new character anyway. Ever since he received the fresh start in *Wolverine: Origins* he's been on fire. It dovetails with the Wolverine movie a little bit, but I don't think that alone accounts for his new popularity.



BONG DAZO: Merc With A Mouth's artist is a master of action panels and Deadpool's unique brand of cartoon violence. (Art from *D:MWAM #3*.)

VICTOR: I respect the fans that have loved Deadpool for a long time, but I agree with what you just said. I think he has a new lease on life and I like him like this a lot.

SPOTLIGHT: In this "global scale" comic, which character would you like to introduce as far as interacting with Deadpool?

VICTOR: That's a good question. I'm a little afraid to give anything away, but off the top of my head I'd love to see Deadpool hang out with Dr. Strange. I think Dr. Strange is the kind of guy who wouldn't want to tolerate Deadpool's antics. Whoever I picked, it would have to be as good as Bullseye in Daniel's book. And that would be difficult, because that was so great.

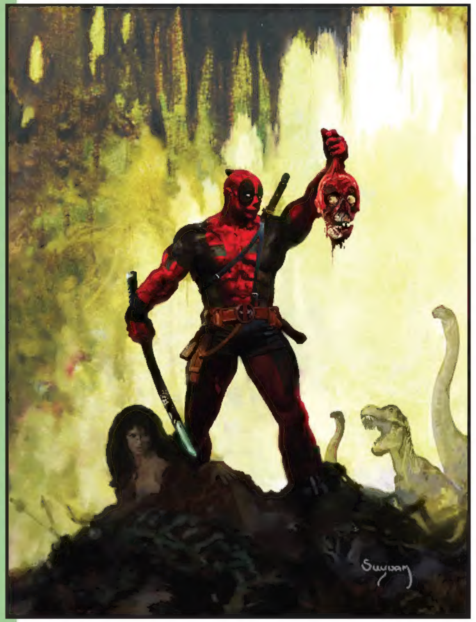
SPOTLIGHT: Well, it was neat seeing him with Ka-Zar in *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #1*. He was sort of the opposite of what you were describing with Dr. Strange. He seemed not at all put off by Deadpool.

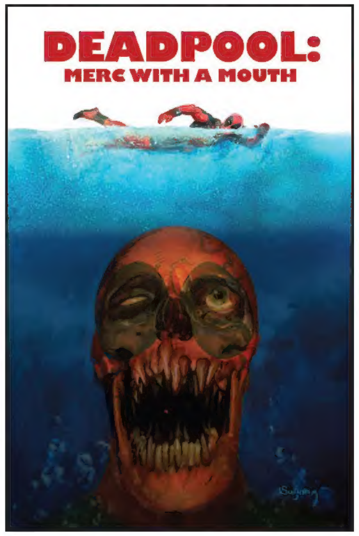
VICTOR: It's interesting how that happened. When we were kicking around the concept for the book, Axel said, "This is the kind of book where Deadpool could go anywhere. He could go to the Amazon." And when he said "Amazon" I said, "Well how about the Savage Land? That's like the Amazon only cooler. There's dinosaurs; he could hang out with Ka-Zar and everything." So Axel went and checked to make sure Ka-Zar was available and reported back that we could do it.

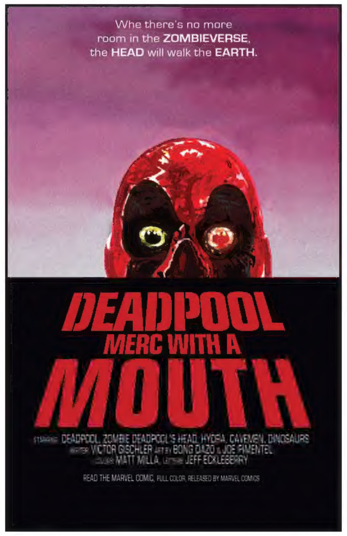
SPOTLIGHT: I like how when they parted ways Ka-Zar said "Farewell my friend!" I don't think anyone – ever – has said that to Deadpool.

VICTOR: It's so fun to write stuff like that. I read Ka-Zar as a kid and now I get to write what he says. He can say anything I want him to!

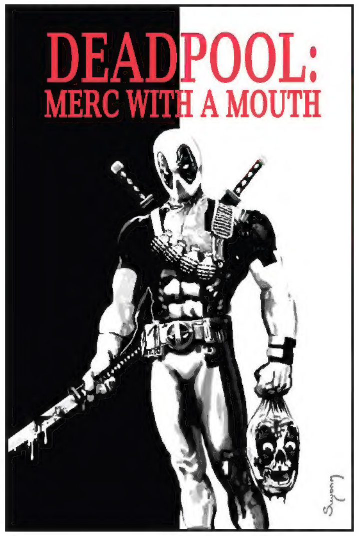
Deadpool, his alternate-reality zombie head, and Dr. Betty, all say whatever Victor Gischler wants them to in the monthly series DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH. See if you can track down the first three issues, on sale now if your comic shop still has copies! Thanks to Victor for taking the time to chat with SPOTLIGHT and we'll see you in the very funny Deadpool book! •

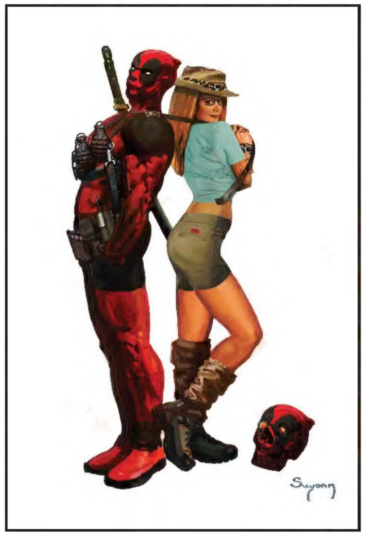


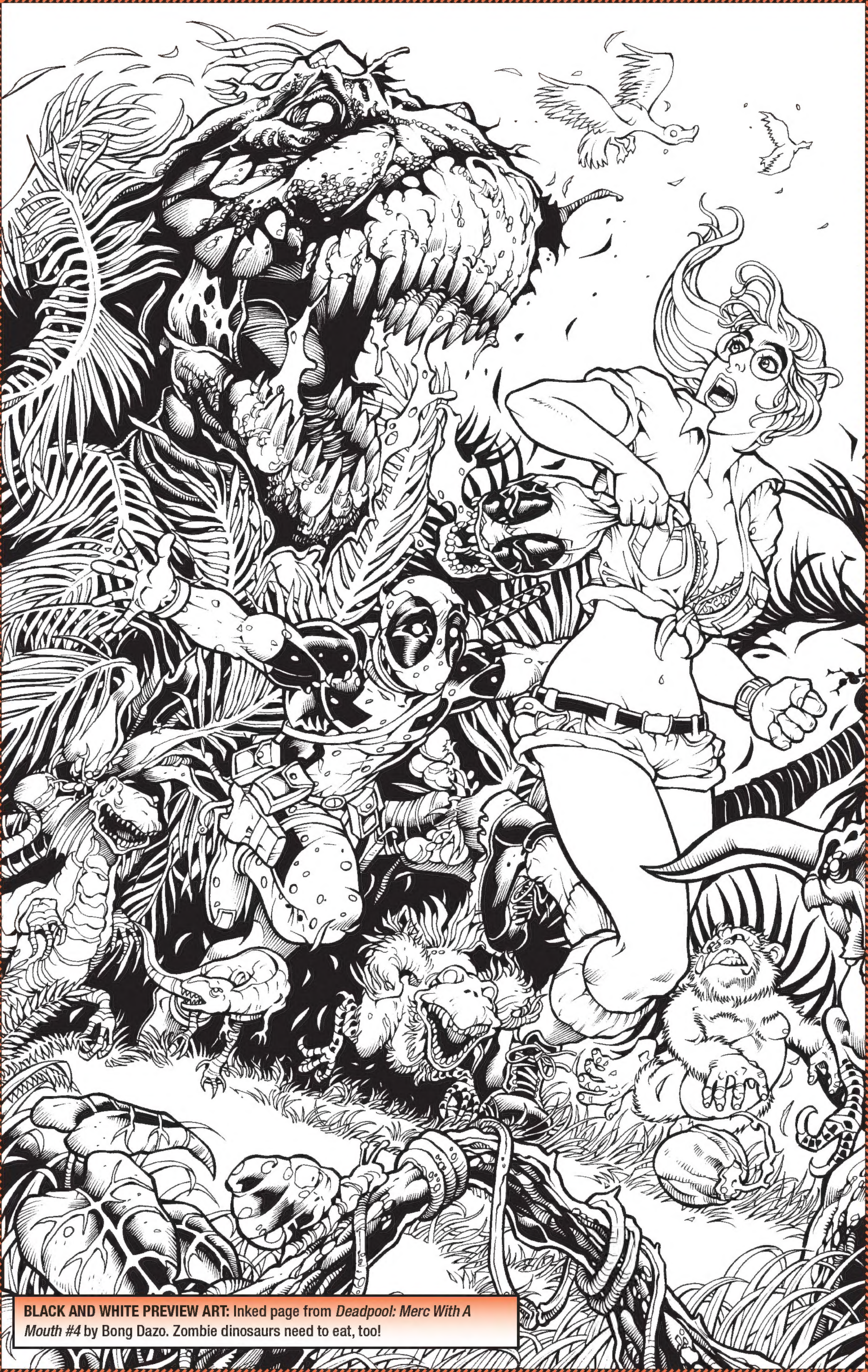



Whe there's no more room in the ZOMBIEVERSE, the HEAD will walk the EARTH.
DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A
MOUTH
STARRING DEADPOOL, ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD, HYDRA, CAVEMEN, DINOSAURS
WRITER VICTOR GISCHLER ART BY BONG DAZO & JOE PIMENTEL
COLORS MATT MILLA, LETTERS JEFF ECKLEBERRY
READ THE MARVEL COMIC, FULL COLOR, RELEASED BY MARVEL COMICS

MERC WITH HOMAGE: Cover artist extraordinaire Arthur Suydam is at it again, this time featuring Deadpool in homages to famous film classics.







BLACK AND WHITE PREVIEW ART: Inked page from *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #4* by Bong Dazo. Zombie dinosaurs need to eat, too!

Under contract with A.I.M., Deadpool ventures into the Savage Land to obtain the ultimate biological weapon: his own dang head!

Yup, Zombie Deadpool's decapitated head makes its glorious return, and he's tired of being carried around everywhere. Deadpool will have to keep his own head on straight if he hopes to survive these Savage Land shenanigans and collect his bounty. Then, as if the zombie thing wasn't enough, it's alternate-universe mayhem as Deadpool encounters a multitude of malevolent mirror images: S.H.I.E.L.D. Major Wilson, Wanda Wilson and the Deadpool Kid! But what happens when Deadpool, A.I.M. agents and his foxy new ladylove travel into the Marvel Zombieverse to try to return "Headpool" home? Plus: An extended look at the life and loves of Wanda Wilson, the maniacal Lady Deadpool!

Collecting *Deadpool: Merc with a Mouth #1-13* and *Lady Deadpool #1* — written by Victor Gischler and Mary H.K. Choi; and illustrated by Bong Dazo, Kyle Baker, Rob Liefeld, Matteo Scalera and Ken Lashley.

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